THE

EARLY HISTORY

OF

NEW ENGLAND,

ILLUSTRATED BY

NUMEROUS INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

BY REV. HENRY WHITE.

"O God, our fathers have told us what work thou didst in their days."

NINTH EDITION.

PORTLAND:
PUBLISHED BY SANBORN & CARTER.
1851.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
LIBRARY

F
7
W586

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1841,
By Rev. Henry White,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of New-Hampshire.

128695

PREFACE.

It has been the growing conviction of the author of these pages, that there is much in the early history of New England suited to effect the happiest results; that it contains numerous incidents highly adapted to exhibit God in a most glorious and delightful view; to give us admiring thoughts of his wisdom, benevolence, and faithfulness; to inflame the love, strengthen the faith, and awaken the gratitude of his people; to interest and instruct the mind, and to promote morality and religion in the community.

With this impression, it seemed exceedingly desirable that these incidents should be extensively read. But hitherto they have been confined to a few rare works, so that, to most persons, they have been inaccessible, and to a great degree unknown. The design of this volume is, to embody these incidents, and present them to the reader in one view.

Selections have been made from the following works, viz. Mather's Magnalia, Winthrop's Journal, Morton's New England Memorial, Prince's Chronology, Hubbard's History of New England; the Histories of Hutchinson, Trumbull, Belknap, Williams,

Whiton, Williamson, Sullivan, Morse and Parish; Neal's History of New England; Dwight's Travels; the Annals of Holmes; Trumbull's History of the United States, Hoyt's Antiquarian Researches and Indian Wars, Barber's Historical Collections of Massachusetts, Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Goodrich's Church History, Annals of Portsmouth, Memoirs of Roger Williams, Drake's Indian Biography, Allen's Biographical Dictionary, Hubbard's Indian Wars, Thacher's History of Plymouth, Willis' History of Portland, Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Hawes' Tribute to the Memory of the Pilgrims, Mirick's History of Haverhill, Williams' Memoir of Rev. John Williams, Turner's Traits of Indian Character, Bacon's Historical Discourses, and Barber's Historical Collections of Connecticut. Some incidents have been taken from Miss Leslie's Boston Cards, and from other small works.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.
Causes which led to the Emigration of the Fathers of New England..... page 7

CHAPTER II.
Difficulties and Perils of the Voyage 11

CHAPTER III.
Hardships, Privations, and Sufferings of the first Company and others, after their Arrival..... 13

CHAPTER IV.
The Manifestations of God's peculiar Regard for them..... 31

CHAPTER V.
Remarkable Answers to Prayer 41

CHAPTER VI.
Public Calamities..... 47

CHAPTER VII.
Ambuscades, Assaults, Massacres, and Depredations of the Indians..... 58

CHAPTER VIII.
A particular Account of several who fell into the Hands of the Indians.....111

CHAPTER IX.
Remarkable Escapes and Preservations 179

CHAPTER X.
Interesting Traits in the Indian Character.....217

CHAPTER XI.
Interest manifested in the Welfare of the Indians, and its Influence upon them.....242

CHAPTER XII.
Estimate placed upon the Institutions of Religion by the first Settlers of New England.....258

CHAPTER XIII.
Miscellaneous 280

INCIDENTS

IN THE

EARLY HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE EMIGRATION OF THE FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

During the reign of Elizabeth, who ascended the throne of England in 1558, there arose a class of people who were called *Puritans*. They were so named from the superior purity and simplicity of their mode of worship. In them were seen the happy fruits of the reformation from popery, which was to the church the ushering in of a bright and glorious day, after a dark and dismal night of ten centuries. They were lights upon the earth. They increased in number, until they were found in every portion of the kingdom. For a length of years they were united in their mode of worship; but, in 1602, a portion of them, being dissatisfied with certain usages and ceremonies practised by the great body, which they deemed unscriptural, withdrew, and, "as the Lord's free people, joined themselves by covenant into a church state to walk in all his ways, made known, or to be made known to them, according to their best endeavors, whatever it might cost them."

This church, having elected Rev. John Robinson their pastor, emigrated to Holland, and settled at Leyden in 1610, where they remained nearly eleven years. But their situation being unfavorable to their prosperity as a community,—their youth being greatly exposed to the evil example of the Dutch, and their opportunities for usefulness limited and ill suited to their enlarged desires of doing good,—they, after mature consideration and many fervent

prayers for divine direction, resolved to emigrate to the unexplored shores of America. "It was agreed," says Morton, "that part of the church should go before their brethren into America, to prepare for the rest; and if, in case the major part of the church did choose to go over with the first, then the pastor to go along with them; but if the major part stayed, he was then to stay with them." Accordingly, a vessel was procured, and less than half their number sailed for England, where they arrived about the 2d of July, 1620. Having engaged another vessel, on the 6th of September following, they embarked for America, and, on the 11th of November, anchored in Cape Cod harbor; having been more than two months on the passage.

Causes of the chief influence in the removal of our forefathers are found in *the oppression of ecclesiastical intolerance* which prevailed in England, *and in the desire and hope of establishing the gospel and its institutions in foreign parts.*

Love of religious freedom is natural to man. We inhale it with our very being. Accordingly, in every age, men have been tenacious of the privilege of worshiping the Supreme Being in a way suited to their own views of duty.

With this spirit the fathers of New England were deeply imbued. They were men of enlightened views—magnanimous in their character—of warm and ardent feelings. And no men living better understood the subject of human rights than they. For several successive reigns, a spirit of intolerance had oppressed and afflicted the Lord's people in the mother country. Laws, prescribing certain usages and modes of worship, and threatening the severest penalties, were promulgated, and, more or less, severely executed. A few brief facts will show the condition of those times.

"An act," says Hoyt, "was passed in 1593, for punishing all who refused to come to church, or were present at any conventicle, or unauthorized meeting. The punishment was imprisonment until the convicted agreed to conform, and made declaration of his conformity; and if that was not done in three months, he was to quit the realm, or go into perpetual banishment. In case he did not

depart within the time limited, or returned without license, he was to suffer death."

In 1567, one "Bolton, with twenty-three men and seven women, were sent to Bridewell, and kept there a year," for absenting themselves from the meetings of the established church, and repeatedly assembling to attend upon the worship and ordinances of God in a way they deemed according to the rules of Christ.

Prince says, that "in 1592, a company set up another church in London, choosing Mr. Francis Johnson pastor, and Mr. Greenwood teacher; who, with fifty-four of their church, were soon seized by the bishop's officers, and sent to several jails, where some were loaded with irons, some shut up in dungeons, some beat with cudgels, some, both men and women, perished, Mr. Greenwood and Barrow executed, others kept in close prison for four or five years."

Goodrich says of those times, "Toleration was a virtue unknown on English ground. In exile alone was security to be found from the pains and penalties of non-conformity to the church of England." Speaking of Mr. Robinson and his people, when about to embark for Holland, he says, "The design of this congregation being suspected, strict orders were given that they should not be suffered to depart. They were necessitated to use the most secret methods, to give extravagant fees to seamen, by whom they were often betrayed. Twice they attempted to embark, were discovered and prevented. At another time, having got on board a ship, with their effects, the shipmaster sailed a little distance, then returned and delivered them to the resentment of their enemies. The next year they made another attempt, in which, after the severest trials, they succeeded. Having engaged a ship belonging to Holland for their conveyance, they were going on board. By some treachery, their enemies had been informed of their design, and, at this juncture, a great number of armed men came upon them. A part of the men were on board, without any of their effects; the women and children were in a bark approaching the ship. The Dutch captain, apprehensive of danger to himself, hoisted sail, and with a fair wind directed his course to Holland. The passengers used every effort to persuade him to return, in

vain. They saw their wives and children fall into the hands of merciless enemies, while unable to afford them any relief. They had none of their effects, not even a change of clothes, on board.—After some time, all their friends who had been left, by the favor of a gracious Providence, *in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren,* arrived safely in Holland, where they mingled their mutual congratulations with grateful praise to God."

Such being the character of the times in the mother country, our fathers were induced to make their *escape from the windy storm and tempest,* and finally to take refuge in this distant land, where they could breathe the vital air of religious freedom.

Nor was it merely with the view of escaping the evils which assailed them at home, that they crossed the Atlantic, and took up their abode in a strange land. No, *a benevolent desire to benefit others* greatly influenced their proceedings.

True benevolence is expansive. It extends to *all* its kind regards. It seeks the welfare of those it never saw. This lovely principle dwelt in the bosom of our fathers, and under its influence they lived and moved. They knew that the savage tribes, which roamed this western wilderness, were immortal like themselves; that they were lost in sin; and that, without a knowledge of the blood of Christ, they must perish. They knew, also, that they had never seen the Bible, nor heard the gospel. A view of their condition moved the pity of their heart. They felt an unquenchable desire to *come over and help them;* and moved by this desire, as well as by the cause before mentioned, they came over. Prince mentions, as a prominent reason of their removal, "an inward zeal and great hope of laying some foundation, or making way for propagating the kingdom of Christ to the remote ends of the earth, though they should be *as stepping stones to others.*"

Here is *the spirit of missions.* Here is seen its true character. It *attempts* great things—*expects* great things—is not influenced by a regard to *self.* It was not in pursuit of fame—it was not to amass wealth—it was not to aggrandize themselves or families, that the fathers of New

England visited these shores, and took up here their residence. No, like their descendants,—who, in these latter days, have gone far hence to the heathen; like Paul, the great *apostle of the Gentiles;* yea, like the *Son of God,* who came down to this world upon an errand of infinite kindness,—they were influenced by a regard to the good of others, were moved by a spirit of benevolence, a spirit of missions.

CHAPTER II.

DIFFICULTIES AND PERILS OF THE VOYAGE.

Two vessels, the Speedwell and Mayflower, the one 60, the other 180 tons, having been procured, and all things made ready, the pilgrims went on board, and sailed from Southampton the 5th of August, 1620. But it is not every cloudless morning that is followed by a clear and pleasant day. Before them were difficulties and perils that would have unnerved the resolution of any but those who could say, "It is not with us as with other men, whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish ourselves at home again." They had not sailed far, before the Speedwell was discovered to be leaky, and they put into Dartmouth. Having refitted at great expense, with loss of time and fair wind, they again put to sea. When they had sailed about 100 leagues beyond Land's End in England, the Speedwell was again found to be leaky. Both vessels then returned and went into Plymouth. Here it was resolved to dismiss the Speedwell, and as many as could, one hundred and one in all, went on board the Mayflower. The rest, twenty in number, after a sorrowful parting, returned to London. Having now been detained on the coast of England, perplexed with disappointments and delays, a full month, on the 6th of September, they put to sea with a fair wind, and proceeded on their way. About the middle of the voyage they were met by cross winds, and severe and heavy storms lay on them for many days together. They could carry no sail, and were

obliged to lie wholly at the mercy of winds and waves. The vessel, through the violence of the storm, became shattered and leaky, and one of the main beams in the midship was cracked, and removed from its place. Strong fears were now felt that they should not be able to proceed. Accordingly, a consultation was held between the passengers and officers of the ship, upon the subject of returning. But there was a passenger on board who had brought from Holland a large iron screw, by means of which the fractured beam was brought to its place, and made fast. They then renewedly committed themselves to the care of a kind Providence, and proceeded on the passage, and, on the 9th of November, at break of day, to their exceeding joy, they made the land of Cape Cod. But as it was their intention to settle somewhere about Hudson's River, they bore away to the southward. Proceeding on in that direction about half a day, they found themselves in the midst of perilous shoals and breakers. Seeing that it would be exceedingly hazardous for them to proceed, they returned to Cape Cod harbor, where they anchored in safety on the 11th of November. "And being brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees, and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries."

How strongly are we here reminded of the fact which often meets us on the page of history, *that great and important events are preceded by dark and trying providences!* To the Israelites God gave the land of Canaan, but not until they had passed *through all that great and terrible wilderness*, and endured many privations and sufferings. Columbus discovered and gave to the nations of Europe A NEW WORLD, but not until he had been severely tried by disappointments and the frowning disapprobation of those in power; not until he had crossed a pathless ocean, outbraved fierce and appalling storms, and been in jeopardy from a mutinous and daring crew. Our fathers were put in possession of this goodly land; but not until they had endured difficulties and perils, such as have fallen to none of their sons; such as were suited to deject and lay low the courage of the firmest mind

Let none, after reading this account, conclude that they are not in the path of duty, simply because their way is beset with trials and discouragements.

Nor let it pass unnoticed how small a circumstance sometimes controls a great event. The fate of this voyage, it appears, turned on the mere incident that one of the passengers had on board a screw, by means of which a fractured beam was repaired and held in its place.

And it should be remembered that, even at this distance of time, our hearts should swell with devout gratitude to the great Ruler of the universe for bearing our fathers through the perils of the deep, and landing them in safety upon our shores. Who that treads the soil of New England has not cause to be grateful? For all, in one way or another, are reaping the advantages of those noble institutions our ancestors established. And how many, who have gone before us, have partaken of similar benefits!

CHAPTER III.

HARDSHIPS, PRIVATIONS, AND SUFFERINGS OF THIS COMPANY, AND OF OTHERS, AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL.

We have followed this little band in their trials along the English coast, and at length across the stormy and perilous ocean.

We now behold them on the unexplored coast of America, in a northern latitude, just at the setting in of winter; having no place of settlement, and not knowing that any would or could be discovered; without a shelter to screen them from the piercing cold and storms of a severe cnmate; with a vast ocean rolling between them and the civilized world; their only place of retreat a waste, howling wilderness, wearing the gloom of November, and inhabited only by savage beasts and more savage men; with no kind friends to welcome them to these shores and to their hospitable dwellings; some of them having left

their wives either in Holland or England, while others had left part, and some even all their children.

What a spectacle is here presented to our view! One, it should seem, that might awaken emotion in the breast of the most unfeeling, and bring the tear of sympathy into the dryest eye.

But true greatness does not sit down in despondency. It looks upward to God's merciful throne for guidance and support, and goes steadily forward in the path of duty, trials and discouragements notwithstanding.

Before leaving Holland, this little company had sent over to England, and, after long delay, and no little difficulty, obtained of the South Virginia Company a charter, which secured to them the right of settlement about Hudson's River. But it gave them neither right nor power on the coast of New England, which was in another jurisdiction. Consequently, this instrument was useless, and they were in a manner "reduced to a state of nature."

This being their condition, they deemed it important to form themselves "into a body politic under the crown of England." Accordingly, on the 11th of November, after uniting in prayer to Almighty God, by mutual consent they entered into a solemn combination, as a body politic, to submit to such government and governors, laws and ordinances as should, by general consent, from time to time, be made choice of, and consented to." They elected Mr. John Carver their governor for the first year.

Having taken these preparatory measures for their security and prosperity, they, on the same day, set fifteen or sixteen men on shore to make discoveries and procure wood. They returned at evening, having seen neither house nor inhabitant.

On Monday, the 13th of November, many went on shore to refresh themselves, and the women for washing. In passing from the ship to the shore, they were obliged to wade through the water quite a distance; and the weather being cold and freezing, numbers caught cold, which brought on a severe cough. Many of them did not survive the approaching winter.

On the 15th, while the boat, called the shallop, was refitting, Capt. Standish with sixteen men set out in search

of a place of settlement. Directing their course southward, they had not marched far, before they saw five or six Indians, who fled from them into the woods. They pursued, but could not overtake them. Night coming on, they passed it in the wilderness. The next day they found a number of Indian graves; near which they discovered a quantity of corn buried in the ground. They took part of it, intending to satisfy the natives the first opportunity. They now set out on their return. Having arrived at a large pond they had visited in coming from the ship, they built a barricado, kindled a fire, set sentinels, and retired for the night, which proved very rainy. The next day they lost their way, wandering about, not knowing what course to take. At length, after travelling through woods, over sands, and in water, sometimes up to the knees, they reached the ship, where they received a joyful welcome.

On the 27th of November, the shallop being repaired, twenty-four of their number, Mr. Jones, the master of the ship, and nine sailors, set out upon another expedition for discovery. Before they had proceeded far, the weather became rough and the wind contrary, and they were forced to row for the nearest shore, wading above their knees to the land. It blew, and snowed, and froze, all this day and night; and disease, which soon terminated the life of many of them, originated in this exposure. The next day they sailed for the port they were in pursuit of, but found it unfit for shipping. They landed, however, and marched four or five miles along a creek, passing over hills and valleys, the snow being half a foot deep. Having become weary, they encamped for the night under a cluster of pine-trees. They had eaten little during the day; but a kind Providence furnished them with three geese and six ducks for their supper, which they ate with a good appetite. The next day, in digging for the discovery of corn, they found the ground to be frozen a foot in depth—such had been the severity of the weather. Capt. Jones, with fifteen others, some of whom had become weak and feeble, and others sick, set out on their return to the ship. Eighteen remained to make further discoveries. On the following day, they marched five or six miles into the woods, but discovering no signs of inhabitants, returned.

The shallop arriving, they went on board at night, and the next day returned to the ship. They remained on board several days; during which, one of their number, named Edward Thomson, died, and, before the close of December, *five* others were called down to the grave.

On the 6th of December, a company set out on a third expedition. The weather being very cold, the spray of the sea froze upon their clothes so that they were completely covered with ice. At night they found themselves at the lower end of the bay. As they drew near the shore, they saw ten or twelve Indians cutting up a fish. They landed a league or two from them; but it was with much difficulty that they reached the shore, on account of shoals. After making preparations for the night, they betook themselves to their lodgings, such as they were, the smoke of the Indians' fire being in full view, about four or five miles distant. The next morning they divided their company, a part travelling along the shore, while the rest coasted along the shoals. About nine or ten o'clock, they lost sight of the shallop. They roved about, making discoveries, until night, when they hasted out of the woods, and seeing the shallop, they made a signal for her to come into the creek. Here they passed the night. At five in the morning, they arose, united in prayer, and were expecting soon to go on board the shallop, when one of their number came running in, calling out, "Indians! Indians!" At this moment the arrows came flying about them. The cry of the Indians was dreadful. The company defended themselves most manfully. One of the enemy, who was more stout and brave than the rest, stood behind a tree and discharged his arrows. He kept his position until three muskets were fired at him, when one, taking good aim, hit the tree, and "made the bark or splinters fly about his ears, after which he gave an extraordinary shriek, and away they went all of them." Some of the arrows shot by the Indians "were headed with brass, others with hart's horn, and others with eagle's claws." The English received no injury, though their clothes, which hung up in their barricado, were shot through and through. This was the first encounter with the Indians. After they had united in giving solemn thanksgiving to God for this deliverance, they went on

board the shallop, and sailed along the coast about fifteen leagues, in pursuit of a convenient harbor. Not finding any, they set out for one their pilot told them he had seen, and which it was thought they might reach before night. But after some hours' sailing, it began to snow and rain, and about the middle of the afternoon, the wind increasing, and the sea becoming very rough, the rudder broke, and it was with great difficulty that two men with oars could steer the shallop. The storm increased more and more, and night approaching, they bore what sail they could, in order to get in before dark; but their mast giving way, broke into three pieces, and the sails fell overboard into the sea. They were now in the most imminent danger of foundering; but the tide being favorable, they succeeded in reaching the harbor, supposing it to be the one they were in pursuit of. The pilot, at this crisis discovering his mistake, cried out, "Lord be merciful to us! my eyes never saw this place before." He, with the mate, would have run the shallop ashore in a cove full of breakers: but the sternsman called out to the rowers, "About with her, or we are cast away." Immediately they got her about, and although it had become very dark, and rained powerfully, they got under the lee of a large island. It was now a matter of doubt with some of them, whether it were best to go ashore on account of the savages. At length, the most hardy among them concluded to remain in the boat, while a number were so feeble, and wet, and cold, that they thought they could not endure it. They therefore ventured on shore, and with great difficulty kindled a fire. After midnight the wind shifted into the north-west, and the weather became cold and freezing. Those in the boat were now glad to join their companions on the land. The next morning, finding that they were in no danger from the Indians, they remained and dried their clothes, fixed their fire-arms, rested themselves, and united in rendering thanks to Almighty God for the merciful deliverances he had afforded them; and as this was the last day of the week, they staid and kept the Sabbath. On Monday they sounded the harbor, and finding it fit for shipping, they marched into the main land, and after exploring the ground, concluded it to be a suitable place for settlement. They

accordingly returned to the ship, and reported, to the great joy of those on board, the discovery they had made. During their absence, Dorothy, wife of William Bradford, had fallen overboard, and was drowned.

On the 15th of December, the ship sailed for the newly discovered port, and having arrived within two leagues, was met by a heavy north-west wind, which drove her back. The next day, however, they entered the harbor. On the two succeeding days, small parties went on shore for the purpose of making further discoveries. On the morning of the 21st, after imploring the divine guidance, twenty of their number went on shore with a view to fix upon some place for immediate settlement. This was the day on which the pilgrims first stepped on the memorable "Forefathers' Rock." After surveying the country, they selected what they thought the most eligible place. At evening a storm of wind and rain arose, which lasted during the night, and for two days the wind blew so violently that they were unable to reach the ship, but were obliged to remain on shore without a shelter.

On Saturday, the 23d, as many as could, went on shore, and commenced cutting and carrying timber for a common building. On the Sabbath, those who remained on shore were alarmed by the cry of Indians; but no foe appeared On Monday, the 25th, they commenced building the first house. It was about 20 feet square—designed for common use. During the night and the next day, they were visited by another storm of wind and rain. On the 28th, they reduced themselves to nineteen families—measured out, and assigned to each, their lots. In consequence of exposures and hardships, many of them were taken ill of heavy colds. On the 29th and 30th, it was very cold and stormy; and at the distance of about six or seven miles, were seen great smokes arising from the fires of the Indians.

"Though most of the company were on board the ship on the Lord's day, December 31st, yet some of them kept the Sabbath for the first time in their new house. Here therefore is fixed the era of their settlement, which, in grateful remembrance of the Christian friends, whom they found at the last town they left in their native country,

they called Plymouth. This was the foundation of the first English town built in New England."

January 12th.—About the middle of the day, two of the company, going out to gather thatch, discovered a deer, which, with their dogs, they pursued until they were lost in the woods. After wandering in the wilderness until the close of the day, they spent the night, which proved freezing and snowy, in walking about under a tree. Their friends were greatly distressed on their account, fearing that they had fallen into the hands of the Indians. Two parties went in search of them, but in vain. The next evening, the two men, after spending the day in travelling from place to place, reached home almost spent with cold and hunger.

On Lord's day, January 14th, about six o'clock in the morning, their house took fire from a spark which fell upon the thatched roof, and was entirely consumed. When the fire caught, Gov. Carver and Mr. William Bradford were in the house, sick in their beds. Those on board the ship, when they saw the flames, concluded that the Indians had made an attack upon the place; but by reason of a tempestuous wind and low tide, they were unable to render any assistance.

During this month they were called to close the eyes of eight of their number in death.

February 16th.—One of the company who was out a fowling, saw twelve Indians pass by him towards the settlement. He lay close until they had gone by, when he hastened home, and gave the alarm. Towards night, they saw a large fire near the place where the Indians were seen; but none of them made their appearance until the next day, when two presented themselves on a hill at a considerable distance, and made signs for the English to come to them. Capt. Standish and Mr. Hopkins, one of whom carried a musket, went towards them. As they approached, the one who carried the gun laid it down, as a token of peace. But the Indians would not stay till they came up to them. The noise of many more Indians was heard under the hill; but no others made their appearance.

During this and the following month, they suffered ex-

tremely from sickness and death. The number of deaths was thirty. Two or three sometimes died in a day. The living were scarcely able to bury the dead; and, in the time of their greatest distress, not more than six or seven were well enough to tend upon the sick. At the end of the month of March, less than sixty, of the one hundred and one who came in the Mayflower, survived.

"Tradition gives an affecting picture of the infant colony during this critical and distressing period. The dead were buried on the bank at a little distance from the rock where the fathers landed; and, lest the Indians should take advantage of the weak and wretched state of the English, the graves were levelled and sown, for the purpose of concealment."

In the month of April, Gov. Carver was removed by death. He was taken ill in the field, while engaged in planting; complained greatly of his head; in a few hours his senses left him, and he spoke no more. He survived but a few days. His wife, being overcome by excessive grief, died in about five or six weeks. The sorrow of this little colony at the loss of their governor, who was a man of eminent piety, and sincerely devoted to their interest, is better conceived than described. He had sustained his office only four months and twenty-four days.

Their bill of mortality now stood as follows:—December, 6; January, 8; February, 17; March, 13; April, 1; whole number, 45.

On the 9th of November, a vessel arrived from England, bringing thirty-six passengers. Having been long on the passage, she had spent nearly all her provisions; consequently the passengers, after her departure, were dependent upon the colony for the means of subsistence. After distributing them among the several families, it was found necessary to put the whole company on half allowance. The Narragansetts, a numerous and powerful tribe, learning that the ship brought neither arms nor provision, began to manifest hostile intentions. They "sent the English a bundle of arrows, tied with a snake's skin, as a defiance and denunciation of war. The English filled the skin with bullets, and sent it back with this answer—that they had done them no wrong, did not fear them, and were

provided for them, come when they would. The Narragansetts would not suffer the bullets to come near them, and they were moved about from place to place, till they found their way back to the English again, and the Indians remained quiet."

"The settlers now judged it prudent to enclose their houses by a strong impalement, which was completed in February. They also, for further security, enclosed part of the hill, and formed bulwarks, with gates to be locked at night, and watch and ward was kept during the day. The whole company was divided into four squadrons, and each one had its particular posts assigned it, in case of alarm. One of the companies was directed to attend particularly to any fires that might happen, while others were to serve as guards with their muskets."

In the spring of 1622, their provisions being nearly expended, they were threatened with famine. After anxiously looking and hoping in vain for a supply, the evil they had deprecated actually came upon them. Bread they had none, and their other provisions were almost spent. In the course of the month, a shallop belonging to a fishing-boat, which, with about thirty others, was employed on the eastern coast, arrived in the harbor. They brought seven planters, who had come over from England, but could leave no provisions. The governor despatched Mr. Winslow with a boat to accompany the shallop on her return, for the purpose of purchasing provision of the fishermen. They supplied him gratuitously to the extent of their ability. They could, however, spare only sufficient to furnish each person with a quarter of a pound of bread a day, until harvest. "I returned," says Mr. Winslow, "with all speed convenient; when I found the state of the colony much weaker than when I left it, for till now, we were never without some bread; the want whereof much abated the strength and flesh of some, and swelled others. And indeed, had we not been in a place, where divers sorts of shell fish are, that may be taken with the hand, we must have perished, unless God had raised some unknown or extraordinary means for our preservation."

"In time of these straits," adds Mr. Winslow, "the Indians began to cast forth many insulting speeches, glorying

in our weakness, and giving out how easy it would be ere long to cut us off. Now also Massasoit seemed to frown on us, and neither came nor sent to us as formerly."

"It has been stated that they were at one time reduced to a single pint of corn, which, being equally divided, gave to each person five kernels, which were parched and eaten.'

Mr. Bradford remarks, that the Spaniards were thought by Peter Martyr to have suffered hardships which none but a Spaniard could endure, when they were obliged to live for five days together upon parched corn only; whereas the people of Plymouth, the first two or three years, thought a meal of Indian corn as good as a feast, and sometimes not for five days only, but for two or three months together, were destitute of that, and all other corn, or bread of any kind."

"The fourth year after their arrival, they were threatened with the total destruction of their crop, and absolute famine. From about the middle of May to the middle of July, they had not one shower of rain, and the extreme heat of the sun upon their sandy soil had so dried up their corn, that they were almost in despair of its ever being restored; but in the evening, after a day of fasting and prayer, it began to rain, and by repeated showers their corn recovered its verdure, and they had a plentiful harvest."

"New comers were extremely affected with the miserable condition of those who had been almost three years in the country. An interview with old friends under such suffering circumstances was truly appalling."

"The best dish we could present them with," says Gov. Bradford, "was a lobster or piece of fish, without bread, or any thing else but a cup of fair spring water; and the long continuance of this diet, with our labors abroad, has somewhat abated the freshness of our complexions; but God gives us health."

In 1624, Mr. Winslow, on his return from England, brought over four neat cattle—three heifers and a bull. These were the first introduced into the colony. Consequently, they had been four years without milk.

Hubbard, speaking of the condition of the colony about seven years after their arrival, says, "During this time the painful and diligent labor of this poor people is not to be

forgotten; who all this while were forced to pound their corn in mortars, not having ability in their hands to erect other engines to grind, by the help either of winds or water."

In April, 1626, they received intelligence of the death of their beloved pastor, Mr. Robinson. He died at Leyden, March 1, 1625, in the fiftieth year of his age. In their circumstances, this was indeed heavy news; and it filled their hearts with the deepest sorrow. The letter which brought the intelligence, assured them that his sickness was short; that he was sensible to the last; and that if prayers, tears, or means would have saved his life, he had not gone hence. It adds, "We still hold close together in peace, wishing that you and we were again together."

In the summer of 1627, Mr. John Endicott came over with a colony, and settled at Salem, then called Naumkeag. They found about one hundred planters already on the ground, with nine houses. Those who were already there, with those who had newly come, amounted to about three hundred; one hundred of whom removed to Charlestown, the rest remaining at Salem.

Before the close of July, 1630, eleven vessels arrived from England, and, before the end of the year, six others. They brought over above fifteen hundred passengers. The Arabella, having on board Gov. Winthrop and several of his assistants, arrived at Salem the 12th of June. "The common people immediately went ashore, and regaled themselves with strawberries, which were very fine in America, and were then in perfection. This might give them a favorable idea of the produce of the country; but they met with enough to fill them with concern. The first news they had was of a general conspiracy, a few months before, of all the Indians as far as Narragansett, to extirpate the English. Eighty persons, out of about three hundred, had died in the colony the winter before, and many of those who remained were in a weak, sickly condition. There was not corn enough to have lasted above a fortnight, and all other provisions were very scant. They had not above three or four months to look out proper places for settlement, and to provide shelter against

the severity of the winter. With this prospect of difficulties, great enough, it would seem, for them to encounter, sickness began among them. Being destitute of necessary accommodations, they dropped away one after another. Before December, they had lost two hundred of their number, including a few who died on their passage."

"Among others that were at that time visited with mortal sickness, the Lady Arabella, wife of Mr. Isaac Johnson, was one who, possibly, had not taken the counsel of our Savior to sit down and count the cost, before she began to build. For, coming from a paradise of plenty and pleasure, which she enjoyed in the family of a noble earldom, into a wilderness of wants, it proved too strong a temptation for her; so that the virtues of her mind were not able to stem the tide of those many adversities of her outward condition, which she, soon after her arrival, saw herself surrounded with. For, within a short time after, she ended her days at Salem, where she first landed; leaving her husband, a worthy gentleman of note for piety and wisdom, a sorrowful mourner, and so overwhelmed with grief, that about a month after, viz. September 30, 1630, death carried him after her into another world, to the extreme loss of the whole plantation."

"Salem was already supplied with as many inhabitants as at that time it was well able to receive. Therefore, Gov. Winthrop, and most of the gentlemen who came along with him, having taken a view of the country at the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, and finding that there was territory sufficient for several towns, took the first opportunity of removing thither. They at first pitched on the north side of Charles River, where they laid the foundation of the first town. But the chief part of the company made provision for another plantation on the neck of land on the south side of the river, which was afterwards called Boston, and erected such small cottages as might shelter them during the approaching winter. The governor and deputy governor, with most of the assistants, removed their families thither about November. Some scattering inhabitants had some years before taken up their habitations on each side of Charles River, some at Mattapan,

since called Dorchester. Here Mr. Ludlow and his company commenced a settlement. Mr. Pynchon, with some others, chose a place midway between Dorchester and Boston, and called it Roxbury. Sir Richard Saltonstall settled with his family and friends higher up the river, and called the place Watertown."

"On the 6th of December, the governor and assistants met, and agreed to fortify the neck between Boston and Roxbury, and orders were given for preparing the materials; but at another meeting on the 21st, they laid that design aside, and agreed on a place three miles above Charlestown, and most of them engaged to build houses there another year. The weather held tolerable until the 24th of December; but the cold then came on with violence. Such a Christmas eve they had never seen before. From that time to the 10th of February, their chief care was to keep themselves warm, and as comfortable in other respects as their scanty provisions would permit. The poorer sort were much exposed, lying in tents and miserable hovels, and many died of the scurvy, and other distempers. They were so short of provisions, that many were obliged to live on clams, muscles, and other shell fish, with ground nuts and acorns instead of bread. One that came to the governor's house to complain of his sufferings, was prevented, being informed that even there the last batch was in the oven. Some instances are mentioned of great calmness and resignation in this distress. A good man, who had asked his neighbor to a dish of clams, after dinner returned thanks to God, who had given them to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasure hid in the sands. They had appointed the 22d of February for a fast; but on the 5th, to their great joy, the ship Lyon, Capt. Pierce, one of the last year's fleet, returned, laden with provisions from England, which were distributed according to the necessities of the people. They turned their fast into a thanksgiving."

Of the sufferings and privations of those times, another account says, "These poor people met with much hardship, some by fire, as others by water. Some suffered much damage by the burning of their hay-stacks, left in the meadows, to the starving of their cattle; others by

burning of their small cottages, either framed or covered with very combustible matter, to which they were not accustomed in their former dwellings. Many of those who were compelled to live long in tents, and lie upon, or too near, the cold and moist earth, before they could be provided with more convenient dwellings, were seized with the scurvy, of which many died about Boston and Charlestown."

"It went much harder with this poor people, in their first beginnings, because of the scarcity of all sorts of grain that year in England." Some of the planters who had newly come over, suffered much in consequence of being unacquainted with the severity of the winters in New England.

Richard Garner, a shoemaker of Boston, with one of his daughters and four others, contrary to the advice of their friends, set out in a shallop on the 24th of December, for Plymouth. They had nearly made the point called Gurnet's Nose, when they were met by a strong north-west wind, which put them by the mouth of the harbor, and drove them out to sea. The boat took in much water, which froze so hard that they could not free her. They now despaired of deliverance, and disposed themselves to die. But one of the company espying land, they made shift to hoist up part of their sail, by which means they reached the shore. Some now got on land; but others were so frozen into the ice that it was found necessary to cut them out. Having all come on shore, they kindled a fire; but being destitute of a hatchet, they could get but little wood. They passed the night, which was extremely cold, in the open air. In the morning, two of their number set out for Plymouth, supposing it to be not more than seven or eight miles distant, whereas it was nearly fifty By the way, they met with two Indian squaws, who, re turning home, told their husbands that they had met two Englishmen. Concluding that they had been shipwrecked, the Indians went after them, brought them back to their wigwam, and entertained them kindly. The next day one went with them on their way to Plymouth, while the other went in search of those who were left on the shore. Having found and rendered them all the assistance he

could, he went back to his wigwam, the distance of seven miles, got a hatchet, returned, built them a shelter, and provided them wood. They had become so weak and frozen that they could not help themselves. Garner died about two days after they came on shore. The Indian cut a hole in the ground about a foot and a half deep, with his hatchet, laid in the corpse, and placed over it a large pile of wood, to keep it from the wolves. Three men, whom the governor of Plymouth had sent to their assistance, by this time arrived. The boat was driven so far up on the shore, that they concluded it could not be got off without further assistance. Accordingly, the Indian returned to Plymouth, and obtained three other men. But before they arrived, they found means to launch the boat, and with a fair southerly wind, arrived at Plymouth, where another of their number died. The two who set out on foot also died. One of them expired on the way, and the other was so much frozen that he did not long survive. The girl escaped with the least injury. The other who survived was long under the surgeon's care.

Rev. Roger Williams, who, with several of his friends, left Salem in the winter of 1636, and went to the south towards Narragansett Bay, says, in a letter written thirty-five years afterwards, "I was sorely tossed for fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, *not knowing what bread or bed did mean.*"

"Gov. Winthrop and some of his associates went over in February, 1633, to inspect Castle Island, in the harbor of Boston, (which was then uninhabited,) and were detained there near two days and a night by the ice, without a shelter, and with nothing to eat but muscles."

"Such numbers were constantly emigrating to New England, that the people at Dorchester, Watertown and Newtown began to be much straitened by the accession of new planters. By those who had been to Connecticut, they had received intelligence of the excellent meadows upon the river: they therefore determined to remove, and once more brave the dangers and hardships of making settlements in a dreary wilderness."

"On the 15th of October, 1635, about sixty men, women, and children, with their horses, cattle, and swine, com-

menced their journey, through the wilderness, to Connecticut River. After a tedious and difficult journey, through swamps and rivers, over mountains and rough ground, which were passed with great difficulty and fatigue, they arrived safely at the places of their respective destination. They were so long on their journey, and so much time was spent in passing the river, and in getting over their cattle, that, after all their exertions, winter came upon them before they were prepared. This was an occasion of great distress and damage to the plantation.

"The winter set in this year much sooner than usual, and the weather was stormy and severe. By the 15th of November, Connecticut River was frozen over, and the snow was so deep, and the season so tempestuous, that a considerable number of the cattle could not be brought across the river. The people had so little time to prepare their huts and houses, and to erect sheds and shelters for their cattle, that the sufferings of man and beast were extreme. Indeed, the hardships and distresses of the first planters of Connecticut scarcely admit of a description. To carry much provision or furniture through a pathless wilderness was impracticable. Their principal provisions and household furniture were, therefore, put on board several small vessels, which, by reason of delays and the tempestuousness of the season, were either cast away or did not arrive. Several vessels were wrecked on the coasts of New England, by the violence of the storms. Two shallops laden with goods, from Boston to Connecticut, in October, were cast away on Brown's Island, near Gurnet's Nose, and the men, with every thing on board, were lost. A vessel, with six of the Connecticut people on board, which sailed from the river for Boston, in November, was cast away in Manamet Bay. The men got on shore, and, after wandering ten days in deep snow and a severe season, without meeting with any human being, arrived, nearly spent with cold and fatigue, at Plymouth.

"By the last of November, or beginning of December, provisions generally failed in the settlements on the river, and famine and death looked the inhabitants sternly in the face. Some of them, driven by hunger, attempted their way, in this severe season, through the wilderness from

Connecticut to Massachusetts. Of thirteen, in one company, who made this attempt, one, in passing a river, fell through the ice, and was drowned. The other twelve were ten days on their journey, and would have perished had it not been for the assistance of the Indians. Indeed, such was the distress in general, that, by the 3d and 4th of December, a considerable part of the new settlers were obliged to abandon their habitations. Seventy persons, men, women, and children, were necessitated, in the extremity of winter, to go down to the mouth of the river, to meet their provisions, as the only expedient to preserve their lives. Not meeting with the vessels they expected, they all went on board the Rebecca, a vessel of about sixty tons. This, two days before, was frozen in twenty miles up the river; but by the falling of a small rain and the influence of the tide, the ice became so broken and was so far removed, that she made shift to get out. She ran, however, upon the bar, and the people were forced to unlade her, to get her off. She was reladen, and in five days reached Boston. Had it not been for these providential circumstances, the people must have perished with famine.

"The people who kept their stations on the river suffered in an extreme degree. After all the help they were able to obtain, by hunting and from the Indians, they were obliged to subsist on acorns, malt and grains. Numbers of the cattle, which could not be got over the river before winter, lived through without any thing but what they found in the woods and meadows. They wintered as well, or better, than those which were brought over. However, a great number of cattle perished. The Dorchester or Windsor people lost, in this single article, about two hundred pounds sterling.

"It is difficult to describe, or even to conceive, the apprehensions and distresses of a people, in the circumstances of our venerable ancestors, during this doleful winter. All the horrors of a dreary wilderness spread themselves around them. They were encompassed with numerous, fierce and cruel tribes of wild, savage men, who could have swallowed up parents and children at pleasure, in their feeble and distressed condition. They had neither

bread for themselves nor children; neither habitations nor clothing convenient for them. Whatever emergency might happen, they were cut off, both by land and water, from any succor or retreat. This was once the condition of those fair opulent towns on Connecticut River.

"About the beginning of June, 1636, Mr. Hooker, Mr. Stone, and about a hundred men, women and children, took their departure from Cambridge, and travelled more than a hundred miles through a hideous and trackless wilderness, to Hartford. They had no guide but their compass; made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets, and rivers, which were passed only with great difficulty. They had no covering but the heavens, nor any lodging but those which simple nature afforded. They drove with them a hundred and sixty head of cattle, and by the way subsisted on the milk of their cows. Mrs. Hooker was borne through the wilderness on a litter The people generally carried their packs, arms, and some utensils. They were nearly a fortnight on their journey.

"This adventure was the more remarkable, as many of this company were persons of figure, who had lived in England in honor, affluence and delicacy, and were entire strangers to such fatigue and danger."

These, then, were the hardships, privations and sufferings of our forefathers. Should we not frequently look back upon them, and learn contentment with our happier lot? Should we not often reflect how widely our condition differs from theirs? We are not called to make the cold ground our bed, while the heavens over our head are our only covering. Our flesh does not waste away through want of sufficient food to sustain nature. We do not, for lack of bread, feed on acorns or muscles. Heaven grants us many, very many comforts which were denied our ancestors.

And if privileges should be valued according to the expense at which they were procured, what estimate ought we to place upon the civil and religious advantages handed down to us through the privations and sufferings of those who first braved the toils and dangers of the wilderness of New England? Can we find it in our heart to treat these privileges as of little worth? Shall we not do what

in us lies, to have them descend to posterity unadulterated and unimpaired? And when we consider the happy results of the noble example of our fathers, we are constrained to ask, *What will not diligence, fortitude, perseverance and prayer accomplish?*

CHAPTER IV.

THE MANIFESTATIONS OF GOD'S PECULIAR REGARD FOR OUR ANCESTORS.

When the first company left England, as has been mentioned, it was their intention to settle about Hudson River. But the master of the ship having been bribed by the Dutch, who were about commencing a settlement on that river, to carry them farther north, he brought them on to the coast of New England. Their enemies meant this for *evil;* but the Lord evidently intended it for *good.* For about the Hudson River the Indians were numerous and powerful; whereas, on that part of the coast of New England where our fathers first landed, they were few in number, having some years before been visited with a pestilence which had swept the greater part of them from the face of the earth. It is stated that at Patuxet, where Plymouth now stands, "all the inhabitants died; that there was neither man, woman, nor child remaining."

"All writers agree that a few years before the English came to New Plymouth, a mortal contagious distemper swept away great numbers of Indians, so that some tribes were in a manner extinct; the Massachusetts, particularly, are said by some to have been reduced from thirty thousand to three hundred fighting men. The small pox proving since so fatal to Indians, caused some to suppose that to have been the distemper; but the Indians themselves always gave a very different account, and, by their description, it was a pestilential putrid fever."

The Lord dealt mercifully with the first settlers of Plymouth by rendering the weather less severe than in

some later years; for "had the month of December, 1620, been as inclement as December, 1831 and 1834, when our harbors and shores were an expanse of ice and snow, and the thermometer several degrees below zero, those whom we honor as our fathers and mothers must have fallen a sacrifice to the climate, and the story of the great enterprise of these bold spirits been lost in oblivion, or preserved only in uncertain tradition."

On the 16th of March, great surprise was excited by the sudden appearance of an Indian, who came boldly into the street of Plymouth, calling out—"Welcome Englishman!" "Welcome Englishman!" His name was Samoset, a sagamore, or chief, from Monhiggin, (Maine,) who, by his intercourse with the fishermen on the eastern coast, had learned some broken English. This was the first savage with whom the people of Plymouth gained an interview. This incident was deeply fraught with mercy. It cheered the spirits of the disconsolate in their solitary and afflicted condition. Samoset told them that the place where they were settled was called by the Indians Patuxet; that all the inhabitants died of an extraordinary plague about four years since. They treated him with the best their stores afforded. He remained until the next day, when he returned to a neighboring tribe, from which he came last. "On his departure, the English gave him a knife, a bracelet, and a ring, and he promised to return soon, and bring other natives with him, with such beaver skins as they could collect."

He returned on the following Sabbath, and brought with him five other savages, with some tools which the English had left in the woods, where they had been at work, and which had been taken and carried off by the Indians. They left their bows and arrows at a distance from the settlement, and, when they came in, made signs of amity. They brought some skins to trade; but it being Lord's day, the English refused to barter, and soon dismissed them, requesting them to come again. Samoset remained until the next Wednesday, when they sent him to learn the reason why his friends did not return.

"Samoset, treated with hospitality by these strangers, was disposed to preserve an intercourse with them; and,

on his third visit, was accompanied by Squanto, one of the natives, who had been carried off by Hunt in 1614, and afterwards lived in England. They informed the English that Massasoit, the greatest king of the neighboring Indians, was near, with his brother and a number of his people; and within an hour he appeared on the top of a hill over against the English town, with a train of sixty men.

"Mutual distrust prevented for some time any advance from either side. Squanto at length being sent by Massasoit, brought back word that the English should send one of their number to parley with him. Mr. Edward Winslow was accordingly sent. Two knives, and a copper chain, with a jewel in it, were sent to Massasoit at the same time; and to his brother a knife, and a jewel, a quantity of biscuit, and some butter, all which articles were gladly accepted. Mr. Winslow, the messenger, in a speech to Massasoit, signified that king James saluted him with words of love and peace, and that the English governor desired to see him, and to truck with him, and to confirm a peace with him, as his next neighbor. The Indian king heard his speech with attention and approbation. After partaking of the provision which made part of the English present, and imparting the rest to his company, he looked on Mr. Winslow's sword and armor, with an intimation of his desire to buy it, but found him unwilling to part with it. At the close of the interview, Massasoit, leaving Mr. Winslow in the custody of his brother, went over the brook, which separated him from the English, with a train of twenty men, whose bows and arrows were left behind. He was met at the brook by Capt. Standish and Mr. Williamson, with six musketeers, who conducted him to a house then in building, where were placed a green rug and three or four cushions. The governor now advanced, attended with a drum and trumpet, and a few musketeers. After mutual salutations, the governor called for refreshments, which the Indian king partook himself, and imparted to his followers. A league of friendship was then agreed on, and it was inviolably observed above fifty years."

"After the league with Massasoit, Corbitant, one of his

petty sachems, becoming discontented, meditated to join the Narragansetts, who were inimical to the English; and he was now at Namasket, attempting to alienate the subjects of Massasoit from their king. Squanto and Hobomack, two faithful friends of the English, going at this time to Namasket, to make observations, were threatened with death by Corbitant, who seized and detained Squanto, but Hobomack made his escape. To counteract the hostile machinations of Corbitant, and to liberate Squanto, the governor, with the advice of the company, sent Miles Standish and fourteen men, with Hobomack for their guide, to Namasket. On their arrival, the Indians of Corbitant's faction fled. The design of the English expedition was explained to the natives of the place, with menaces of revenge in case of insurrection against Massasoit, or of violence to any of his subjects.

"This resolute enterprise struck such terror into the neighboring Indians, that their chiefs came in and solicited the friendship of the English. On the 13th of September, nine sachems voluntarily came to Plymouth, and subscribed an instrument of submission to king James. It was peculiarly happy for the colony that it had secured the friendship of Massasoit, for his influence was very extensive. He was reverenced and regarded by all the natives from the bay of Narragansett to that of Massachusetts. The submission of the nine sachems is ascribed to their mutual connection with this sovereign, as its primary cause. Other princes under him made also a similar submission, among whom are mentioned those of Pamet, Nauset, Cummaquid, and Namasket, with several others about the bays of Patuxet and Massachusetts."

In the submission of these chiefs to this little colony—diminished by death, and wasted by sickness—is strikingly manifested the power and goodness of Him who has the hearts of all in his hand, and who turneth them as the rivers of water are turned.

"On the 11th of November, Robert Cushman arrived at Plymouth in a ship from England, with thirty-five persons, destined to remain in the colony. By this arrival the Plymouth colonists received a charter, procured for them by the adventurers in London, who had been origi-

nally concerned with them in the enterprise; and they now acknowledged the extraordinary blessing of heaven in directing their course into this part of the country, where they had happily obtained permission to possess and enjoy the territory under the authority of the president and council for the affairs of New England."

The Lord manifested his peculiar regard for this poor people by rendering them *contented* and *thankful* in their situation.

The Mayflower, having remained at Plymouth until spring, sailed for England on the 5th of April; but not one of the colony expressed a desire to return to their native country.

It is said of Elder Brewster, that "with the most submissive patience he bore the novel and trying hardships to which his old age was subjected, lived abstemiously, and, after having been in his youth the companion of ministers of state, the representative of his sovereign, familiar with the magnificence of courts, and the possessor of a fortune sufficient not only for the comforts but the elegances of life, this humble puritan labored steadily with his own hands in the fields for daily subsistence. Destitute of meat, of fish, and of bread, over his simple meal of clams would he return thanks to the Lord that he could suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand."

The sentiments of one of their number are thus expressed: "I take notice of it as a great favor of God, not only to preserve my life, but to give me *contentedness* in our straits; insomuch that I do not remember that ever I did wish in my heart that I had never come into this country, or wish myself back again to my father's house."

"By the time our corn is planted," says Bradford, "our victuals are spent, not knowing at night where to have a bit in the morning, and have neither bread nor corn for three or four months together; *yet bear our wants with cheerfulness, and rest on Providence.*"

In the spring of 1623, Massasoit fell sick, and sent intelligence of it to the governor, who immediately sent Mr. Winslow and Mr. John Hamden, to pay him a visit. They carried with them presents, and some cordials for

his relief. Their visit and presents were very consolatory to the venerable chief, and were the means of his recovery.

In return for their kindness, he informed them of a dangerous conspiracy among the neighboring Indians, the object of which was the total extirpation of the English. By means of this timely discovery, and the consequent spirited exertions of the governor, whose wise plans were executed by the brave Capt. Standish, the colony was once more saved from destruction."

A severe drought prevailing in the summer of 1623, the governor set apart a day of fasting and prayer. In so extraordinary a manner did the Lord appear for them by granting copious and gentle showers of rain, that they, in acknowledgment of his special kindness, observed a day of public thanksgiving.

"The first patent of Plymouth had been taken out in the name of John Pierce, in trust for the company of adventurers; but when he saw the promising state of their settlement, and the favor which their success had obtained for them with the council for New England, he, without their knowledge, but in their name, procured another patent, of larger extent, intending to keep it for his own benefit, and hold the adventurers as his tenants, to sue and be sued at his courts. In pursuance of this design, he, in the autumn of 1622, and beginning of 1623, made repeated attempts to send a ship to New England, but it was forced back by storms. In the last attempt, the mariners, about the middle of February, were obliged, in a terrible storm, to cut away the main mast, and return to Portsmouth. Pierce was then on board, with one hundred and nine souls. After these successive losses, he was prevailed on by the company of adventurers to assign to them for five hundred pounds the patent, which had cost him but fifty. Another ship was hired to transport the passengers and goods, and it arrived at Plymouth in July. Soon after, arrived a new vessel of forty-four tons, which the company had built, to remain in the country; both brought supplies for the plantation, and about fifty passengers."

"Among these passengers were divers worthy and useful men, who were come to seek the welfare of this little Israel."

In the month of May, 1630, another company of the Leyden people, through the kind providence of God, arrived at Plymouth. They were about sixty in number. Thus, after a separation of nearly ten years, these weary pilgrims were permitted again to meet. This event must have greatly refreshed their spirits, and occasioned many thanksgivings to God.

"In 1639, at the termination of the Pequod war, Massasoit brought his son Mooanam to Plymouth, and desired that the league which he had formerly made might be renewed, and made inviolable. The sachem and his son voluntarily promised, for themselves and their successors, that they would not needlessly nor unjustly raise any quarrels, or do any wrong to any other natives, to provoke them to a war against the colony, and that they would not give, sell, or convey any of their lands, territories or possessions whatever, to any person or persons whatsoever, without the privy consent of the government of Plymouth, other than to such as the said government should send or appoint. The whole court did then ratify and confirm the aforesaid league and promise, to the said Massasoit, his son and successors, that they would defend them against all such as should unjustly rise up against them, to wrong or oppress them."

The colonies of New England were peculiarly favored of the Lord in their *rulers*. Magistracy is of divine appointment. "The powers that be are ordained of God;" and "he putteth down one and setteth up another" at his pleasure. Those who had the management of the public affairs of the colonies were men of singular integrity and ability. When were men ever placed in authority who were more worthy the confidence of the people, than the first governors of the colonies of New England? What men ever answered better to David's description of a good ruler—"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God?"

The kind hand of the Lord was manifested in supplying the people with *the means of subsistence*. Capt. Clap, one of the first settlers of Dorchester, gives the following account: "O, the *hunger* that many suffered, and saw no hope in the eye of reason to be supplied, only by clams,

and muscles, and fish! We did quickly build boats, and some went a fishing; but *bread* was with many a scarce thing, and *flesh* of all kinds as scarce. And in those days, in our straits, though I cannot say God sent a raven to feed *us* as he did the prophet Elijah, yet this I can say, to the praise of God's glory, that he sent not only poor ravenous Indians, who came with their baskets of corn on their backs to trade with us, which was a good supply unto many, but also sent ships from Holland and from Ireland with provisions, and Indian corn from Virginia, to supply the wants of his dear servants in this wilderness, both for food and raiment. And when the people's wants were great, not only in one town but divers towns, such was the godly wisdom, care and prudence (not selfishness but self-denial) of our governor Winthrop and his assistants, that when a ship came laden with provisions, they did order that the whole cargo should be bought *for a general stock;* and so accordingly it was, and distribution was made to every town and to every person in each town, as every man had need. Thus God was pleased to care for his people in times of straits, and to fill his servants with food and gladness. Then did all the servants of God bless his holy name, and love one another with a pure heart fervently."

Mr. Edward Johnson, who settled at Woburn, says, "In the absence of bread, they feasted themselves with fish; the women once a day, as the tide gave way, resorted to the muscles and clam banks, where they daily gathered food for their families, with much heavenly discourse of the provisions Christ made for the many thousands of his followers in the wilderness. Said one, My husband hath travelled as far as Plymouth, which is near forty miles, and hath with great toil brought a little corn home with him, and before that is spent the Lord will assuredly provide. Said the other, Our last peck of meal is now in the oven at home a baking, and many of our godly neighbors have quite spent all, and we owe one loaf of that little we have. Then said a third, My husband hath ventured himself among the Indians for corn, and can get none, and our honored governor hath distributed his so far, that a day or two more will put an end to his store. And yet

methinks that our children are as cheerful, fat, and lusty with feeding upon muscles, clams, and other fish, as they were in England with their fill of bread; which makes me cheerful in the provision the Lord makes for us: being further confirmed by the exhortation of our pastor to trust the Lord with providing for us, whose is the earth and the fulness thereof. As they were encouraging one another in the provision Christ had made, and still would make, they lifted up their eyes and saw two ships coming in. Presently news came to them that they were from Ireland, and that they were laden with provision. And now their poor hearts were not so much refreshed in regard to the food they saw they were like to have, as in the thought that Christ should thus manifest himself in their behalf. After this manner did Christ many times graciously provide for his people, even at the last cast.'

"The chief corn they planted before they had ploughs was Indian grain, the increase of which is very much beyond all other, to the great refreshing of the poor servants of Christ in their low beginnings.

"The admirable providence of the Lord is to be noted, in that, during these years of scarcity, he visited that small quantity of land they planted, with seasonable showers, and that many times, to the great admiration of the Indians. The extreme parching heat of the sun began to scorch the herbs and fruits, which were the chief means of their subsistence; they, beholding the hand of the Lord stretched out against them, like tender-hearted children, fell down on their knees, begging mercy of the Lord for their Savior's sake, urging this as a chief argument, that the malignant adversary would rejoice in their destruction, and blaspheme the pure ordinances of Christ, trampling down his commands; and in uttering these words, their eyes dropped down with many tears, their feelings being so strong that they could not refrain in the church assembly. Here admire and be strong in the grace of Christ, all you that hopefully belong to him; for as they poured out tears before the Lord, so at that very time the Lord showered down rain on their gardens and fields, which with great industry they had planted, and had not the Lord caused it to rain speedily, their hope of food

had been lost. These poor servants of Christ were now so much affected that the Lord should be so nigh unto them, in that they called upon him for, that as the drops of heaven fell thicker and faster, so the tears fell from their eyes, by reason of the sudden mixture of joy and sorrow; they being unable to decide which mercy was the greatest, to have a humble begging heart given them of God, or to have their request so suddenly answered.

"The Indians hearing of this, and seeing the sweet rain that fell, were much taken with the Englishman's God. These people now arose from their knees to receive the rich mercies of Christ, in the refreshed fruits of the earth.

"And behold ships also arrive, filled with fresh forces, for furthering the wonderful work of Christ. And indeed this year came in many precious ones, whom Christ by his grace hath made much use of in his churches, and in the commonwealth.

"This poor people having tasted thus liberally of the salvation of the Lord, they deemed it high time to take the cup of thanksgiving and pay their vows to the Most High. They accordingly set apart the 16th of October, 1633, as a day of thanksgiving. This day was solemnly observed by all the seven churches."

Surely the Lord exercises a particular providence over the affairs of men; and his dealings with those who deny themselves, venture and suffer with a desire to promote his glory and the interests of his kingdom, differ widely from his treatment of those who shun the cross, and live unto themselves. With these things before his mind, who would not have a place among the true people of God? Who would not share in the peculiar kindness of Him who gave us being? of Him who will never leave the objects of his affection; who will follow them with a father's heart, and a father's kindness, to the end of life, yea, more, *to all eternity?* Happy, surely, is the person who is in such a case.

CHAPTER V.

REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

One prominent feature in the character of our forefathers was, *they were men of prayer*. In every emergency, the "mercy seat" was their first and last resort.

> "I hear the pilgrim's peaceful prayer,
> Swelling along the silent air,
> Amid the forest wild."

Their expectation was from God alone. They hung helpless on the arm of the Lord, and poured out their fervent, believing desires into his bosom. Nor did they plead in vain. They had power with God. Eternity alone will fully disclose the influence of their supplications.

Answers to prayer do not generally come with *observation*. They are often sent in a way which is hid from most persons, and frequently even from those who receive them. There are, however, instances in which answers to prayer are so striking and visible as to be obvious to all. A few cases of this kind are found in the early history of New England.

In the summer of 1623, the people of Plymouth were visited with a severe and distressing drought. From about the middle of May to the middle of July, the rain was entirely withheld, the ground became exceedingly dry, and the corn greatly parched and dried up; so that famine, with its attendant evils, seemed inevitable. In their extremity they repaired to Him who had so often appeared for them in the dark hour of affliction. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed; they met and continued their fervent supplications for eight or nine hours, without cessation. During the former part of the day the sky was cloudless, and the sun poured its clear and scorching rays upon the surrounding fields; but before night the heavens were overcast, and soon the rain fell in gentle, refreshing showers, which continued, at intervals, for fourteen days. The natives were struck with amazement at the sight, and could not but acknowledge that the blessing came in answer to prayer. One of them, named Hobomack, exclaimed,

"Now I see that the Englishman's God is a good God, for he has heard you, and sent you rain, and that without storms and tempests, which we usually have with our rain, which breaks down our corn; but yours stands whole and good still; surely your God is a good God."

So visible was the good hand of the Lord to the colony, in affording this seasonable rain, and in sending them a supply of provisions from England, that, at a convenient time, they observed a day of public thanksgiving and praise.

In the summer of 1638, there was a very great drought all over the country, little or no rain having fallen for about six weeks, so that the corn generally began to wither, and there was great fear that the crop would be wholly cut off. Whereupon, the general court of Massachusetts conferred with the elders, and agreed upon a day of humiliation and prayer, to be held about a week after. While the court and elders were together, they conferred upon such things as were amiss which provoked the Most High to come out in judgment against the people, and agreed to acquaint the churches therewith, that they might be stirred up to repentance and reformation. Within a week after the day of humiliation and prayer was past, such a quantity of rain fell, that the corn revived, and the people were cheered with the prospect of a very plentiful harvest.

"An Indian of superior rank, on Martha's Vineyard, and his wife, having buried their first five children successively, each of them within ten days of their birth, notwithstanding all their use of powwows and medicines to preserve them, had a sixth child, a son, born about the year 1638, which was a few years before the English settled on the island. The mother was greatly distressed with the fear that she should lose this child also; and utterly despairing of help from the means she had formerly tried without success, as soon as she was able, (which, among the Indians, is within less than ten days,) with a sorrowful heart she took up her child, and went out into the field, that she might there give vent to her feelings in flowing tears. While she was here, musing on the insufficiency of all human aid, she felt it powerfully suggested to her mind, that there is one Almighty God who is to be prayed

to; that this God created every thing we see; and that the Being who had given existence to herself, and to all other people, and who had given her this child, could easily continue the life of the child.

"This poor blind pagan now resolved that she would seek unto this God for the life of her child, which she did accordingly. Her child lived; and her faith (such as it was) in Him who answered her prayer, was greatly strengthened. In view of the goodness and mercy she had received, she was led to dedicate this child to the service of the Being who had preserved his life, and resolved to educate him, as far as she could, to become the servant of the Most High.

"Not long after this, the English came and settled on Martha's Vineyard, and the Indians who had been present at some of their meetings, reported that they assembled together frequently, and that the man who spoke among them, often looked upward. From this report, this woman concluded that they assembled for prayer, and that their prayers were addressed to the very same God to whom she had prayed for the life of her child. She was confirmed in this opinion, when, not long after, Mr. Mayhew came and preached the gospel to the Indians on the island; which gospel she readily and heartily embraced. On her admission to the church, she stated her experience in public, when she gave an account of the preparation for the knowledge of Christ, wherewith God in this wonderful manner had favored her. And what adds to the interest of this wonderful story is, that this very child, whose name is Japhet, has become an eminent preacher of Christ to the Indians. He is living at this time (1696) a very pious man and a laborious minister, and not only pastor of an Indian church on Martha's Vineyard, consisting of some scores of regenerate souls, but has taken pains to preach the gospel to the Indians on the main land, and his labors have been attended with wonderful success."

In 1637, the people of Connecticut were exposed to the most imminent danger from the Pequot Indians, who "were now destroying the lives and property of the colonists, attempting to raise the numerous Indian tribes of the country against them, and threatened the utter ruin of the whole colony. The inhabitants were in a feeble state, and

few in number. They wanted all their number at home, to prosecute the necessary business of the plantations. They had not a sufficiency of provisions for themselves; there would, therefore, be the greatest difficulty in furnishing a small army with provisions abroad. They could neither hunt, fish, nor cultivate their fields, nor travel at home or abroad, but at the peril of their lives. They were obliged to keep a constant watch by night and day; to go armed to their daily labors, and to public worship; to keep a guard at their houses of worship on the Lord's day, and at other seasons, whenever they convened for the worship of God. They lay down and rose up in fear and danger. If they should raise a party of men and send them to fight the enemy on their own ground, it would render the settlements proportionably weak at home, in case of an assault from the enemy. Every thing appeared dark and threatening. But nothing could discourage men who had an unshaken confidence in the divine government, and were determined to sacrifice every other consideration, for the enjoyment of the uncorrupted gospel, and the propagation of religion and liberty in America.

"In this important crisis, a court was summoned at Hartford, on Monday, the 1st of May. On mature deliberation, considering that the Pequots had killed nearly thirty of the English; that they had tortured and insulted their captives in the most horrible manner; that they were attempting to engage all the Indians to unite for the purpose of extirpating the English; and the danger the whole colony was in, unless some capital blow could be immediately given their enemies, they determined that an offensive war should be carried on against them, by the three towns of Windsor, Hartford, and Weathersfield. They voted that ninety men should be raised forthwith.

"On Wednesday, the 10th of May, the troops fell down the river, for the fort at Saybrook. They consisted of 90 Englishmen and about 70 Mohegan and river Indians. The Indians were commanded by Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans. The whole was commanded by Capt. John Mason, who had been bred a soldier in the old countries. The Rev. Mr. Stone of Hartford went their chaplain. On Monday, the 15th, the troops arrived at Saybrook fort.

"The army lay wind-bound until Friday, and Capt. Mason and his officers were entirely divided in opinion with respect to the manner of prosecuting their enterprise. The court, by the commission and instructions which it had given, enjoined the landing the men at Pequot harbor, and that from thence they should advance upon the enemy. The captain was for passing by them, and sailing to the Narragansett country. His officers and men, in general, were for attending their instructions, and going, at all hazards, directly to the forts. In this division of opinion, Mr. Stone was desired by the officers most importunately to pray for them that their way might be directed, and that, notwithstanding the present embarrassment, the enterprise might be crowned with success. *Mr Stone spent most of Thursday night in prayer*, and the next morning visiting Capt. Mason, assured him that he had done as he was desired; adding, that he was entirely satisfied with his plan. The council was again called, and, upon a full view of the reasons, unanimously agreed to proceed to Narragansett."

This enterprise, on the success of which the very existence of Connecticut, under Providence, depended, was prosperous almost beyond example. The English gained a complete victory; and, with the loss of only two men, "in about three weeks from the time they embarked at Hartford, they returned again to their respective habitations. They were received with the greatest exultation. As the people had been greatly affected with the danger, and full of anxiety for their friends, while nearly half the effective men in the colony were in service upon so hazardous an enterprise, so sudden a change, in the great victory obtained, and in the safe return of so many of their sons and neighbors, filled them with exceeding joy and thankfulness. Every family, and every worshipping assembly, spake the language of praise and thanksgiving.

"Several circumstances attending this enterprise, were much noticed by the soldiers themselves, and especially by all the pious people. It was considered very providential, that the army should march nearly forty miles, and a considerable part of it in the enemy's country, and not be discovered until the moment they were ready to commence

the attack. The life of Capt. Mason was very signally preserved. As he entered a wigwam for fire to burn the fort, an Indian was drawing an arrow to the very head, and would have killed him instantly; but Davis, one of his sergeants, cut the bow-string with his cutlass, and prevented the fatal shot. Lieut. Bull received an arrow into a hard piece of cheese, which he had in his clothes, and so escaped uninjured. Two soldiers, John Dyer and Thomas Stiles, were shot in the knots of their neckcloths, and by them preserved from instant death."

"Blessings," says Dwight, "have in many instances been given, after fervent prayers have ascended to God, when none but God could have contributed to their existence; when they were utterly unattainable by any human efforts, and after all hope of obtaining them, except by prayer, had vanished.

"I am bound, as an inhabitant of New England, solemnly to declare, that, were there no other instances to be found in any other country, the blessings communicated to this, would furnish ample satisfaction concerning this subject, to every sober, much more to every pious man. Among these, *the destruction of the French armament under the Duke D'Anville, in the year* 1746, ought to be remembered with gratitude and admiration by every inhabitant of this country. This fleet consisted of 40 ships of war; was destined for the destruction of *New England;* was of sufficient force to render that destruction, in the ordinary progress of things, certain; sailed from *Chebucto*, in *Nova Scotia*, for this purpose; and was entirely destroyed, on the night following a general fast throughout New England, by a terrible tempest. Impious men, who *regard not the work of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands*, and who, for that reason, are finally destroyed, may refuse to *give God the glory* of this most merciful interposition. But our ancestors had, and it is to be hoped their descendants ever will have, both piety and good sense sufficient to *ascribe to Jehovah the greatness, and the power, and the victory, and the majesty; and to bless the Lord God of Israel forever and ever.*"

And have *we* the same encouragement to present our supplications before the Lord that our fathers had? Most

assuredly. "His power and grace are still the same." *The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that he cannot hear.* Do any say that they are sinful and unworthy? So were our fathers. They *felt*, and *confessed* themselves to be so. But they did not, on this account, neglect to call on the name of the Lord. Neither did the Lord turn away their prayer or his mercy from them. Nor will he now shut up his bowels of compassion against the humble suppliant. Does any reader of these pages doubt that it is in the heart of God to hear his penitent and believing supplications? Let such an one make the experiment. Let him offer his fervent prayers to God, *and persevere in the duty*, and then decide. Nothing short of a trial, in any matter, can determine the event.

CHAPTER VI.

PUBLIC CALAMITIES.

GREAT STORM.

On the 15th of August, 1635, New England was visited by a tremendous storm, or hurricane. It is thus described by Morton. "It began in the morning, a little before day, and grew not by degrees, but came with great violence in the beginning, to the great amazement of many. It blew down sundry houses, and uncovered divers others; divers vessels were lost at sea, and many more were in extreme danger. It caused the sea to swell in some places to the southward of Plymouth, so that it rose to twenty feet right up and down, and made many of the Indians to climb into trees for their safety. It threw down all the corn to the ground, so that it never rose more, the which, through the mercy of God, it being near harvest time, was not lost, though much the worse. Had the wind continued without shifting, in likelihood it would have drowned some part of the country. It blew down many hundred thousands of

trees, turning up the stronger by the roots, and breaking the high pine-trees, and such like, in the midst; and the tall young oaks and walnut-trees, of good bigness, were twisted as a withe by it,—very strange and fearful to behold. It began in the south-east, and veered sundry ways, but the greatest force of it, at Plymouth, was from the former quarter; it continued not in extremity above five or six hours, before the violence of it began to abate; the marks of it will remain for many years, in those parts where it was sorest."

EARTHQUAKES.

Several earthquakes are noticed in the early history of New England. The first, which was on the 1st day of June, 1638, is spoken of by Trumbull as "a great and memorable earthquake." His description of it is the following. "It came with a report like continued thunder, or the rattling of numerous coaches upon a paved street. The shock was so great, that in many places the tops of chimneys were thrown down, and the pewter fell from the shelves. It shook the waters and ships in the harbors, and all the adjacent islands. The duration of the sound and tremor was about four minutes. The earth at turns was unquiet for nearly twenty days. The weather was clear, the wind westerly, and the course of the earthquake from west to east."

The next earthquake of any considerable violence, of which a particular account is left on record, was on the 29th of October, 1727. It is thus described by Hutchinson. "About 40 minutes after 10 at night, when there was a serene sky, and calm but sharp air, a most amazing noise was heard, like to the roaring of a chimney when on fire, as some said, only beyond comparison greater; others compared it to the noise of coaches on pavements, and thought that of ten thousand together would not have exceeded it. The noise was judged by some to continue about half a minute before the shock began, which increased gradually, and was thought to have continued the space of a minute before it was at the height, and, in about half a minute more, to have been at an end by a gradual

decrease. The noise and shock of this, and all earthquakes which preceded it in New England, were observed to come from the west, or north-west, and go off to the east, or south-east. At Newbury, and other towns on the Merrimack River, the shock was greater than in any other part of Massachusetts, but no buildings were thrown down. Part of the walls of several cellars fell in, and the tops of many chimneys were shaken off. At New York, it seems to have been equal to what it was in Massachusetts; but at Philadelphia it was very sensibly weaker, and, in the colonies southward, it grew less and less, until it had spent itself, or become insensible. The seamen on the coast supposed their vessels to have struck upon a shoal of loose ballast. There was a general apprehension of danger of destruction and death, and many who had very little sense of religion before, appeared to be very serious and devout penitents; but, too generally, as the fears of another earthquake went off, the religious impressions went with them, and they, who had been subjects of both, returned to their former course of life."

Rev. Mr. Gookin, of Hampton, N. H., gives the following account of the same earthquake.

"The shake was very hard, and was attended with a terrible noise, something like thunder. The houses trembled as if they were falling; divers chimneys were cracked, and some had their tops broken off. It was especially so in the south parish, where the hardest shake seemed to be on the hill, where the house of God stands. Three houses on that hill had their chimneys broken, one of which was the house of Rev. Mr. Whipple. When the shake was beginning, some persons observed a flash of light running on the earth: the flame seemed to them to be of a blueish color. These flashes, no doubt, broke out of the earth; otherwise, it is probable they would have been seen more generally, especially by those who were abroad. The sea was observed to roar in an unusual manner. The earth broke open, and cast up a very fine blueish sand. At the place of the eruption, there now (above two months after) continually issue out considerable quantities of water. A spring of water which had run freely for fourscore years, and was never known to freeze, was sunk

by the earthquake, and froze afterwards like any standing water.

"There were divers other shocks in the same night; yea, the sound was heard, and sometimes the shake felt, every day for a fortnight after.

"It is hard to express the consternation that fell, both on men and beasts, in the time of the great shock. The brute creatures ran roaring about the fields, as if in the greatest distress. And mankind were as much surprised as they, and some with very great terror; so that they might say, *Fearfulness and terror hath come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.* All of us saw the necessity of looking to God for his favor and protection; and I would hope that many did, not only look to God in that time of their distress, but did truly and heartily return to him. Many are now asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. They say, Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, not to be forgotten, making a credible profession of faith and repentance. This is the happy effect which, by the grace of God, the earthquake has had upon some among us."

This earthquake, as felt at Boston, is thus described by Prentice. "On the night after the Lord's day, October 29, 1727, about forty minutes past ten, in a calm and serene hour, the town of Boston was on a sudden extremely surprised with the most violent shock of an earthquake that has been known among us. It came on with a loud, hollow noise, like the roaring of a great fired chimney, but incomparably more fierce and terrible. In about half a minute the earth began to heave and tremble; the shock increasing, rose to its height in about a *minute* more, when the moveables, and doors, windows, walls, especially in the upper chambers, made a fearful clattering, and the houses rocked and cracked as if they were all dissolving and falling to pieces. The people asleep were awakened with the greatest astonishment; many others affrighted, ran into the streets for safety. But the shaking quickly abated, and in another *half minute* it entirely ceased. Some damage was done to the more brittle sort of moveables, and some bricks on the tops of some chimneys fell; but not a house was broken, nor a creature hurt. At several times until *daylight*, were

heard some distant rumblings, and some fainter shocks were felt."

On the 18th of November, 1755, New England was again visited with an earthquake. Of this, Dr. Holmes gives the following account. "It began at Boston a little after four o'clock, in a serene and pleasant night, and continued nearly four and a half minutes. In Boston, about one hundred chimneys were in a manner levelled with the roofs of the houses, and above fifteen hundred shattered and thrown down in part. In some places, especially on the low, loose ground, made by encroachments on the harbor, the streets were almost covered with the bricks that had fallen. The ends of about twelve or fifteen brick buildings were thrown down from the top to the eaves of the houses. Many clocks were stopped. The vane of the market house was thrown down. A new vane of one of the churches was bent at the spindle two or three points of the compass. At New Haven, the ground, in many places, seemed to rise like the waves of the sea; the houses shook, and cracked, as if they were just ready to fall, and many tops of chimneys were thrown down. The motion of this earthquake was undulatory. Its course was nearly from north-west to south-east. Its extent was from Chesapeake Bay south-west, to Halifax north-east, about eight hundred miles; but from north-west to south-east, it reached at least one thousand miles, and perhaps many more."

The following is an account of the same earthquake, communicated by a gentleman residing in Boston, in a letter to a friend. "It was first introduced with a noise like several coaches rattling over the pavements, or rather like a noise of many cart-loads of paving stones thrown down together. I was sensible it came from the north-west, and that side of my house felt concussion. The first motion was a strong *pulsation*, which threw my house upwards; immediately after, a *tremor* succeeded, which in half a minute abated a little, but then instantly a quick *vibration*, with sudden *jerks*, followed; and this, by my best observation, held nearly a minute, before the second abatement, which went off gradually, in about half a minute more, so that the whole duration, from the first pulse to the end of the shock, seemed to be about two minutes: the

greatest force, I apprehend, was about a minute after it began, and had that vibration, with those *sudden jerks*, continued one minute longer, I much question whether one house in town had been left standing. The first view I took, was at the steeples of the churches, and was glad to see them standing; but the spindle and vane of Faneuil Hall Market was thrown down. I observed the tops of many chimneys demolished, others cracked and much damaged—bricks, tiles, and slates scattered in the streets, and large quantities of mortar and rubbish almost every-where spread, and several houses suffered by large cracks and breaches in their foundation.

"Upon the first shock of the earthquake, many persons jumped out of their beds, and ran immediately into the streets, while others sprung to the windows, trembling, and seeing their neighbors as it were naked, *shrieked with the apprehension of its being the day of judgment*, and some thought they heard the *last trumpet* sounding, and cried out for mercy; others fainted away with the fright, and those of the most composed temper, that were sensible of these tremendous shakings, expected instantly to be swallowed up and buried in the ruins. In short, children ran screaming to their parents to save them, and the *brute creatures lowed* and ran to the barns for protection; the *dogs* howled at their master's door; the *birds* fluttered in the air with a surprise, and all the *animal creation* were filled with terror, and never was such a scene of distress in New England before. In my walk out about sunrise, every face looked *ghastly*, and many persons' knees smote one against another, and few were recovered of the great fright and surprise they had been put into by this awful providence; and all seemed to expect a repetition of this terrible judgment. In fine, some of our solid and pious gentlemen had such an awe and gloom spread over their countenances, as would have checked the gay airs of the most intrepid libertine among us. Such judgments may well make us cry out with the Psalmist, *My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments.*"

EPIDEMIC DISEASE.

"An epidemic disorder," say the Annals of Portsmouth, "of a new class, hitherto unknown in the medical schools, made its appearance at Kingston in May, 1735. A young child was first seized with it, who died in three days. It spread rapidly through the country, and proved very mortal, especially among children, who were more liable to its attack than older persons. It baffled the skill of the most experienced physicians. Many families were left entirely childless. It was not contagious, like the small pox, but, from some unknown predisposing cause, would appear in subjects at a distance from those who had been previously attacked, attended with its wonted virulence. The throat was always affected, greatly swollen and inflamed, whence it was called the *throat distemper;* a general debility affected the whole system, which soon became putrid. Rev. Mr. Fitch published a bill of mortality on the 26th of July, for fourteen months preceding; by which it appears that ninety-nine persons died within that time in this town, of whom *eighty-one* were children under ten years of age."

Mirick, in his history of Haverhill, Mass., says, "The throat distemper, as it is called, made dreadful ravages throughout the town. Its victims were principally children, and it is supposed to have swept into the grave nearly one fourth of the population under fifteen years of age. Almost every house was turned into a habitation of mourning, and almost every day had its funeral procession. Many arose in the morning, their cheeks glowing with health; and when the sun went down, they were cold and silent in the winding-sheet of the dead. Some parents lost all of their children. Fifty-eight families lost one each; thirty-four families lost two each; eleven families lost three each; five families lost four each, and four families lost five each. Only one person died with this disease who was over forty years of age.

"This fatal distemper was attended with a sore throat, white or ash-colored specks, efflorescence on the skin, great debility of the whole system, and a strong tendency to putridity. It first appeared in Kingston, N. H., in

1735, and in fourteen months, one hundred and thirteen persons died."

Trumbull's account of this distressing calamity is the following. "About the year 1734, that dreadful disease, called the throat distemper, broke out and spread in the country among children and youth. It was attended with a sudden and extraordinary mortality. In some towns almost all the children were swept away. In some instances, large families, consisting of eight and nine children, were made entirely desolate. The parents, in a short time, attended them all to the grave, and had neither son nor daughter left. The country was filled with mourning and bitter affliction."

WARS.

The colonies, in their early existence, were involved, more or less extensively, in *six* successive wars: namely, 1, the Pequot war; 2, Philip's war; 3, king William's war; 4, queen Anne's war; 5, the three years', or Lovewell's war; 6, the second French war.

The first war in which any of the colonies were engaged was the *Pequot war*. The great burden of this war fell upon Massachusetts and Connecticut. The scene of operation was Connecticut. The Pequots were a powerful tribe; the residence of their chieftains being in what is now the town of Groton. Their chief sachem was Sassacus. They commenced hostilities by killing nearly thirty of the English, by torturing those whom they captivated in the most horrid manner, and by attempting to engage the other tribes to unite with them in extirpating the English. In view of these aggressions, the colony determined to carry on against them an offensive war. The war was of short duration. It commenced in May, 1637, and closed in September, 1638. It was, however, a heavy calamity. Its effects upon the colony are thus described by Trumbull.

"The consequences of the war were, scarcity and debt, which, in the low state of the colony, it was exceedingly difficult to pay. Almost every article of food or clothing was purchased at the dearest rate, and the planters had

not yet reaped any considerable advantage from their farms. Such a proportion of their laborers had been employed in the war, and the country was so uncultivated, that all the provision that had been raised or imported, was in no measure proportionate to the wants of the people. The winter was uncommonly severe, which increased the distress of the colony. The court in Connecticut, foreseeing that the people would be in great want of bread, contracted with Mr. Pynchon for five hundred bushels of Indian corn, which he was to purchase of the Indians, and a greater quantity, if it could be obtained. A committee was also appointed by the court to send a vessel to Narragansett, to buy of the natives in that quarter. But notwithstanding every precaution, the scarcity became such, that corn rose to the extraordinary price of twelve shillings a bushel. In this distressful situation, a committee was sent to an Indian settlement called Pocontock, since Deerfield, where they purchased such quantities, that the Indians came down to Windsor and Hartford with fifty canoes at one time, laden with corn. The good people considered this a great deliverance. Those who, in England, had fed on the finest of the wheat, in the beginning of the affairs of Connecticut, were thankful for such coarse fare as Indian bread for themselves and children."

Philip's war commenced in June, 1675. Philip was sachem of the Wampanoags, "who occupied the whole colony of Plymouth, a part of Massachusetts, the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, and a part of Rhode Island—Mount Hope being the seat of their chieftains." Philip was an ambitious, shrewd, bold warrior. He designed the utter extermination of the English. In effecting his purpose, he drew most of the tribes of Massachusetts and Rhode Island into his plan, and they acted as his allies. The northern and eastern Indians were by his solicitations induced to join the confederacy.

Philip commenced hostilities at Swanzey, Mass., where he killed several persons. Here the flame of war was kindled; it spread with great rapidity, and for three years raged in some one of the colonies.

This was a sore calamity. Pen cannot describe, nor imagination conceive, the evils it brought upon the inhabi-

tants of New England. "In this predatory war," says Hoyt, "it is estimated that about six hundred of the inhabitants of New England were either killed in battle, or otherwise cut off by the enemy; twelve or thirteen towns entirely destroyed, and about six hundred buildings, chiefly dwelling-houses, consumed by fire. Rarely was a family to be found, who had not lost some of its members or relations. Dr. Trumbull estimates the loss as much greater. "The histories of those times," he observes, "rarely mention the barns, stores, and out-houses burned; and sometimes there is notice of the burning of part of a town, and of the buildings in that tract, without a specification of the number. All the buildings in Narraganset, from Providence to Stonington, a tract of about fifty miles, were burned, or otherwise destroyed by the enemy; but the *number* is not mentioned." And he concludes that about one fencible man in eleven was killed, and every eleventh family burnt out; or, that an eleventh part of the whole militia, and of all the buildings of the *United Colonies*, were swept off by the war."

King William's war commenced in 1688, and continued, with the exception of one or two short intervals, for ten years. This war was carried on against the colonies by the Indians and the Canadian French. Besides pillaging and destroying property, rifling and burning houses, and killing the inhabitants, they carried numbers captive to Canada, and sold them to the French. Those who were carried away suffered almost incredible hardships, and some, unable to endure such privations and sufferings, died on the way. Many were redeemed from captivity by their friends or by the governor, but not a few returned no more. Numerous families were called to bitter mourning and deep distress. At seasons, "the people were almost dispirited with the prospect of poverty and ruin."

Queen Anne's war commenced in 1703, and closed in 1713. The foes with whom the colonies had to contend during this contest were the same as in the former war; namely, the Indians and Canadian French. The evils they suffered were of much the same character. From 1703 to 1713, the inhabitants were constantly harassed with calls for military service; agriculture was conse-

quently neglected, many people were killed and captured, and a heavy public debt incurred.

The three years', or Lovewell's war, was declared in 1722, and closed in 1726. "The principal tribes engaged in this war were the Penobscots, the Norridgewocks, St Croix, and those of St. Francis and Becancour in Canada; but they received aid from those residing on the St. John's and other parts of Nova Scotia, and perhaps from other distant tribes; and as the captives were often carried to Montreal, there is little doubt that the Indians in that vicinity were more or less engaged. The French government did not openly aid the Indians; but their Jesuits residing among them, appear to have used their influence in keeping up the barbarous incursions." The weight of this war fell upon the eastern townships of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The second French war grew out of a rupture between England and France. It commenced in 1744, and closed in 1763. Urged on by French influence, the Indians again lifted the tomahawk, and came down upon the settlements of New England. To encourage them in their work of blood and ruin, the French offered them a reward for every scalp taken from the head of the English. Such a war, of nineteen years' continuance, it is easy to see, must have been a calamity indeed.

Surely, New England was called to bear the yoke in her youth; but as the Lord chastiseth individuals for their benefit, so hath he dealt with New England. The trials of the colonies awakened their sympathies in each others' behalf, bound them more strongly together, led them to unite in a confederacy which rendered them formidable to their enemies, and had a most happy influence upon their prosperity; and these trials promoted a stability and manliness of character which prepared them to assert and achieve their independence. The effect of these trials upon *individuals* was most salutary. They rendered them more spiritual and devoted; made them more frequent and fervent in prayer; and led them to cast themselves more entirely upon Him who has said, *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.*

CHAPTER VII.

AMBUSCADES, ASSAULTS, MASSACRES, AND DEPREDATIONS OF THE INDIANS.

In reading the affecting incidents of this chapter, it will be of importance to bear in mind that there are several things which *palliate*, though they by no means *excuse*, the treacherous and savage conduct of the Indians in relation to the English. These sons of the forest were the original owners and masters of the country. They were, moreover, impressed with the belief that their lands were given them by the Great Spirit; that they were intended for their exclusive benefit, and that none had a right to dispossess them. They saw that the English were fast increasing in numbers and in power; that their game was killed; that they should soon be forced to retire from their hunting grounds, and from the land of their fathers' sepulchres. In addition to this, they had been treated with injustice and cruelty by some of the English. Nor should it be forgotten that they had been taught from their very infancy to regard *revenge* as a virtue; that an injury offered to themselves, or to a relative, or to any of the tribe, was to be returned upon the head of the offender.

"A party of Narragansett Indians, hunting on the borders of Dorchester, stopped at the house of Mr. Minot, and demanded food and drink. Being refused, they went away with evident marks of resentment, and Ohquammehend, the sachem, swore that he would be revenged. For this end, he left in the bushes, near the house, an Indian named Chicataubutt, to seize the first opportunity of executing his purpose. The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Minot went, as is supposed, to Boston. The Indian observed them, and prepared himself for mischief. Mr. Minot, apprehensive of danger, had given his maid-servant a strict charge to confine herself with their two children to the house, and to open the door to no person until he should return. She obeyed the orders exactly. Soon after, she saw Chicataubutt cross the ferry, and proceed

towards the house. After looking about him with the greatest caution, he rushed to the door, and finding it barred, attempted to get in through the window. The young woman had placed her master's children under two brass kettles, directing them not to stir nor to make the least noise, and then loaded a musket belonging to the house, and stood upon her defence. The Indian probably perceiving her design, fired at her, but missed his mark. She then shot him through the shoulder. Still he persisted in his design; but as he was entering the window she threw a shovel full of live coals into his face, and lodged them in his blanket. The pain which they created was too great even for a savage to endure. Chicataubutt fled, and the next day was found dead in a wood on the borders of the town."

"In 1634, a number of Indians murdered Capt. Stone and Capt. Norton, with their whole crew, consisting of eight men. They then plundered and sunk the vessel. Capt. Stone came into Connecticut River, with a view of trading at the Dutch house. After he had entered the river, he engaged a number of Indians to pilot two of his men up the river, to the Dutch; but night coming on, they went to sleep, and were both murdered by their Indian guides. The vessel, at night, was laid up to the shore. Twelve of those Indians, who had several times before been trading with the captain, apparently in an amicable manner, were on board. Watching their opportunity, when he was asleep, and several of the crew on shore, they murdered him secretly in his cabin, and cast a covering over him, to conceal it from his men; they then fell upon them, and soon killed the whole company, except Capt. Norton. He had taken the cook room, and for a long time made a most brave and resolute defence. That he might load and fire with the greatest expedition, he had placed powder in an open vessel, just at hand, which, in the hurry of the action, took fire, and so burned and blinded him that he could make no further resistance. Thus, after all his gallantry, he fell with his hapless companions. Part of the plunder was received by the Pequots, and another part by the eastern Nehanticks. Sassacus and Ninigret, the sachems of those Indians, were

both privy to the affair, and shared in the goods and articles taken from the vessel. It was supposed that the Indians had preconcerted this massacre."

"The next year, John Oldham, who had been fairly trading at Connecticut, was murdered near Block Island. He had with him only two boys and two Narraganset Indians. These were taken and carried off. One John Gallup, as he was going from Connecticut to Boston, discovered Mr. Oldham's vessel full of Indians, and he saw a canoe, having Indians on board, go from her, laden with goods. Suspecting that they had murdered Mr. Oldham, he hailed them, but received no answer. Gallup was a bold man, and though he had with him but one man and two boys, he immediately bore down upon them, and fired duck shot so thick among them, that he soon cleared the deck. The Indians all got under the hatches. He then stood off, and running down upon her quarter with a brisk gale, nearly overset her, and so frightened the Indians that six of them leaped into the sea and were drowned. He then steered off again, and running down upon her a second time, bored her with his anchor, and raked her fore and aft with his shot. But the Indians kept themselves so close, that he got loose from her, and running down a third time upon the vessel, he gave her such a shock that five more leaped overboard, and perished as the former had done. He then boarded the vessel, and took two of the Indians, and bound them. Two or three others, armed with swords, in a little room below, could not be driven from their retreat. Mr. Oldham's corpse was found on board, the head split, and the body mangled in a barbarous manner. In these circumstances, Gallup, fearing that the Indians whom he had taken might get loose, especially if they were kept together, and having no place where he could keep them apart, threw one of them overboard. Gallup and his men then, as decently as circumstances would permit, put the corpse of Mr. Oldham into the sea. The Indians who perpetrated the murder, were principally the Block Islanders, with a number of the Narragansets, to whom these Indians were at this time subject. Several of the Narraganset sachems were in the plot, and it was supposed that the Indians whom Oldham had with him were in the conspiracy."

"At Saybrook, about the beginning of October, 1636, the Indians, concealing themselves in the high grass in the meadows, surprised five of the garrison, as they were carrying home their hay. One Butterfield was taken, and tortured to death. The rest made their escape, but one of them had five arrows shot into him."

"Eight or ten days after, Joseph Tilly, a master of a small vessel, was captivated by the enemy as he was going down Connecticut River. He came to anchor two or three miles above the fort, and taking a canoe and one man with him, went a fowling. No sooner had he discharged his piece, than a large number of Pequots arising from their concealment, took him, and killed his companion. Tilly was a man of great spirit and understanding, and determined to show himself a man. The Indians used him in the most barbarous manner, first cutting off his hands, and then his feet, and so gradually torturing him to death. But as all their cruelties could not extort a groan, they pronounced him a stout man.

"The enemy now kept up a constant watch upon the river, and upon the people at Saybrook. A house had been erected about two miles from the fort, and six of the garrison were sent to keep it. As three of them were fowling at a small distance from the house, they were suddenly attacked by nearly a hundred Pequots. Two of them were taken. The other cut his way through them, sword in hand, and made his escape; but he was wounded with two arrows.

"Before winter, the garrison were so pressed by the enemy, that they were obliged to keep almost wholly within the reach of their guns. The Pequots razed all the out-houses, burnt the stacks of hay, and destroyed almost every thing which was not within the command of the fort. The cattle, which belonged to the garrison, were killed and wounded. Some of them came home with the arrows of the Indians sticking in them.

"In March, Lieut. Gardiner, who commanded the fort at Saybrook, going out with ten or twelve men to burn the marshes, was waylaid by a narrow neck of land, and as soon as he had passed the narrow part of the neck, the enemy rose upon him, and killed three of his men. The

rest made their escape to the fort, but one of them was mortally wounded, so that he died the next day. The lieutenant did not escape without a slight wound. The enemy pursued them in great numbers to the very fort, and compassed it on all sides. They challenged the English to come out and fight, and mocked them, in the groans, pious invocations, and dying language of their friends, whom they had captured, when they were torturing them to death. They boasted that they could kill Englishmen 'all one flies.' The cannon, loaded with grape shot, were fired upon them, and they retired.

"Some time after, the enemy, in a number of canoes, beset a shallop, which was going down the river with three men on board. The men fought bravely, but were overpowered by numbers. One was shot through the head with an arrow, and fell overboard; the other two were taken. The Indians ripped them up, the whole length of their bodies, and cleft them down their backs; they then hung them up by their necks upon trees, by the side of the river, that as the English passed by, they might see these miserable objects of their vengeance.

"The Pequots tortured the captives to death in the most cruel manner. In some, they cut large gashes in the flesh, and then poured embers and live coals into the wound. When, in their distress, they groaned, and in a pious manner committed their departing spirits to their Redeemer, these barbarians would mock and insult them, in their dying agonies and prayers."

"In the month of May, 1644, an Indian went boldly into the town of Stamford, and made a murderous assault upon a woman, in her house. Finding no man at home, he took up a lathing hammer, and approached her as though he were about to put it into her hand; but, as she was stooping down to take her child from the cradle, he struck her upon the head. She fell instantly with the blow; he then struck her twice, with the sharp part of the hammer, which penetrated her skull. Supposing her to be dead, he plundered the house, and made his escape. Soon after, the woman so far recovered as to be able to describe the Indian and his manner of dress. Her wounds, which at first appeared to be mortal, were finally healed; but her brain was so affected that she lost her reason."

"In order to defend the frontier settlements from the Indians in Philip's war, a considerable number of soldiers were posted at Hadley, and it became necessary to procure provisions and forage for their subsistence. The Indians having burnt the principal part of Deerfield, it was abandoned by the inhabitants; their grain, consisting of about three thousand bushels of wheat, remained stacked in the fields, having escaped the conflagration. Determined to avail himself of this supply, the commanding officer at Hadley detached Capt. Lathrop, and his company, with a number of teams and drivers, to thrash it, and transport it to head-quarters. Having thrashed the grain, and loaded his teams, Capt. Lathrop, on the 18th of September, commenced his march for Hadley. 'For the distance of about three miles, after leaving Deerfield meadow, his march lay through a very level country, closely wooded, where he was every moment exposed to an attack on either flank. At the termination of this distance, near the south point of Sugar-loaf Hill, the road approximated Connecticut River, and the left was in some measure protected. At the village now called Muddy Brook, in the southerly part of Deerfield, the road crossed a small stream, bordered by a narrow morass, from which the village has its name, though more appropriately it should be denominated Bloody Brook, by which it was sometimes known. Before arriving at the point of intersection with the brook, the road for about half a mile ran parallel with the morass, then, crossing, it continued directly to the south point of Sugar-loaf Hill, traversing what is now the home lots, on the east side of the village. As the morass was thickly covered with brush, the place of crossing afforded a favorable point of surprise. On discovering Lathrop's march, a body of upwards of seven hundred Indians planted themselves in ambuscade at this point, and lay eagerly waiting to pounce upon him while passing the morass. Without scouring the woods in his front and flanks, or suspecting the snare laid for him, Lathrop arrived at the fatal spot, crossed the morass with the principal part of his force, and probably halted, to allow time for his teams to drag through their loads. The critical moment had arrived—the Indians instantly poured a heavy and destructive fire

upon the column, and rushed forward to close attack. Confusion and dismay succeeded. The troops broke and scattered, fiercely pursued by the Indians, whose great superiority of numbers enabled them to attack at all points. Hopeless was the situation of the scattered troops, and they resolved to sell their lives in a vigorous struggle. Covering themselves with trees, the bloody conflict now became a severe trial of skill in sharp shooting, in which life was the *stake*. Difficult would it be to describe the havock, barbarity, and misery that ensued; 'fury raged, and shuddering pity quit the sanguine field,' while desperation stood pitted, at fearful odds, to unrelenting ferocity. The dead, the dying, the wounded, strewed the ground in all directions, and Lathrop's devoted force was soon reduced to a small number, and resistance became faint At length, the unequal struggle terminated in the annihilation of nearly the whole of the English; only seven or eight escaped from the bloody scene, to relate the dismal tale; and the wounded were indiscriminately butchered. Capt. Lathrop fell in the early part of the action. The whole loss, including teamsters, amounted to ninety'" This was in the year 1675.

"During the term of about forty years, the Indians in the vicinity of Springfield had lived in the greatest harmony with the English, and still made the strongest professions of friendship; yet, about this time, they conspired with Philip's warriors for the destruction of the town. At the distance of about a mile from it, they had a fort. The evening before they made their assault, they received into it about three hundred of Philip's warriors. The same evening, one Toto, a Windsor Indian, discovered the plot, and despatches were immediately sent off from Windsor to Springfield, and to Major Treat, who lay at Westfield with the Connecticut troops, to apprise them of their danger. But the people of Springfield were so strongly persuaded of the friendship of the Indians, that they would not credit the report. One Lieut. Cooper, who commanded there, was so infatuated, that, as soon as the morning appeared, instead of collecting his men and preparing for the defence of the town, he, with another bold man, rode out with a design to go to the fort, and discover

how the matter was. He soon met the enemy, who killed his companion by his side, and shot several balls through his body. As he was a man of great strength and courage, he kept his horse, though mortally wounded, until he reached the first garrisoned house, and gave the alarm. The enemy immediately commenced a furious attack upon the town, and began to set fire to the buildings. The inhabitants were in the utmost consternation. They had none to command them, and must have soon all fallen a bloody sacrifice to a merciless foe, had not Major Treat appeared for their relief. Upon receiving intelligence of the designs of the enemy, he marched, without loss of time; but meeting with considerable hindrance in crossing the river, for want of boats, his arrival was not in such season as to prevent the attack. He soon drove off the enemy, saved the inhabitants and a considerable part of the town. Great damage, however, was done in a very short time. Thirty dwelling-houses, besides barns and outhouses, were burned."

"On the 26th of March, 1676, a number of people from Longmeadow, being on their way to attend public worship in Springfield, escorted by a party of cavalry, were attacked, and two killed, and several wounded. As the attack was made from the woods bordering the road, the escort afforded little protection; two women, with their children, falling from their horses during the confusion, were seized by the Indians, and dragged into a swamp in the vicinity. In the mean time, the people in the van were safely convoyed to Springfield by the cavalry, who returned expeditiously to the place of attack, but the Indians had retired into the woods. The next day, the captured women and children were found in the margin of the swamp, badly wounded by Indian hatchets, some of whom died after being conveyed to their places of residence."

During Philip's war, the Indians made an attack upon Hadley. Some accounts say that the assault was on the 1st of September, 1675, and others that it was on the 12th of June, 1676. Dwight's account of the attack is the following:

"In the course of Philip's war, which involved almost

all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighborhood of this town, the inhabitants thought proper to observe the 1st of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms, which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church; and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic, under which they began the conflict, was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment, an ancient man with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice, and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared, and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance, and the retreat of him who furnished it, were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel, sent by heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted, until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe."

In the month of July, 1675, Capt. Fuller and Lieut. Church, with a party from Plymouth, went on to Pocasset Neck, in pursuit of the Indians. Their object was, "either to conclude a peace with them, if they would continue friends, or to fight them if they should declare themselves enemies and join with Philip. After they had spent the day and most of the night, in traversing the neck, and had made no discovery of any Indians, they divided their company; Capt. Fuller going down towards

the sea-side, while Capt. Church (for so he may well be styled after this time) marched further into the neck, thinking if there were any Indians there, they should find them about a field of pease, not far off. When they came near the field, Church espied two Indians among the pease, who at the same time espied him, and making a kind of shout, a great number of Indians came about the field, who pursued Church and his men to the sea-side There were not above fifteen of the English, while the Indians were seven or eight scores in number. Now was a fit time for this young captain and his small company to show their valor. Although some of these fifteen had scarce courage enough for themselves, yet their captain had enough for himself, and some to spare for his friends, which he now had an opportunity of proving to the full. When he saw the hearts of any of his followers begin to fail, he would bid them be of good courage, and fight stoutly, and (possibly by some divine impression on his heart) assured them that not a bullet of the enemy should hurt any one of them, which one of the company, more dismayed than the rest, could hardly believe, till he saw the proof of it in his own person; for the captain, perceiving that the man was unable to fight, made him gather stones together, for a kind of shelter or barricado for the rest. It chanced, as this faint-hearted soldier had a flat stone in his arms, and was carrying it to the shelter he was making upon the bank, that a bullet of the enemy was thus warded from his body, by which he must else have perished. This experience put new life into him, so that he followed his business very manfully afterward. Behind this shelter they defended themselves all that afternoon, not one being either slain or wounded; yet it was certainly known that they killed at least fifteen of the Indians. At length, when they had spent all their ammunition, and their guns became unserviceable by frequent firing, they were all brought off in a sloop, and carried safely to Rhode Island. But such was the boldness and undaunted courage of Capt. Church, that, not willing to leave any token behind of their flying for want of courage, he went back in the face of his enemies, to get his hat, which he had left at a spring, whither the extreme

heat of the weather, and his labor in fighting, had caused him to repair to quench his thirst, an hour or two before."

In the summer of 1675, the Nipmucks, a tribe of Indians residing about twenty miles south-east of Brookfield, made an assault upon that place. This tribe, united with others, had murdered several persons, but had declared their willingness to renew their friendship by entering into conditions of peace. The time was set, and Capt. Hutchinson and Capt. Wheeler, with a company of horse and some of the citizens of Brookfield, went to meet the Indians at the time appointed. Having arrived at the spot, and discovering no Indians, they concluded to go on to their chief town, not suspecting the least danger. "They had not rode above four or five miles, when they fell into an ambush of two or three hundred Indians, laid in such a narrow passage, between a steep hill on the one hand, and an hideous swamp on the other, that it was scarcely possible for any of them to escape. Eight of them were shot down upon the spot, and three were mortally wounded, of whom Capt. Hutchinson was one Capt. Wheeler was near losing his life. His horse was shot down under him, and himself shot through the body, so that he had no hope of escaping. But his son, who (by God's good Providence) was near him, with great nimbleness and agility, (though his own arm was broken by a bullet,) dismounted himself and speedily mounted his father upon his own horse, himself getting upon another, whose master was killed, by which means they both escaped, and were afterwards cured. It was with much difficulty that those who were left alive reached Brookfield, which, most likely, they never had done, as the common road was waylaid with Indians, had it not been for one who was well acquainted with the wood, who led them in a by-path. By this means they arrived a little before the Indians, who soon came flocking into the town, with a ful. purpose to destroy it with fire and sword. But the inhabitants were all collected in the principal house in the village, before the Indians came upon them. They immediately set fire to all the dwelling-houses, excepting the one in which the people were collected. This they several times attempted to burn, but were defeated in their

purpose by the special Providence of God. For when they had continued the assault for two days and nights, keeping up an incessant fire, and thrusting poles with fire-brands, and rags, dipped in brimstone, tied to the ends of them, to fire the house, they filled a cart with hemp and flax, and other combustible matter, and after setting it on fire, thrust it back against the house, with poles spliced together to a great length. But as soon as it had begun to kindle, a shower of rain unexpectedly fell. But for this kind interposition of Providence, all who were in the house (about seventy persons) would either have been consumed by merciless flames, or have fallen into the hands of the savages, who, like wolves, stood yelling and gaping for their prey."

"Before the savages were able to renew their attempts, a body of men from Groton and Lancaster, commanded by Major Willard, came to their relief. As they were approaching the town, the cattle, belonging to the inhabitants, terrified by the noise and conflagration, gathered around the company, and moved with them, as if expecting protection from them, towards the ruins of Brookfield. The savages mistook the whole train for soldiers; and having hastily set fire to the few remaining buildings, fled with precipitation.

"Their buildings being thus destroyed, the inhabitants, by order of the government, removed to other settlements, and the town for several years was entirely deserted. A small company at length returned, and were gradually joined by others. They were not, however, suffered to rest in peace. These inroads were frequently repeated, and a considerable number of persons destroyed. To the survivors, the circumstances in which they were placed, rendered their lives, always hanging in suspense, until the year 1711, almost like a continual death. The alarm of invasion haunted them by day, and the war-whoop broke their sleep in the night. It was not until the year 1717, (forty-four years after the town was incorporated,) that they were so far re-assembled as to be able to settle a minister."

"On the eighteenth of April, 1676, the Indians attacked Sudbury, and burned several buildings; the alarm having

reached Concord, a party pushed rapidly from that place for the relief of their neighbors, and arriving at a meadow near a garrisoned house, they fell into an ambuscade, and were all slain. By repairing to a fortified house, the people of the town escaped the grasp of the enemy, who, finding no strong force approaching to relieve the place, remained in the neighboring woods, ready for further depredations. Capt. Wadsworth, with fifty men, joined by Capt. Broclebank, and a few volunteers from Rowley, were at this time marching for the protection of Marlborough, and learning that the Indians were in the woods about Sudbury, he changed his route towards that place. About a mile from the town he discovered a party of Indians, as he supposed of about one hundred, who were retiring into the neighboring woods. Wadsworth immediately, though very incautiously, commenced a pursuit, and was drawn about a mile into the forest, without apprehending he was running into a fatal snare laid for him; of a sudden, five hundred Indians surrounded him, and immediately commenced a fierce attack. Wadsworth and his men determined to sell their lives dearly; they fought some time with great obstinacy, and gained an eminence, but all was of no avail against such a numerical superiority. According to some accounts, a small number escaped; but it is more generally stated that they sold their lives even to the last man, and the Indians are supposed to have sustained a considerable loss."

In the month of September, 1675, a "party of savages attacked a house in Berwick, a town in Maine, on the border of New Hampshire, in which were fifteen women and children. A girl of eighteen, discovering their approach, shut the door and stood against it, till the Indians cut it in pieces with their hatchets, and on entering, knocked her down, and left her for dead. While this was doing, the rest of the women and children fled, and all arrived safely at another fortified house, excepting two children, who, being unable to get over a fence, were overtaken and slain. The adventurous girl who thus saved the lives of thirteen persons, recovered of her wounds; but we must regret that her name has not been preserved."

"In the following month an assault was made on Frost's garrison, who, though he had only three boys with him, kept up a constant fire, and called aloud as if he were commanding a body of men, to march here, and fire there. The stratagem succeeded, and the house was saved."

"In August, 1676, the Indians surprised the house of Mr. Hammond, an ancient trader at Kennebec, and from thence crossed over to Arowsick Island, where there was a large house, with, what was there esteemed, a strong fort built round it, belonging to Major Clark and Capt. Lake, two merchants of Boston, who owned the island and a great part of the main land near to it. The Indians hid themselves in the night under the walls of the fort. When the centinel left his station at day-light, some of the Indians followed him in at the fort gate; whilst the rest ran to the port holes, and shot down every person they saw. Capt. Lake, finding the Indians had possessed themselves of the fort, escaped, with Capt. Davis and two others, at the back door, to the water side, intending to pass to another island near to Arowsick. Capt. Lake was killed just as he landed. His bones were, after some time, found and brought to Boston. Davis was wounded, but made his escape, as did the other two. At these two houses, fifty-three English were killed and taken. The news of this stroke broke up all the plantations at and near Kennebec, the inhabitants transporting themselves to Piscataqua and Boston, or some other place for security."

"In that part of the town of Dover which lies about the first falls in the river Cocheco, were five garrisoned houses; three on the north side, viz, Waldron's, Otis', and Heard's; and two on the south side, viz. Peter Coffin's and his son's. These houses were surrounded with timber walls, the gates of which, as well as the house doors, were secured with bolts and bars. The neighboring families retired to these houses by night; but by an unaccountable negligence, no watch was kept. The Indians, who were daily passing through the town, visiting and trading with the inhabitants, as usual in time of peace, viewed their situation with an attentive eye. Some hints of a mischievous design had been given out by their

squaws, but in such dark and ambiguous terms, that no one could comprehend their meaning. Some of the people were uneasy; but Waldron, who, from a long course of experience, was intimately acquainted with the Indians, and on other occasions had been ready enough to suspect them, was now so thoroughly secure, that when some of the people hinted their fears to him, he merrily bade them to go and plant their pumpkins, saying that he would tell them when the Indians would break out. The very evening before the mischief was done, being told by a young man that the town was full of Indians, and the people were much concerned, he answered that he knew the Indians very well, and there was no danger.

"The plan which the Indians had preconcerted was, that two squaws should go to each of the garrisoned houses in the evening, and ask leave to lodge by the fire; that in the night, when the people were asleep, they should open the doors and gates, and give the signal by a whistle; upon which the strange Indians, who were to be within hearing, should rush in, and take their long-meditated revenge. This plan, being ripe for execution, on the evening of Thursday, the 27th of June, 1689, two squaws applied to each of the garrisons for lodgings, as they frequently did in time of peace. They were admitted into all but the younger Coffin's, and the people, at their request, showed them how to open the doors, in case they should have occasion to go out in the night. Mesandowit, one of the chiefs, went to Waldron's garrison, and was kindly entertained, as he had often been before. The squaws told the major, that a number of Indians were coming to trade with him the next day, and Mesandowit, while at supper, with his usual familiarity said, 'Brother Waldron, what would you do, if the strange Indians should come?' The major carelessly answered, that he could assemble a hundred men, by lifting up his finger. In this unsuspecting confidence, the family retired to rest.

"When all was quiet, the gates were opened, and the signal given. The Indians entered, set a guard at the door, and rushed into the major's apartment, which was an inner room. Awakened by the noise, he jumped out of bed, and though now advanced in life to the age of

eighty years, he retained so much vigor as to drive them with his sword through two or three doors; but as he was returning for his other arms, they came behind him, stunned him with a hatchet, drew him into his hall, and seating him in an elbow chair, on a long table, insultingly asked him, 'Who shall judge Indians now?' They then obliged the people in the house to get them some victuals; and when they had done eating, they cut the major across the breast and belly with knives, each one with a stroke saying, 'I cross out my account.' They then cut off his nose and ears, forcing them into his mouth; and when spent with the loss of blood, he was falling down from the table, one of them held his own sword under him, which put an end to his misery. They also killed his son-in-law, Abraham Lee; but took his daughter Lee, with several others, and having pillaged the house, left it on fire. Otis' garrison, which was next to this, met with the same fate; he was killed, with several others, and his wife and child were captivated. Heard's was saved by the barking of a dog, just as the Indians were entering: Elder Wentworth, who was awakened by the noise, pushed them out, and falling on his back, set his feet against the gate, and held it till he had alarmed the people; two balls were fired through it, but both missed him. Coffin's house was surprised; but as the Indians had no particular enmity to him, they spared his life, and the lives of his family, and contented themselves with pillaging the house. Finding a bag of money, they made him throw it, by handfuls, on the floor, while they amused themselves by scrambling for it. They then went to the house of his son, who had refused to admit the squaws in the evening, and summoned him to surrender, promising him quarter. He declined their offer, and determined to defend his house, till they brought out his father, and threatened to kill him before his eyes: filial affection then overcame his resolution, and he surrendered. They put both families together into a deserted house, intending to reserve them for prisoners; but while the Indians were busy in plundering, they all escaped.

"Twenty-three people were killed in this surprisal, and twenty-nine were captivated; five or six houses, with the mills, were burned; and so expeditious were the Indians

in the execution of their plot, that before the people could be collected from the other parts of the town to oppose them, they fled with their prisoners and booty.

"Oyster River is a stream which runs into the western branch of the Piscataqua; the settlements were on both sides of it, and the houses chiefly near the water. Here were twelve garrisoned houses, sufficient for the defence of the inhabitants; but apprehending no danger, some families remained in their own unfortified houses, and those who were in the garrisons were but indifferently provided for defence, some being even destitute of powder The enemy approached the place undiscovered, and halted near the falls, on Tuesday evening, the seventeenth of July, 1694. Here they formed into two divisions, one of which was to go on each side of the river, and plant themselves in ambush, in small parties, near every house, so as to be ready for the attack at the rising of the sun; the first gun to be the signal. John Dean, whose house stood by the saw mill at the falls, intending to go from home very early, arose before the dawn of day, and was shot as he came out of his door. This firing, in part, disconcerted their plan; several parties, who had some distance to go, had not then arrived at their stations; the people in general were immediately alarmed. Some of them had time to make their escape, and others to prepare for their defence. The signal being given, the attack began in all parts where the enemy was ready.

"Of the twelve garrisoned houses, five were destroyed, viz. Adams', Drew's, Edgerly's, Medar's, and Beard's. They entered Adams' without resistance, where they killed fourteen persons; one of them, being a woman with child they ripped open. The grave is still to be seen in which they were all buried. Drew surrendered his garrison on the promise of security, but was murdered when he fell into their hands; one of his children, a boy of nine years old, was made to run through a lane of Indians, as a mark for them to throw their hatchets at, till they despatched him. Edgerly's was evacuated; the people took to their boat, and one of them was mortally wounded before they got out of reach of the enemy's shot. Beard's and Medar's were also evacuated, and the people escaped.

"The defenceless houses were nearly all set on fire, the inhabitants being either killed or taken in them, or else in endeavoring to fly to the garrisons. Some escaped by hiding in the bushes and other secret places. Thomas Edgerly, by concealing himself in his cellar, saved his house, though twice set on fire. The house of John Buss, the minister, was destroyed, with a valuable library. He was absent; his wife and family fled to the woods, and escaped. The wife of John Dean, at whom the first gun was fired, was taken with her daughter, and carried about two miles up the river, where they were left under the care of an old Indian, while the others returned to their bloody work. The Indian complained of a pain in his head, and asked the woman what would be a proper remedy; she answered, Occapee, which is the Indian word for rum, of which she knew he had taken a bottle from her house. The remedy being agreeable, he took a large dose, and fell asleep; and she took that opportunity to make her escape with her child into the woods, and kept concealed till they were gone.

"The other seven garrisons, viz. Burnham's, Bickford's, Smith's, Bunker's, Davis', Jones' and Woodman's, were resolutely and successfully defended. At Burnham's, the gate was left open; the Indians, ten in number, who were appointed to surprise it, were asleep under the bank of the river, at the time that the alarm was given. A man within, who had been kept awake by the tooth-ache, hearing the first gun, roused the people and secured the gate, just as the Indians, who were awakened by the same noise, were entering. Finding themselves disappointed, they ran to Pitman's, a defenceless house, and forced the door at the moment that he had burst a way through that end of the house which was next to the garrison, to which he, with his family, taking advantage of the shade of some trees, it being moon-light, happily escaped. Still defeated, they attacked the house of John Davis, which, after some resistance, he surrendered on terms; but the terms were violated, and the whole family either killed or made captives. Thomas Bickford preserved his house in a singular manner. It was situated on the bank of the river, and surrounded with a palisade. Being alarmed before

the enemy had reached the house, he sent off his family in a boat, and then shutting his gate, betook himself alone to the defence of his fortress. Despising alike the promises and threats by which the Indians would have persuaded him to surrender, he kept up a constant fire at them, changing his dress as often as he could, showing himself with a different cap, hat, and coat, and sometimes without either, and giving directions aloud, as if he had had a number of men with him. Finding their attempt vain, the enemy withdrew, leaving him sole master of the house he had defended with such admirable address. Smith's, Bunker's, and Davis's garrisons, being seasonably apprised of the danger, were resolutely defended; one Indian was supposed to be killed, and another wounded, by a shot from Davis'. Jones' garrison was beset before day; Capt. Jones, hearing his dogs bark, and imagining wolves might be near, went out to secure some swine, and returned unmolested. He then went up into the flankart, and sat on the wall. Discerning the flash of a gun, he dropped backward; the ball entered the place from whence he had withdrawn his limbs. The enemy, from behind a rock, kept firing on the house for some time, and then quitted it.

"Those parties of the enemy who were on the south side of the river, having completed their destructive work, collected in a field adjoining to Burnham's garrison, where they insultingly showed their prisoners, and derided the people, thinking themselves out of the reach of their shot. A young man from the sentry box fired at one who was making some indecent signs of defiance, and wounded him in the heel; him they placed on a horse, and carried away. Both divisions then met at the falls, where they had parted the evening before, and proceeded together to Capt. Woodman's garrison. The ground being uneven they approached without danger, and from behind a hill kept up a long and severe fire at the hats and caps which the people within held upon sticks above the wall, without any other damage than galling the roof of the house. At length, apprehending it was time for the people in the neighboring settlements to be collected in pursuit of them, they finally withdrew, having killed and captivated between ninety and a hundred persons, and burned about twenty

houses, of which five were garrisons. The main body of them retreated over Winnipisseogee Lake, where they divided their prisoners, separating those in particular who were most intimately connected, in which they often took a pleasure suited to their savage nature."

"In September, 1707, one man was killed at Exeter, and, two days after, Henry Elkins, at Kingston. But the severest blow on the frontiers happened at Oyster River a place which suffered more than all the rest. A party o. French Mohawks, painted red, attacked with a hideous yell a company who were in the woods, some hewing timber, and others driving a team, under the direction of Capt. Chesley, who was just returned the second time from Port Royal. At the first fire, they killed seven and mortally wounded another. Chesley, with the few who were left, fired on the enemy with great vigor, and for some time checked their ardor; but, being overpowered, he at length fell."

"In the year 1690, March 18, Berwick, Me., was attacked by a body of French and Indians, under the command of Hertel de Rouville, and Whoop Hood, a sachem About thirty of the inhabitants were killed, and more than fifty carried into captivity. The invaders were followed and attacked, on their retreat, by a body of English, consisting of about one hundred and forty men. A few were killed on both sides, when night terminated the conflict, and enabled the enemy to escape. The English were destitute of snow shoes, and therefore unable to pursue them.

"One of the prisoners, named Robert Rogers, a corpulent man, being loaded with a heavy pack, found it impossible to keep pace with his captors. When he had fallen behind them, thinking himself out of their reach, he threw down his load, and attempted to make his escape. The savages pursued him to a hollow tree, in which he endeavored to conceal himself; and forcing him out, stripped him, beat him, and pricked him forward on their journey until the evening arrived. They then made a feast for themselves, and, tying the prisoner to a tree, (his hands being fastened behind his back,) sang, shouted, and danced around him. When they had sufficiently amused them-

selves in this manner, they made a great fire near the unfortunate man; bade him take leave of his friends; and allowed him a momentary respite to offer up his prayers to God. After this, they moved the fire forward, and roasted him by degrees, and when they found him failing, withdrew the fire again to a greater distance. Then they danced around him, cut at each turn pieces of flesh from his perishing frame; laughed at his agonies; and added new pangs to this horrible death, by insults and mockeries. With a refinement in cruelty not obvious to civilized man, they placed the rest of the captives just without the fire, that they might be witnesses of the catastrophe. With the same spirit, after his death, they seated his body, still bound to the tree, on the burning coals, that his friends might, at some future time, be racked by the sight."

"In May, 1690, an expedition of French and Indians was sent against Falmouth, Me. There were at that time upon the peninsula, three fortifications besides Fort Loyal. One was near the present burying ground; another was on the rocky elevation southerly of the new court-house, almost indefensible; and the third, in a better condition, was farther westward, near the water side. The public garrison had been under the command of Capt. Willard, of Salem; but on his being ordered abroad, to pursue the enemy, he was succeeded by Capt. Silvanus Davis, who, it seems, had only a small number of regular troops left with him.

"The body of French and Indians, collected to destroy this place, was sent under the command of Mr. Burneffe, and consisted of four or five hundred men. The greater part of the Frenchmen were from Quebec, under one M. De Portneuf; fifty-five men were mustered at Trois Rivieres, of whom twenty-five were Algonquins and Sokokis; and all, it is stated, were met by Hertel on his return, and reinforced by part of his men. To these were united an unknown number of Indians from the eastward, under Castine and Madockawando. The whole were seen passing over Casco Bay in a great flotilla of canoes, early in May; and were, it seems, deterred from an immediate attack by a knowledge, and possibly a view, of the squadron under Commodore Phips, which must have passed these coasts toward Nova Scotia, about the same time.

"Nothing more was heard of the enemy till about the 10th of the month; when a bold party approached within three or four miles of Fort Loyal, and drove off twenty cattle, supposed afterwards to be slaughtered for the use of the army. The inhabitants conjectured from this circumstance, that the head-quarters of the Indians must be in that direction; and President Danforth ordered Major Frost to detach without delay one hundred men from the provincial militia, to be joined by a party from the garrison; all of whom, under Capt. Willard, were directed to proceed in the search and pursuit of the enemy. When they departed, the command of Fort Loyal was assumed by Capt Sylvanus Davis, as previously mentioned.

"Early in the morning of the 16th, one Robert Greason going from home at Presumpscot River, was seized by an Indian scout, and made a prisoner. This bold arrest induced the general suspicion that the enemy was watching in that quarter for an advantageous surprise of the town. To make discoveries, therefore, about thirty young volunteer soldiers, under Lieut. Thaddeus Clark, proceeded from the garrison, about half a mile, to an eminence, evidently Mountjoy's Hill; and entered a lane which was fenced on each side, and led to a block-house in the margin of the woods. Observing the state of the cattle in the field, they suspected an ambush behind the fence, and yet all rashly ran towards the place, raising the shout, *Huzza! huzza!* But the aim of the cowering spies was too sure and deadly; for they brought Clark and thirteen of his comrades to the ground at the first shot; the rest fleeing, upon a second charge, to one of the forts. Flushed with this success, the French and Indians rushed into town, and beset the several fortifications, except Fort Loyal, with great fury. All the people, who were unable to make good their retreat within the walls, were slain. After a manly defence through the day, the volunteers and inhabitants, finding their ammunition nearly exhausted, and despairing of recruits or supplies, retired, under the covert of darkness, to the public garrison.

"The assailants, next morning, finding the village abandoned, plundered the houses and set them on fire. They then proceeded to storm the garrison. Thwarted in this

attempt, and sustaining considerable loss from the fort guns, they entered a deep contiguous gully, too low to be reached by the shots of their antagonists, and began the work at some distance of undermining the walls. Four days and nights they wrought with indefatigable and incessant exertion, till within a few feet of the fort, when they demanded a surrender.

"It was a crisis trying in the extreme to all within the walls. They were exhausted with fatigue and anxiety. The greater part of the men were killed or wounded. Capt. Lawrence had received a shot which was mortal. All thoughts of outward succor or relief were fraught with deep despair; and on the 20th, a parley was commenced, which terminated in articles of capitulation. By these it was stipulated, that all within the garrison should receive kind treatment, and be allowed to go into the nearest provincial towns under the protection of a guard:—to the faith and observance of which, Castine "lifted his hand and swore by the everlasting God." The gates were then opened, and a scene ensued which shocks humanity. The prisoners, who were seventy in number, besides women and children, were called heretics, rebels and traitors, the dupes of a Dutch usurper, and treated with every insult and abuse. No part of the articles was regarded. Capt. Davis, who was one of the prisoners, says, "The French suffered our women and children, and especially the wounded men, to be cruelly murdered, or destroyed after the surrender; and the rest, being three or four with himself, took up a march of twenty-four days to Quebec. The whole number of prisoners, including some taken in the vicinity, was about a hundred. Capt. Willard and his men had not returned. The fortifications were all laid waste, and the dead bodies of the inhabitants were left to bleach and moulder above ground. Such was fallen Falmouth—a spectacle of homicide, ruin and melancholy."

"The attempts of the Indians upon the village of York, in the last and the present war, had been remarkably delayed. Spread along the east side of Agamenticus River, near the margin of the salt water, it was in some degree sheltered from the enemy by the frontier settlements. It had been, for many years, one of the provincial seats of

government and justice, and, since A. D. 1673, had been favored with the able and pious ministry of Rev. Shubael Dummer. Several houses were strongly fortified, and the people kept a constant and vigilant watch, excepting in the heart of winter. Unfortunately this was the season ascertained by the enemy to be most favorable for effecting its destruction.

Early in the morning of Monday, February 5, 1692, at the signal of a gun fired, the town was furiously assaulted, at different places, by a body of two or three hundred Indians, led on, and emboldened by several Canadian Frenchmen;—all of them having taken up their march thither upon snow shoes. The surprise of the town was altogether unexpected and amazing, and consequently the more fatal. A scene of most horrid carnage and capture instantly ensued; and in one half hour, more than a hundred and sixty of the inhabitants were expiring victims, or trembling suppliants, at the feet of their enraged enemies. The rest had the good fortune to escape with their lives, into Preble's, Harman's, Alcock's and Norton's garrisoned houses, the best fortifications in town. Though well secured within the walls, and bravely defending themselves against their assailants, they were several times summoned to surrender; "*Never*," said they, "*never, till we have shed the last drop of blood!*" About 75 of the people were killed; yet despairing of conquest or capitulation, the vindictive destroyers set fire to nearly all the unfortified houses on the northeast side of the river, which, with a large amount of property left, besides the plunder taken, were laid in ashes. Apprehensive of being overtaken by avenging pursuers, they hastened to the woods, taking with them as much booty as they could carry away, and, as Dr. Mather says, "near a hundred of that unhappy people," prisoners. Nay, it was now their hard destiny to enter upon a long journey amidst a thousand hardships and sufferings, aggravated by severe weather, snow, famine, abuse, and every species of wretchedness.

About one half of the inhabitants, it has been supposed, were either slain or carried captive. Mr. Dummer was found by some of his surviving neighbors, fallen dead upon his face, near his own door, being shot, as he was about

starting on horseback to make a pastoral visit. He was a well-educated divine, now in his sixtieth year, greatly beloved by his charge. His wife, the daughter of Edward Rishworth, Esq., was among the captives, who being heart-broken, and exhausted with fatigue, soon sunk in death. But truth and fidelity require the writer to mention in this place, an instance of Indian gratefulness, among several of a kindred character, occurring at other times in our wars with the natives. To recompense the English for sparing the lives of four or five Indian females and a brood of their children at Pejepscot, they dismissed some elderly women, and several children between the ages of three and seven years, and returned them safely to one of the garrison houses. A party instantly rallied at Portsmouth, as soon as the news reached that place, and went in pursuit of the enemy; too late, however, to effect a rescue of the prisoners, or to give the savages battle. In derision of the puritan ministers, towards whom the Indians, full of Romish prejudices, entertained the greatest antipathy, one of them, on a Sunday of their march through the wilderness, dressed himself in the ministerial attire of Mr. Dummer, and, in mock dignity, stalked among the prisoners, several of whom were members of his church.

"The massacre in York, and burning of the town, were the more deeply and extensively lamented, because of the antiquity and pre-eminence of the place, and especially the excellent character of the people."

"In June, of the same year, Wells was the object of attack by the Indians. The inhabitants were dispersed among the fortified houses, in necessitous circumstances; while Capt. Converse and fifteen soldiers were all the fencible men then in Storer's garrison. To supply them and the people with ammunition and provisions, two sloops, commanded by Samuel Storer and James Gouge, attended by a shallop, well laden, arrived in the harbor, Friday, June 9th, having on board fourteen men. About the same hour, the cattle, much affrighted, ran bleeding into the settlement, from the woods; fortunately giving the alarm of an approaching enemy. Capt. Converse instantly issued commands to the vessels, and to the people in all quarters, to be on their guard; and the whole night was passed in anxious and trembling watchfulness.

"Next morning, before break of day, John Diamond, a passenger in the shallop, on his way to the garrison, distant from the sloop a gun-shot, was seized by Indian spies, and dragged away by his hair. An army of about five hundred French and Indians presently appeared, under Burneffe, their superior officer, who was chief in command at the capture of Falmouth,—Labrocree, another French general, of some military reputation, and a few other Frenchmen of rank; attended by Madockawando, Egeremet, Moxus, Warumbee, and several other sagamores. They closely examined Diamond, who told them what he knew; only by mistake, or design, he said there were in the garrison with Capt. Converse thirty brave men, well armed. Flushed with the certainty of conquest, they apportioned the soldiers, the inhabitants, Mr. Wheelwright by name, the women and children of the town, the sailors, and the plunder, among the officers, the sagamores, and their host; when one habited like a gentleman, made a speech in English to them, in which he exhorted them to be active and fearless; assuring them, if they courageously attacked the English fortresses, all would be theirs—the heretics must surrender.

"Instantly raising a hideous shout, they assailed the garrison with great fury, and continued the assault during the day. A party constructed, in the mean time, a breast-work of plank, hay posts and rails, over which they fired upon the vessels, secured only by a high bank, too far distant for men to spring on board. Being only a dozen rods from the sloops, they were able to set them on fire several times with fire-arrows; the crews extinguishing the flames by wet mops upon the ends of poles, and firing also with an aim and briskness, which at length compelled them to withdraw. One of the Indians, more daring than his fellows, then approached with a plank for a shield, whom a marksman, by a single shot, brought to the ground. Next, a kind of cart, rigged and trimmed with a platform and breast-work, shot proof, was rolled forward from the woods, till within fifteen yards from the sloops; when one of the wheels sinking into the oozy earth, a Frenchman stepped to heave it forward with his shoulder, and was shot dead, and another, taking his place, shared the same fate. The

firing was continued upon the sloops, with the repeated demand, 'Surrender! surrender!'—which was only retorted by loud laughter. At night, they called out, '*Who's your commander?*' '*We have,*' said they, '*a great many commanders.*' '*You lie,*' cried an Indian; '*you have none but Converse, and we'll have him before morning.*'

"A scout of six men, sent by Capt. Converse towards Newichawannock, a few hours before the enemy appeared, returning about the dawn of day, being Sabbath morning, were unwarily exposed, on their arrival, to certain death. But with great presence of mind, the corporal loudly bespoke Capt. Converse, as if near him, '*Wheel your men around the hill, and these few dogs are ours.*' The enemy supposing Converse was at their heels, hastily fled, and the scout entered the gates unhurt.

"The French and Indians now embodied themselves, and began to move with great regularity towards the garrison, when one of the captain's soldiers sighed a surrender;—'Utter the word again,' said he, 'and you are a dead man;'—'all lie close—fire not a gun till it will do execution.' As the besiegers with a firm step approached, they gave three hideous shouts—one crying out in English, '*Fire, and fall on, brave boys,*' and the whole body opening into three ranks, discharged their guns all at once. A blaze of fire was returned, both from the small arms and the cannon, some two or three of which were twelve pounders; the women in the garrison handing ammunition, and several times touching off the pieces at the enemy. It was a crisis of life and death, and the repulse was so complete, that the attack was not renewed.

"One further attempt, however, was made upon the vessels, which were still lying lashed together, in the best posture possible for defence. The enemy now constructed a fire-float, eighteen or twenty feet square, and filling it with combustibles, and setting them on fire, towed it as far as it was safe, directly towards the sloops, in the current of the tide, and left it to fleet in flames against them. To avoid, or to extinguish, this burning magazine, appeared impossible, and their fate inevitable. But by the interposition of divine Providence, as the anxious mariners viewed it, a fresh counter breeze was breathed upon them, which drove it

aground on the opposite shore, where it split, and filled with water.

"Completely worsted in every effort made, and unable, by reason of the levelness of the ground, to undermine the garrison, the enemy despaired of forcing or inducing a capitulation; having killed none in the fort, and no more than a single one of the mariners. Some of the enemy, however, after this, proceeded over the river, and made havock among the cattle, while the leaders sent a flag of truce, and began a parley, offering Capt. Converse the most seducing terms, if he would surrender. 'No,' said he, '*I want nothing of you.*' A short dialogue ensued, of this purport. Converse told them, 'I want nothing but men to fight.' '*Then if you, Converse, are so stout, why don't you come out and fight in the field, like a man, and not stay in a garrison like a squaw?*' 'What fools are you! Think you,' said he, 'my thirty are a match for your five hundred? Come upon the plain with only thirty, and I am ready for you.' '*No, no, we think English fashion,*' cried a grim Indian, '*all one fool: you kill me—me kill you;—not so,—better lie somewheres and shoot 'em English-man, when he no see, that's the best soldier.*' After this, the Indian bearing the flag, threw it upon the ground and fled. A few scattering guns were at intervals discharged till dusk, and about ten in the evening the enemy all withdrew.

"The good management and great bravery of Capt. Converse and his men, and of the ship-masters and their crews, were not exceeded during the war. A siege of forty-eight hours, prosecuted by a host against a handful, was, in the sequel, no less a disgrace and discouragement to the one, than animating and glorious to the other. Several of the enemy fell—one was Labrocree, who had about his neck, when found, a satchel inclosing Romish reliques, and a printed manual of indulgences. To avenge his death, the savages put their only captive, John Diamond, to the torture. They stripped, scalped, and maimed him; slit his hands and feet between the fingers and toes; cut deep gashes in the fleshy parts of his body, and then stuck the wounds full of lighted torches, leaving him to die by piecemeal in the agonies of consuming fire."

"A memorable engagement happened, May 1, 1724, at the St. George's River. It being an inviting morning, April 30th, Capt. Josiah Winslow, commander of the fort, selected sixteen of the ablest men belonging to the garrison, and in a couple of staunch whale-boats, proceeded down the river, and thence to the Green Islands in Penobscot Bay, which, at this season of the year, were frequented by the Indians for fowling. Though Winslow and his company made no discovery, their movements were watched by the wary enemy; and on their return, the next day, as they were ascending the river, they fell into a fatal ambush of the Indians, cowering under each of its banks They permitted Winslow to pass, and then fired into the other boat, which was commanded by Harvey, a sergeant, and was nearer the shore. Harvey fell. A brisk discharge of musketry was returned upon the assailants, when Winslow, observing the imminent exposure of his companions, though he was himself out of danger, hastened back to their assistance. In an instant he found himself surrounded by thirty canoes, and three-fold that number of armed savages, who raised a hideous whoop, and fell upon the two boat crews with desperate fury. The skirmish was severe and bloody; when Winslow and his men, perceiving inevitable death to be the only alternative, resolved to sell their lives at the dearest rate. They made a most determined and gallant defence; and after nearly all of them were dead or mortally wounded, himself having his thigh fractured, and being extremely exhausted,—his shattered bark was set to the shore. Here, being waylaid, he fought a savage, hand to hand, with the greatest personal courage, beat off the foe, and then resting on his knee, shot one, ere they could despatch him. Thus fell the intrepid Winslow and every one of his brave company, except three friendly Indians, who were suffered to escape, and communicate particulars to the garrison. The death of Capt. Winslow was severely felt and lamented. He was a young officer of military talents and great worth, and a late graduate of Harvard College."

"In Rehoboth, Mass., the Indians burnt, on the 28th of March, 1676, about forty houses and thirty barns; and in Providence, R. I., soon after, about thirty houses. On

the 8th of the following May, they burnt about seventeen houses and barns in Bridgewater. Not long after, they killed four of the inhabitants of Taunton. The preceding year, also, many outrages were committed, both upon Taunton and Bridgewater; and in the months of April and May, there were burnt in Bridgewater, thirteen houses, and several barns.

"Philip had declared, that the people of Taunton and Bridgewater should be the last to be destroyed. On the 11th of July, 1676, he assembled all the warriors whom he was able to collect, and marched to Taunton, with a design to accomplish its destruction. Raynham was at that time, and for many years after, a parish of Taunton, and was undoubtedly to be included in the common ruin. A black man, who understood the language of the Indians, and had been taken prisoner by Philip's people, discovering his intention against the inhabitants of Taunton, made his escape, and acquainted them with their danger. They accordingly prepared themselves to give him a warm reception; and with the aid of some soldiers in the neighborhood, saluted him with such spirit, that, after having set two houses on fire, he retreated Capt. Church, the commander of the Plymouth forces, attacked him speedily after; defeated him in several successive engagements, and killed and took a considerable number of his men. At length he fled to a swamp in the neighborhood of Mount Hope, in Bristol, R. I. Capt. Church, being informed of this fact, pursued him; but scarcely had he reached the ground, when Philip was shot by one of his own countrymen."

"In the latter end of July, or beginning of August, 1692, a party of Indians came into the town of Brookfield, and broke up two or three families. Joseph Woolcot, being at work at a little distance from his house, his wife, being fearful, took her children, and went out to him. When they returned to the house at noon, they found the Indians had been there, for his gun, and several other things were missing, and looking out at a window, he saw an Indian at some distance, coming towards the house. He immediately sent out his wife and his two little daughters, to hide themselves in the bushes; and he, taking his

little son under his arm, and his broad axe in his hand, went out, with his dog, in sight of the Indian. The dog, being large and fierce, attacked the Indian so furiously, that he was obliged to discharge his gun at the dog, to rid himself of him: immediately upon which, Woolcot sat down the child, and pursued the Indian till he heard the bullet run down his gun, the Indian charging as he ran; he then turned back, snatched up his child, and made his escape through the swamps to a fort. His wife, being greatly terrified, discovered by her shrieks where she was, and the Indian soon found and despatched both her and her children. Others of the party about the same time came into the house of one Mason, while the family were at dinner. They killed Mason, and one or two children, and took his wife, and an infant which they had wounded, and carried them off.

"Early one morning, John Woolcot, a lad of about twelve or fourteen years of age, was riding in search of the cows, when the Indians fired at him, killed his horse under him, and took him prisoner. The people at Jennings' garrison, hearing the firing, and concluding the people of another garrison were beset, six men set out for their assistance, but were waylaid by the Indians. The English saw not their danger, till they saw there was no escaping it; and therefore, knowing that an Indian could not look an Englishman in the face, and take a right aim, they stood their ground, presenting their pieces wherever they saw an Indian, without discharging them, excepting Abijah Bartlet, who turned to flee, and was shot dead. The Indians kept firing at the rest, and wounded three of them, Joseph Jennings in two places; one ball grazed the top of his head, by which he was struck blind for a moment; another ball passed through his shoulder, wounding his collar-bone; yet by neither did he fall, nor was he mortally wounded. Benjamin Jennings was wounded in the leg, and John Green in the wrist. They were preserved, at last, by the following stratagem. A large dog, hearing the firing, came to our men, one of whom, to encourage his brethren, and intimidate the Indians, called out, 'Capt. Williams is come to our assistance, for here is his dog.' The Indians, seeing the dog, and knowing Williams to be

a famous warrior, immediately fled, and our men escaped. John Woolcot, the lad above mentioned, was carried to Canada, where he remained six or seven years, during which time, by conversing wholly with Indians, he not only lost his native language, but became so naturalized to the savages, as to be unwilling, for a while, to return to his native country. Some years afterwards, viz., in March, 1728, in time of peace, he and another man, having been hunting, and coming down Connecticut River with a freight of skins and fur, they were hailed by some Indians, but not being willing to go to them, they steered for another shore. The Indians landed at a little distance from them; several shots were exchanged, and at length Woolcot was killed.

"The last mischief which was done by the savages in Brookfield, was about the 20th of July, 1710. Six men, viz., Ebenezer Hayward, John White, Stephen and Benjamin Jennings, John Grosvenor, and Joseph Kellog, were making hay in the meadows, when the Indians, who had been watching an opportunity to surprise them, sprung suddenly upon them, despatched five of them, and took the other, John White, prisoner. White, spying a small company of our people at some distance, jumped from the Indian who held him, and ran to join his friends; but the Indian fired after him, and wounded him in the thigh, so that he fell; but soon recovering, and running again, he was again fired at, and received his death-wound."

In February, 1704, an assault was made upon Deerfield, Massachusetts. In the evening previous to the attack, "Major Hertel de Rouville, with two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians, aided by two of his brothers, after a tedious march of between two and three hundred miles, through deep snow, arrived at an elevated pine forest, bordering Deerfield meadow, about two miles north of the village, where they lay concealed until midnight. Finding all quiet, and the snow covered with a crust sufficient to support his men, Rouville deposited his snow-shoes and packs at the foot of the elevation, and crossing Deerfield River, began his march through an open meadow a little before day-light. As the march upon the crust produced a rustling noise, which, it was apprehended,

might alarm the sentinels at the fort, he ordered frequent halts, in which the whole lay still for a few moments, and then rising, they dashed on with rapidity. The noise thus alternately ceasing, they supposed would be attributed by the sentinels to the irregularity of the wind; but the precaution was unnecessary, for the guard within the fort had improvidently retired to rest about the time the enemy commenced their march through the meadow. Arriving at the north-west quarter of the fort, where the snow in many places was drifted nearly to the top of the palisades, the enemy entered the place, and found all in a profound sleep. Parties detached in different directions, assaulted the houses, broke the doors, and dragged the astonished people from their beds. Where resistance was attempted, the tomahawk or musket ended the strife. A few were so fortunate as to escape by flight to the adjacent woods; but the greatest part were killed, or made prisoners.

"Early in the assault, about twenty Indians attacked the house of the Rev. John Williams, who, awaking from a sound sleep, instantly leaped from his bed, ran toward the door, and found a party entering. Calling to awaken a couple of soldiers in his chamber, he seized a pistol from his bed tester, and presenting it to the breast of the foremost Indian, attempted to shoot him; but it missed fire. He was instantly seized, bound, and thus kept nearly an hour without his clothes. Two of his young children were dragged to the door, and murdered, and his negro woman suffered the same fate. Mrs. Williams, who was in feeble health, and five children, were also seized, and the house rifled with unrelenting barbarity. While the Indians were thus employed, Capt. Stoddard, a lodger in the house, seizing his cloak, leaped from a chamber window, escaped across Deerfield River, and availing himself of his cloak, which he tore into shreds and wrapped about his feet, arrived at Hatfield nearly exhausted.

"The house of Capt. John Sheldon was attacked; but as the door at which the Indians attempted to enter was firmly bolted, they found it difficult to penetrate. They then perforated it with their tomahawks, and thrusting through a musket, fired, and killed the captain's wife, as she was rising from her bed in the adjoining room. The

captain's son and his wife, awakened by the assault, leaped from a chamber window, at the east end of the house, by which the latter sprained her ankle, and was taken by the Indians; but the husband escaped into the woods, and reached Hatfield. After gaining possession of the house, which was one of the largest in the place, the enemy reserved it as a depot for the prisoners, as they were collected from other parts of the village.

"Another dwelling-house, situated about fifty yards south-east of Sheldon's, though repeatedly attacked, and various means adopted to set it on fire, was saved from the grasp of the enemy, by seven armed men and a few women, by whom it was occupied. While the brave defenders were pouring their fire upon the assailants from the windows and loop-holes, the no less brave women were busily employed in casting balls for future supply. Unable to carry the house, or intimidate the defenders to a surrender, by all their threats and stratagems, the enemy gave up their efforts, and cautiously endeavored to keep out of the range of the shot. But notwithstanding their precautions, several were singled out and shot down by the marksmen in the house.

"While devastation and ruin were in operation at the main fort, a palisaded house, situated about sixty rods southerly, was furiously attacked, and gallantly defended, by a small party of the inhabitants, and the assailants were at length compelled to draw off. But they received several fatal shots from the house during their stay in the place.

"Having collected the prisoners, plundered and set fire to the buildings, Rouville left the place about an hour before sunset, and retraced his march through the meadow to his packs and snow-shoes, where the prisoners were deprived of their shoes, and furnished with Indian moccasons, to enable them to travel with more facility."

"February 8th, Joseph Bradley's garrison, at Haverhill, was unhappily surprised by a small party of Indians, who, skulking at a distance, and seeing the gates open, and none on the sentry, rushed in, and became masters of it. The housewife, perceiving the misery that was attending her, and having boiling soap on the fire, scalded one of them to death. The sentinel within was slain, and she, with

several others, were taken. That which heightened her affliction was, being with child, and yet obliged to travel in a deep snow, under a heavy burden, and many days together without subsistence, excepting a few bits of skin, ground-nuts, bark of trees, wild onions and lily roots. Nevertheless, she was wonderfully supported, and at last safely delivered; but the babe soon perished for want of nourishment and by the cruelty of the Indians, who, as it cried, threw hot embers into its mouth. After a year's bondage, she was sold to the French for eighty livres, and then redeemed by her husband."

"Sometime in the summer of 1706, the Indians again visited the garrison of Joseph Bradley; and it is said that he, his wife and children, and a hired man, were the only persons in it, at the time. It was in the night, the moon shone brightly, and they could be easily seen silently and cautiously approaching. Mr. Bradley armed himself, his wife and man, each with a gun, and such of his children as could shoulder one. Mrs. Bradley, supposing they had come purposely for her, told her husband that she had rather be killed than be again taken. The Indians rushed upon the garrison, and endeavored to beat down the door. They succeeded in pushing it partly open, and when one of the Indians began to crowd himself through the opening, Mrs. Bradley fired her gun, and shot him dead. The rest of the Indians, seeing their companion fall, desisted from their purpose, and hastily retreated."

On the 29th of August, 1708, a party of French and Indians attacked Haverhill Village, then consisting of about thirty houses. "At the break of day, they passed the frontier garrisons undiscovered, and were first seen near the pound, marching two and two, by John Keezar, who was returning from Amesbury. He immediately ran into the village and alarmed the inhabitants, who seem to have slept totally unguarded, by firing his gun near the meeting-house. The enemy soon appeared, making the air ring with terrific yells, with a sort of whistle, which tradition says could be heard as far as a horn. They scattered in every direction over the village, so that they might accomplish their bloody work with more despatch. The first person they saw, was Mrs. Smith, whom they shot as

she was flying from her house to a garrison. The foremost party attacked the house of Rev. Benjamin Rolfe, which was then garrisoned with three soldiers, and he and a part of his beloved and accomplished family were suddenly awakened from their slumbers, only to hear the horrid knell for their departure. Mr. Rolfe instantly leaped from his bed, placed himself against the door, which they were endeavoring to beat in, and called on the soldiers for assistance; but they refused to give it, for they were palsied with fear, and walked to and fro through the chambers, crying, and swinging their arms. The enemy, finding their entrance strenuously opposed, fired two balls through the door, one of which took effect, and wounded Mr. Rolfe in the elbow. They then pressed against it with their united strength, and Mr. Rolfe, finding it impossible to resist them any longer, fled precipitately through the house, and out at the back door. The Indians followed, overtook him at the well, and despatched him with their tomahawks. They then searched every part of the house for plunder, and also for other victims. They soon found Mrs. Rolfe and her youngest child, Mehitable, and while one of them sunk his hatchet deep in her head, another took the infant from her dying grasp, and dashed its head against a stone near the door.

"Two of Mr. Rolfe's children, about six and eight years of age, were providentially saved by the sagacity and courage of Hagar, a negro slave, who was an inmate of the family. Upon the first alarm, she leaped from her bed, carried them into the cellar, covered them with two tubs, and then concealed herself. The enemy entered the cellar, and plundered it of every thing valuable. They repeatedly passed the tubs that covered the two children, and even trod on the foot of one, without discovering them. They drank milk from the pans, then dashed them on the cellar bottom, and took meat from the barrel behind which Hagar was concealed.

"Anna Whittaker, who was then living in the family of Mr. Rolfe, concealed herself in an apple chest, under the stairs, and escaped unharmed. But it fared differently with the soldiers. They earnestly begged for mercy of their inhuman conquerors, but their cries were unheeded;

and when the massacre was over, their bodies were numbered with the slain.

"The family of Thomas Hartshorne suffered as severely as that of Mr. Rolfe. He saw a party approaching to assault his house, and escaped out of it, followed by two of his sons, to call assistance; but all three were shot dead immediately after leaving it. A third son was tomahawked as he was coming out at the door.

"Mrs. Hartshorne, with that presence of mind which is a characteristic of her sex, when surrounded with danger, instantly took the rest of her children—excepting an infant, which she left on a bed in the garret, and which she was afraid would, by its cries, betray their place of concealment, if she took it with her—through a trap-door into the cellar. The enemy entered the house, and began to plunder it, but happily did not discover them. They went into the garret, took the infant from its bed, and threw it out of the window. It fell on a pile of clapboards, and when the action was over, it was found completely stunned. It lived, however, and became a man of uncommon stature and of remarkable strength. His neighbors would frequently joke him, and say that the Indians *stunted* him, when they threw him from the garret window.

"One of the parties proceeded toward the river, and attacked the house of Lieut. John Johnson. Mr. Johnson and his wife, with an infant a year old in her arms, were standing at the door, when the enemy made their appearance. Mr. Johnson was shot, and his wife fled through the house into the garden, carrying her babe, where she was overtaken by the foe, and immediately despatched. But when she fell, she was careful not to injure her child, and it seemed as though her last thoughts were for its safety. The enemy did not murder it, and it is somewhat remarkable that they did not. After the massacre was over, it was found at the breast of its dead mother.

"Another party rifled and burnt the house of Mr. Silver, and others attacked the watch-house, which was, however, successfully defended. Another party went to the house of Capt. Samuel Wainwright, whom they killed at the first fire. The soldiers stationed in the chambers were preparing to defend the house till the last, when Mrs.

Wainwright fearlessly unbarred the door, and let them in. She spoke to them kindly, waited upon them with seeming alacrity, and promised to procure them whatever they desired. The enemy knew not what to make of this;—the apparent cheerfulness with which they were received, and the kindness with which they were treated, was so different from what they expected to meet with, that it seemed to paralyze their energies. They, however, demanded money of Mrs. Wainwright, and upon her retiring 'to bring it,' as she said, she fled with all of her children, except one daughter, who was taken captive, and was not afterwards discovered. The enemy, as soon as they found out how completely they had been deceived, were greatly enraged, and attacked the chambers with great violence; but the soldiers courageously defended them, and after attempting to fire the house, they retreated, taking with them three prisoners. In the mean time, two Indians skulked behind a large stone, which stood in the field a few rods east of the house, where they could fire upon its inmates at their leisure. The soldiers in the chamber fired upon them, and killed them both.

"The Indians attacked the house of Mr. Swan, which stood in the field now called White's lot. Swan and his wife saw them approaching, and determined, if possible, to save their own lives, and the lives of their children, from the knives of the ruthless butchers. They immediately placed themselves against the door, which was so narrow that two could hardly enter abreast. The Indians rushed against it, but finding that it could not be easily opened, they commenced their operations more systematically. One of them placed his back to the door, so that he could make his whole strength bear upon it, while the other pushed against him. The strength of the besiegers was greater than that of the besieged, and Mr. Swan, being rather a timid man, almost despaired of saving himself and family, and told his wife that he thought it would be better to let them in. But this heroic and courageous woman had no such idea. The Indians had now succeeded in partly opening the door, and one of them was crowding himself in, while the other was pushing lustily after. The heroic wife saw that there was no time for parleying—she

seized her spit, which was nearly three feet in length, and a deadly weapon in the hands of woman, as it proved, and collecting all the strength she possessed, drove it through the body of the foremost. This was too warm a reception for the besiegers—it was resistance from a source, and with a weapon, they little expected. Being thus repulsed, the two Indians immediately retreated, and did not molest them again. Thus, by the fortitude and heroic courage of a wife and mother, this family was probably saved from a bloody grave.

"One of the parties set fire to the back side of the meeting-house, a new, and, for that period, an elegant building. These transactions were all performed about the same time; but they were not permitted to continue their work of murder and conflagration long, before they became panic struck. Mr. Davis, an intrepid man, went behind Mr. Rolfe's barn, which stood near the house, struck it violently with a large club, called on men by name, gave the word of command as though he were ordering an attack, and shouted with a loud voice, 'Come on! come on! we will have them!' The party in Mr. Rolfe's house, supposing that a large body of the English had come upon them, began the cry of 'The English are come!' and after attempting to fire the house, precipitately left it. About this time, Major Turner arrived with a company of soldiers, and the whole body of the enemy commenced a rapid retreat, taking with them a number of prisoners. The retreat commenced about the rising of the sun. Meantime, Mr. Davis ran to the meeting-house, and, with the aid of a few others, succeeded in extinguishing the devouring element.

"The town, by this time, was generally alarmed. Joseph Bradley collected a small party, and secured the medicine box and packs of the enemy, which they had left about three miles from the village. Capt. Samuel Ayer, a fearless man, and of great strength, collected a body of about twenty men, and pursued the retreating foe. He came up with them just as they were entering the woods, when they faced about, and although they numbered thirteen or more to one, still Capt. Ayer did not hesitate to give them battle. These gallant men were soon reinforced by another party, under the command of his son; and

after a severe skirmish, which lasted about an hour, they retook some of the prisoners, and the enemy precipitately retreated, leaving nine of their number dead."

"The inhabitants were now left to perform the sorrowful office of burying their dead—and it was a sorrowful one indeed. The day was somewhat advanced when the battle was over, and, it being extremely warm, the interment was necessarily hurried. Coffins could not be made for all, and a large pit was dug in the burying-ground, in which several of them were laid."

"April 27th, 1706, a small body of Indians fell on an out-house at Oyster River, where they killed eight, and wounded two. The garrison, which stood near, had not a man in it, at the time; but the women, who assumed an Amazonian courage, advanced the watch-box, and made an alarm. They put on hats, with their hair hanging down, and fired so briskly, that they struck a terror into the enemy, and they withdrew without firing the house or carrying away much plunder. The principal sufferer, at this time, was John Wheeler, who, thinking them to be friendly Indians, unfortunately fell into their hands. Two days after, Mr. Shapleigh and his son, as they were travelling through Kittery, were ambushed by another party, who, killing the father, took the son and carried him to Canada. In their march, they were so inhumanly cruel, that they bit off the tops of his fingers, and, to stagnate the blood, seared them with hot tobacco pipes."

"On the 3d of July, a party of Indians made a descent upon Dunstable, N. H., where they fell on a garrison that had twenty troopers in it. They had been ranging the woods in the vicinity, and came, towards night, to this garrison; apprehending no danger, turned their horses loose upon the interval, piled their arms and harness in the house, and began a carousal, to exhilarate their spirits after the fatigues of the day. The Indians had lately arrived in the vicinity, and on that day had designed to attack both Wells' and Galusha's garrisons. One of their number had been stationed to watch each of these houses, to see that no assistance approached, and no alarm was given. A short time previous to the arrival of the cavalry, the Indian stationed at Wells' returned to his party, and reported

that all was safe. At sunset, a Mr. Cumings and his wife went out to milk their cows, and left the gate open. The Indians, who had advanced undiscovered, started up, shot Mrs. Cumings dead upon the spot, and wounded her husband. They then rushed through the open gate into the house, with all the horrid yells of conquering savages, but stared with amazement at finding the room filled with soldiers, merrily feasting. Both parties were completely amazed, and neither acted with much propriety. The soldiers, so suddenly interrupted in their jovial entertainment, found themselves called upon to fight, when entirely destitute of arms, and incapable of obtaining any. The greater part were panic-struck, and unable to fight or fly. Fortunately, all were not in this sad condition; some six or seven courageous souls, with chairs, clubs, and whatever they could seize upon, furiously attacked the advancing foe. The Indians, who were as much surprised as the soldiers, had but little more courage than they, and immediately took to their heels for safety: thus yielding the house, defeated by one quarter their number of unarmed men. The trumpeter, who was in the upper part of the house at the commencement of the attack, seized his trumpet, and commenced sounding an alarm, when he was shot dead by an Indian on the stair way. He was the only one of the party killed."

"September 4th, 1724, the Indians again fell on Dunstable, and took two in the evening: the persons taken, were Nathan Cross and Thomas Blanchard, who had been engaged in the manufacture of turpentine, on the north side of Nashua River, near where Nashua Village now stands. At that time there were no houses or settlements on that side of the river. These men had been in the habit of returning every night, to lodge in a saw mill on the other side. That night they came not as usual. An alarm was given; it was feared they had fallen into the hands of the Indians. A party, consisting of ten of the principal inhabitants of the place, started in search of them, under the direction of one French, a sergeant of militia. In this company was Farwell, who was afterwards lieutenant under Lovewell. When they arrived at the spot where the men had been laboring, they found the hoops of the barrel

cut, and the turpentine spread upon the ground. From certain marks upon the trees made with coal mixed with grease, they understood that the men were taken, and carried off alive. In the course of this examination, Farwell perceived that the turpentine had not ceased spreading, and called the attention of his comrades to this circumstance. They concluded that the Indians had been gone but a short time, and must still be near, and decided upon instant pursuit. Farwell advised them to take a circuitous route, to avoid an ambush. But, unfortunately, he and French had, a short time previous, had a misunderstanding, and were still at variance. French imputed this advice to cowardice, and called out, "I am going to take the direct path; if any of you are not afraid, let him follow me." French led the way, and the whole party followed, Farwell falling in the rear. Their route was up the Merrimac, towards which they bent their course, to look for their horses upon the interval. At the brook near Lutwyche's (now Thornton's) ferry, they were waylaid. The Indians fired upon them, and killed the larger part instantly. A few fled, but were overtaken and destroyed. French was killed about a mile from the place of action, under an oak-tree, now standing in the field belonging to Mr. Lund, in Merrimac. Farwell, in the rear, seeing those before him fall, sprung behind a tree, discharged his piece, and ran. Two Indians pursued him; the chase was vigorously maintained for some time, without gaining much advantage, till Farwell passing through a thicket, the Indians lost sight of him, and fearing he might have loaded again, they desisted. He was the only one of the company that escaped. A company from the neighborhood mustered upon the news of this disaster, proceeded to the fatal spot, took up the bodies of their friends and townsmen, and interred them in the burying-ground in Dunstable. Blanchard and Cross were carried to Canada; after remaining there some time, they succeeded, by their own exertions, in effecting their redemption, and returned to their native town, where their descendants are still living."

"Within the town of Dover were many families of Quakers, who, scrupling the lawfulness of war, could not

be persuaded to use any means for their defence, though equally exposed, with their neighbors, to an enemy who made no distinction between them. One of these people, Ebenezer Downs, was taken by the Indians, and was grossly insulted and abused by them, because he would not dance, as the rest of the prisoners did, for the diversion of their savage captors. Another of them, John Hanson, who lived on the outside of the town, could not be persuaded to remove to a garrison, though he had a large family of children. In June, 1724, a party of thirteen Indians, called French Mohawks, had marked his house for their prey, and lay several days in ambush, waiting for an opportunity to assault it. While Hanson, with his eldest daughter, was gone to attend the weekly meeting of Friends, and his two eldest sons were at work in a meadow at some distance, the Indians entered the house, killed and scalped two small children, and took his wife, with her infant of fourteen days old, her nurse, two daughters and a son, and after rifling the house, carried them off. This was done so suddenly and secretly, that the first person who discovered it, was the eldest daughter, at her return from the meeting before her father. Seeing the two children dead at the door, she gave a shriek of distress, which was distinctly heard by her mother, then in the hands of the enemy among the bushes, and by her brothers in the meadow. The people being alarmed, went in pursuit; but the Indians, carefully avoiding all paths, went off with their captives undiscovered."

In May, 1725, Capt. John Lovewell, with thirty-four men, while pursuing their march to the northward, with the design of attacking the Indian villages of Pigwacket, on the upper part of Saco River, came to a pond situated in the township of Fryeburg, Me., fifty miles from any English settlement, and twenty-two from the fort on Ossipee Pond, where they encamped. "Early the next morning, while at their devotions, they heard the report of a gun, and discovered a single Indian, standing on a point of land which runs into the pond, more than a mile distant. They had been alarmed the preceding night by noises round their camp, which they imagined were made by Indians, and this opinion was now strengthened. They

suspected that the Indian was placed there to decoy them, and that a body of the enemy was in their front. A consultation being held, they determined to march forward, and by encompassing the pond, to gain the point where the Indian stood; and that they might be ready for action, they disencumbered themselves of their packs, and left them without a guard, at the north-east end of the pond, in a pitch-pine plain, where the trees were thin, and the brakes, at that time of the year, small. It happened that Lovewell's march had crossed a carrying place, by which two parties of Indians, consisting of forty-one men, commanded by Paugus and Wahwa, who had been scouting down Saco River, were returning to the lower village of Pigwacket, distant about a mile and a half from this pond. Having fallen on his track, they followed it till they came to the packs, which they removed; and counting them, found the number of his men to be less than their own: they therefore placed themselves in ambush to attack them on their return. The Indian who had stood on the point, and was returning to the village by another path, met them and received their fire, which he returned, and wounded Capt. Lovewell and another, with small shot. Lieut. Wyman, firing again, killed him, and they took off his scalp. Seeing no other enemy, they returned to the place where they had left their packs, and while they were looking for them, the Indians rose and ran toward them with horrid yelling. A smart firing now commenced on both sides, it being now about ten of the clock. Capt. Lovewell and eight more were killed on the spot. Lieut. Farwell and two others were wounded. Several of the Indians fell; but being superior in number, they endeavored to surround the party, who, perceiving their intention, retreated; hoping to be sheltered by a point of rocks which ran into the pond, and a few large pine-trees standing on a sandy beach. In this forlorn place they took their station. On their right was the mouth of a brook, at that time unfordable; on their left was the rocky point; their front was partly covered by a deep bog, and partly uncovered, and the pond was in their rear. The enemy galled them in front and flank, and had them so completely in their power, that had they made a prudent use of their advantage, the whole

company must either have been killed, or obliged to surrender at discretion, being destitute of a mouthful of sustenance, and escape being impracticable. Under the conduct of Lieut. Wyman, they kept up their fire, and showed a resolute countenance, all the remainder of the day; during which their chaplain, Jonathan Fry, Ensign Robbins, and one more, were mortally wounded. The Indians invited them to surrender, by holding up ropes to them, and endeavoring to intimidate them by their hideous yells; but they determined to die rather than yield; and by their well-directed fire, the number of the savages was thinned, and their cries became fainter, till, just before night, they quitted their advantageous ground, carrying off their killed and wounded, and leaving the dead bodies of Lovewell and his men unscalped. The shattered remnant of this brave company, collecting themselves together, found three of their number unable to move from the spot, eleven wounded, but able to march, and nine who had received no hurt. It was melancholy to leave their dying companions behind, but there was no possibility of removing them. After the rising of the moon, they quitted the fatal spot, and directed their march toward the fort. Eleazer Davis, of Concord, was the last that got in; who first came to Berwick, and then to Portsmouth, where he was carefully provided for, and had a skilful surgeon to attend him.

"Ensign Wyman, who took upon himself the command of the shattered company after Capt. Lovewell was killed, and the other officers wounded, behaved with great prudence and courage, animating the men, and telling them 'that the day would yet be their own, if their spirits did not flag;' which enlivened them anew, and caused them to fire so briskly, that several of them discharged between twenty and thirty times apiece. Mr. Jacob Fullam, who was an officer, and an only son, distinguished himself with much bravery. One of the first that was killed, was by his right hand, and when ready to encounter a second shot, it is said that he and his adversary fell at the very instant, by each other's shot."

"Lieut. Farwell, and the chaplain, who had the journal of the expedition in his pocket, and one more, perished in the woods, for want of dressing for their wounds. The

chaplain died three days after the fight. Lieut. Farwell held out on his return till the eleventh day, during which time he had nothing to eat but water, and a few roots which he chewed; and by this time the wounds through his body were so mortified, that the worms made a thorough passage. On the same day, Davis, who was with him, caught a fish, which he broiled, and was greatly refreshed by it; but the lieutenant was so much spent, that he could not taste a bit. Davis, being now alone, in a melancholy, desolate state, still made toward the fort, and the next day came to it; there he found some pork and bread, by which he was enabled to return, as above mentioned." Fourteen, only, survived this fatal encounter.

In August, 1746, an assault and massacre took place at Concord, N. H., the circumstances of which, as related by Mr. Reuben Abbot, are the following.

"I, with Abiel Chandler, was at work in the Fan, near Sugar-Ball, making hay, on Monday morning, 11th Aug., 1746, then in my 24th year. We heard three guns fired at Parson Walker's fort, which were the appointed signal of the approach or apprehension of the Indians. On hearing the alarm guns, we ran up to the garrison, and found the soldiers who were stationed there, and such men as could be spared, had gone to where the men were killed. We followed on, and took the foot-path, (by Capt. Emery's, near the prison,) and arrived at the spot where the bodies lay, as soon as those did who went round by the main road. When we arrived near the brook that runs through the farm formerly owned by ——— Mitchell, on the east side of the brook we found Samuel Bradley, stripped naked, scalped, and lying on his face in the road, within half a rod of the bridge over that brook. He was shot through the body, and supposed through his lungs; the ball struck and spoiled his powder-horn, which the Indians left. He was no otherwise wounded by the Indians than shot and scalped. Jonathan Bradley lay about ten feet out of the road, on the south side, and about two rods east of the brook. He was lieutenant in Capt. Ladd's company from Exeter, and a number of years older than Samuel. He was not wounded by the Indians in their fire, and immediately after the Indians had first fired, he ordered

his men to fight them. As but few of the Indians fired the first time, Jonathan supposed that he and his six men could manage them, and they fired at the few who had risen up from their ambush. Immediately the whole body of the Indians, about one hundred in number, rose up and fired. Jonathan, seeing their number, and receiving their fire, ordered his men to run, and take care of themselves. But by this time, Obadiah Peters, John Bean, John Lufkin, and Samuel Bradley were killed. The Indians then rushed upon Jonathan Bradley, William Stickney, and Alexander Roberts, took Stickney and Roberts prisoners, and offered Jonathan Bradley good quarter. But he refused to receive quarter, and fought with his gun against that cloud of Indians, until they struck him on the face repeatedly with their tomahawks, cut a number of gashes in his face, one large gash running obliquely across his forehead and nose, down between his eyes; another on the side of his head, and one on the back part of his head, which entered his skull, and brought him to the ground. The Indians then despatched him, took off his scalp, and stripped him nearly naked. Obadiah Peters we found shot through the head. Bean and Lufkin were shot, and ran from the brook towards the main road about six rods, and fell within a rod of each other, on the north side of the road as now travelled. Four of the Indians were killed, and two wounded, who were carried away on biers.

"The soldiers from the garrisons were too late to save the lives of these brave men. Upon their approach, the Indians fled like cowards, leaving their packs and various other things, which the soldiers took."

"In the early part of the year 1746, the General Court of Massachusetts sent a party of men to Canada, for what purpose is not now recollected, and perhaps was not generally known. On their return they passed through Upper Ashuelot, now Keene. On arriving in sight of the settlement, they fired their guns. This, of course, alarmed the inhabitants, and all who were out, and several were in the woods making sugar, hastened home. From some cause or other, suspicions were entertained that a party of Indians had followed the returning whites; and for several days the settlers were more vigilant and more circumspect in

their movements, seldom leaving the fort, except to look after their cattle, which were in the barns and at the stacks in the vicinity.

"Early in the morning of the 23d of April, Ephraim Dormer left the fort to search for his cow. He went northwardly, along the borders of what was then a hideous and almost impervious swamp, lying east of the fort, until he arrived near to the place where the turnpike now is. Looking into the swamp, he perceived several Indians lurking in the bushes. He immediately gave the alarm, by crying, 'Indians! Indians!' and ran towards the fort. Two, who were concealed in the bushes between him and the fort, sprang forward, aimed their pieces at him, and fired, but neither hit him. They then, throwing away their arms, advanced towards him; one he knocked down by a blow which deprived him of his senses. The other he seized, and being a strong man, and an able wrestler, tried his strength and skill in his favorite mode of 'trip and twitch.' He tore his antagonist's blanket from his body, leaving him nearly naked. He then seized him by the arms and body; but as he was painted and greased, he slipped from his grasp. After a short struggle, Dormer quitted him, ran towards the fort, and reached it in safety.

"When the alarm was given, the greater part of the inhabitants were in the fort, but some had just gone out to tend their cattle. Capt. Simons, the commander, as was the custom every morning before prayers, was reading a chapter in the Bible. He immediately exclaimed, 'Rush out, and assist those who are out to get in.' Most of the men immediately rushed out, and each ran where his interest or affections led him; the remainder chose positions in the fort from which they could fire on the enemy.

"Those who were out, and within hearing, instantly started for the fort, and the Indians from every direction rushed into the street, filling the air with their horrid yells. Mrs. M'Kenney had gone to a barn, near where Miss Fiske's house now stands, to milk her cow. She was aged and corpulent, and could only walk slowly. When she was within a few rods of the fort, a naked Indian, probably the one with whom Dormer had been wrestling, darted from the bushes on the east side of the street, ran up to her, stabbed her in the back, and crossed

to the other side. She continued walking in the same steady pace as before, until she had nearly reached the gate of the fort, when the blood gushed from her mouth, and she fell and expired. John Bullard was at his barn below Dr. Adams'; he ran towards the fort, but the instant he arrived at the gate, he received a shot in the back. He fell, was carried in, and expired in a few hours. Mrs. Clark was at a barn, near the Todd house, about fifty rods distant. Leaving it, she espied an Indian near her, who threw away his gun, and advanced to make her prisoner. She gathered her clothes around her waist, and started for the fort. The Indian pursued; the woman, animated by the cheers of her friends, outran her pursuer, who skulked back for his gun. Nathan Blake was at his barn, near where his son's house now stands. Hearing the cry of Indians, and presuming his barn would be burnt, he determined that his cattle should not be burnt with it. Throwing open his stable door, he let them out, and presuming that his retreat to the fort was cut off, went out at a back door, intending to place himself in ambush at the only place where the river could be crossed. He had gone but a few steps when he was hailed by a party of Indians, concealed in a shop between him and the street. Looking back, he perceived several guns pointed at him, and at this instant several Indians started up from their places of concealment near him, upon which, feeling himself in their power, he gave himself up. They shook hands with him, and to the remark he made that he had not yet breakfasted, they smiling replied, 'that it must be a poor Englishman who could not go to Canada without his breakfast.' Passing a cord around his arms above the elbows, and fastening close to his body, they gave him to the care of one of the party, who conducted him to the woods.

"The number of Indians belonging to the party was supposed to be about one hundred. They came near the fort on every side, and fired whenever they supposed their shot would be effectual. They, however, neither killed nor wounded any one. The whites fired whenever an Indian presented himself, and several of them were seen to fall. Before noon the savages ceased firing, but they remained several days in the vicinity."

"In the early part of May, the same, or another party of Indians hovered about the settlement, watching for an opportunity to make prisoners, and to plunder. For several successive nights, the watch imagined that they heard some person walking around the fort. When it came to the turn of young M'Kenney, whose mother had been killed, to watch, he declared he should fire on hearing the least noise without the fort. In the dead of night, he thought he heard some person at the picket gate, endeavoring to ascertain its strength. Having loaded his gun, as was usual among the first settlers of the country, with two balls, and several buck shot, he fired through the gate, which was made of thin boards. In the morning, blood was discovered on the spot, and also a number of beads, supposed to have been cut by the shot from the wampum of the Indian."

"In the spring of 1755, an Indian by the name of Philip, who had acquired just English enough to be understood, came into the town of Walpole, and visited the house of Mr. Kilburn, pretending to be on a hunting excursion in want of provisions. He was treated with kindness, and furnished with every thing he wanted, such as flints, flour, &c. Soon after he was gone, it was ascertained that the same Indian had visited all the settlements on Connecticut River about the same time, and with the same plausible pretensions of hunting. Kilburn had already learned a little of the Indian finesse, and suspected, as it proved, that this Philip was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Not long after, the following intelligence was communicated to all the forts by a friendly Indian, sent by Gen. Shirley, from Albany. He stated that four or five hundred Indians were collected in Canada, whose object it was to butcher the whole white population on Connecticut River. Judge, then, of the feelings of a few white settlers, when they learned the impending danger! To desert their soil, cattle, and crops of grain would be leaving their all, and to contend with the countless savages of the Canadian regions was a hopeless resort. But accustomed to all the hardships and dangers of life, they boldly resolved to defend themselves, or die in the cause. Kilburn and his men now strengthened their defence with such fortifica-

tions as their rude implements would allow, which consisted in surrounding their habitation with a palisado of stakes, stuck into the ground.

"Col. Benjamin Bellows had at this time about thirty men under his command, at the fort, about a mile south of Kilburn's house; but this could afford Kilburn no protection while attending to his cattle and crops.

"They were now daily expecting the appearance of the Indians, but the time of their attack no one could foresee or prevent. As Kilburn and his son John, in his eighteenth year, a man by the name of Peak, and his son, were returning home from work about noon, August 17th, 1755, one of them discovered the red legs of the Indians among the alders, 'as thick as grasshoppers.' They instantly made for the house, fastened the door, and began to make preparations for an obstinate defence. Beside these four men, there were in the house Kilburn's wife, and his daughter Hitty, who contributed not a little to encourage and assist their companions, as well as to keep a watch upon the movements of the enemy. In about fifteen minutes, the Indians were seen crawling up the bank east of the house; and as they crossed a foot-path one by one, one hundred and ninety-seven were counted; about the same number remained in ambush near the mouth of Cold River.

"The Indians had learned that Col. Benjamin Bellows with his men were at work at his mill about a mile east, and that it would be best to waylay and secure them, before disturbing those who had taken refuge in the log house. Bellows and his men, about thirty, were returning home with each a bag of meal on his back, when their dogs began to growl and betray symptoms of an enemy's approach. He well knew the language of his dogs, and the native intrigue of the Indians. Nor was he at a loss in forming his opinion of their intention to ambush his path, and conducted himself accordingly. He ordered all his men to throw off the meal, advance to the rise, carefully crawl up the bank, spring upon their feet, give one whoop, and instantly drop into the sweet fern. This manœuvre had the desired effect; for as soon as the whoop was given, the Indians all arose from their ambush in a semi-circle around the path Bellows was to follow.

"This gave his men a fine chance for a shot, which they improved instantly. The first shot so disconcerted the plans and expectations of the Indians that they darted away into the bushes without firing a gun. Bellows, finding their number too numerous for him, ordered his men to file off to the south, and make for the fort. The Indians next made their appearance on the eminence east of Kilburn's house, where the same Philip, who had visited him the summer before, came forward, and sheltering himself behind a tree, called out to those in the house to surrender. 'Old John, young John,' says he, 'I know you, come out here—we give ye good quarter.' 'Quarter!' vociferated old Kilburn, with a voice of thunder, that rang through every Indian heart, and every hill and valley, 'you black rascals, begone, or we'll *quarter* you!'

"Philip then returned to his companions, and after a few minutes' consultation, the *war-whoop* commenced. Kilburn got the first fire, before the smoke of the enemy's guns obstructed his aim, and was confident he saw an Indian fall, which, from his extraordinary size and other appearances, must have been Philip. The Indians rushed forward to the work of destruction, and probably not less than four hundred bullets were lodged in Kilburn's house at the first fire. The roof was a perfect 'riddle sieve.' Some of them fell to butchering the cattle, others were busily employed in wantonly destroying the hay and grain, while a shower of bullets kept up a continual pelting against the house. Meanwhile, Kilburn and his men were by no means idle. Their powder was already poured into hats, for the convenience of loading in a hurry, and every thing prepared for a spirited defence or glorious death. They had several guns in the house, which were kept hot by incessant firing through the port holes, and as they had no ammunition to spare, each one took special aim to have every bullet tell. The women assisted in loading the guns, and when their stock of lead grew short, they had the forethought to suspend blankets in the roof of the house, to catch the enemy's balls, which were immediately run into bullets by them, and sent back to the savages with equal velocity. Several attempts were made to burst open the doors, but the bullets within scattered death with

such profusion that they were soon compelled to desist from the rash undertaking. Most of the time the Indians endeavored to keep behind stumps, logs, and trees, which evidently evinced that they were not insensible to the unceremonious visits of Kilburn's bullets.

"All the afternoon, one incessant firing was kept up, till nearly sundown, when the Indians began to disappear, and as the sun sunk behind the western hills, the sound of the guns and the cry of the war-whoop died away in silence. This day's rencounter proved an effectual check to the expedition of the Indians, and induced them immediately to return to Canada; and it is within the bounds of reason to conclude that this matchless defence was instrumental in rescuing hundreds of our fellow-citizens from the horrors of an Indian massacre."

"In the summer of 1745, about thirty Indians, well armed, came to North Yarmouth, Me., and secreted themselves under a fence, between the two forts, which were a mile apart. As Philip Greely was passing, early the next morning, from one to the other, they shot him, and retired. Had they not been discovered by means of his dog, they would probably have let him pass unhurt But since an alarm would inevitably be given, either by him, if permitted to escape, or by the report of their guns, if they killed him, they preferred the latter alternative; and though he lost his life, the garrisons were both left unmolested. Not far distant, at Flying Point, they broke down the door, and entered the house of one Maines, about break of day, before the family were out of bed. The good man made a brave personal resistance, in which he was himself slain. A young child of his was also killed in its mother's arms, by a bullet, which, at the same time, wounded her in the breast. Aroused by the tumult, a man, lodging in the chamber, fired upon the assailants, shot down one of them, and so alarmed the rest that they fled out of the house, taking with them a young daughter, panic struck and freezing with horror. The thoughtful woman, thus left for a moment, barred the door, and thereby escaped a cruel death, or a more cruel captivity. The affrighted girl they carried captive to Canada. Determined, however, not to leave North Yarmouth till they

had more effectually executed their purpose, they selected an ambush near the meeting-house, from which they fired upon three men, who were in company; one of them, Ebenezer Eaton, they killed and scalped; another was made prisoner, and the third, escaping, carried the tidings to the fort. The Indians then spreading themselves along the ridge a little farther back, recommenced a discharge of their muskets upon the houses below, and upon such of the men as rushed out with their arms towards the place where they had heard the report of guns, and continued firing until fears of a rencounter induced them to retire."

What a melancholy exhibition of the human heart is here given! Who could have believed that mankind were capable of such deceit, treachery, and savage barbarity? Surely, though made upright, *they have sought out many inventions*—many methods of doing evil. And how clear is the proof that the hearts of men must be renewed before they are fitted to go and dwell in a heaven of perfect purity and love!

And will any, after reading this chapter, conclude that they are not the children of God, because their trials are *peculiar*? Were not the trials of our pious ancestors peculiar? Where, in all history, are to be found the same trials in *nature* and *extent*? Let our afflictions be what they may, they afford no decisive evidence that we are not the children of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF SEVERAL WHO FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE INDIANS.

A FEW of those who were captivated by the Indians have left a written relation of what befell them. Rev. John Williams, who was taken at Deerfield, Mass., wrote an interesting narrative of his capture and sufferings in a small work, entitled, "*The* REDEEMED CAPTIVE *returning to Zion.*" The following is the narrative.

"On Tuesday, February 29, 1704, not long before break of day, the enemy came in upon us like a flood, our watch being unfaithful. They came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows, with axes and hatchets, awakened me out of sleep; on which I leaped out of bed, and running towards the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house. I called to awaken two soldiers in the chamber, and returning towards my bed-side for my arms, the enemy immediately broke into the room, I judge, to the number of twenty, with painted faces and hideous acclamations. I reached up my hands to the bed-tester for my pistol, uttering a short petition to God *for everlasting mercies for me and mine, on account of the merits of our glorified Redeemer*, expecting a present passage through the valley of the shadow of death; saying in myself, as Isaiah, xxxviii. 10, 11, '*I said, in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave. I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.*' Taking down my pistol, I cocked it, and put it to the breast of the first Indian that came up; but my pistol missing fire, I was seized by three Indians, who disarmed me, and bound me naked, as I was in my shirt, and so I stood nearly an hour; binding me, they told me they would carry me to Quebec. My pistol missing fire, was an occasion of my life being preserved. One of the three who took me, who was a captain, received a mortal shot from my next neighbor's house.

"I cannot relate the distressing care I had for my dear wife, who had lain in but a few weeks before, and for my poor children, family and neighbors. The enemy fell to rifling the house, and entered in great numbers into every room in the house. I begged of God to remember mercy in the midst of judgment; that he would so far restrain their wrath as to prevent their murdering us; that we might have *grace to glorify his name, whether in life or death;* and, as I was able, committed our state to God. Those who entered the house, insulted over me awhile, holding up hatchets over my head, threatening to burn all

I had; but God, beyond expectation, made us in a great measure to be pitied; for though some were so cruel and barbarous as to take to the door two of my children and a negro woman, and murder them; yet they gave me liberty to put on my clothes, keeping me bound with a cord on one arm, till I put on my clothes to the other; and then changing my cord, they let me dress myself, and then pinioned me again. They gave liberty to my dear wife to dress herself and our children. About sun an hour high, we were all carried out of the house, for a march; saw many of the houses of my neighbors in flames, and perceived that the whole fort, with the exception of one house, was taken. Who can tell what sorrows pierced our souls, when we saw ourselves carried away from God's sanctuary, to go into a strange land, exposed to so many trials! the journey being at least three hundred miles; the snow up to the knees, and we not inured to such hardships and trials; the place to which we were to be carried, a popish country. On leaving the town, they fired my house and barn. We were carried over the river (Deerfield River) to the foot of the mountain, about a mile from my house, where we found a great number of our neighbors, men, women and children, to the number of *one hundred; nineteen* of whom were afterwards murdered by the way, and two starved to death, near Coos, in a time of great scarcity or famine the savages underwent there. When we came to the foot of the mountain, they took away our shoes, and gave us in room of them Indian shoes, to prepare us for our journey. While we were there, the English beat out a company which remained in the town, and pursued the enemy to the river, killing and wounding many of them; but the English, being few in number, were repulsed by the body of the army.

"After this, we went up the mountain, and saw the smoke of the fires in the town, and beheld the awful desolations of Deerfield. Before we marched any farther, they killed a sucking child of the English. We did not travel far the first day; and God made the heathen so to pity our children, that, although they had several wounded persons of their own to carry on their shoulders, they carried those of our children who were incapable of travelling, in their arms,

and upon their shoulders. When we came to our lodging place the first night, they dug away the snow, made some wigwams, cut down some branches of spruce-tree to lie on, and gave the prisoners something to eat; but we had little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down that night, and on each succeeding night, while I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought spirituous liquor with them from the town, fell to drinking, and, in their drunken fit, killed my negro man.

"In the night, an Englishman made his escape; in the morning I was called for, and ordered by the general to tell the English, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me, was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we marched; but on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed on the happiness of those who had a right to *a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*, and who had a God for a *Father and Friend*, and mentioned that it was our reasonable duty quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, *The will of the Lord be done*. My wife told me that her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her, saying, she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children, and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake a discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had happened. We soon made a halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, when I was put upon marching with the foremost; and so I was made to take my last farewell of my dear wife, *the desire of my eyes*, and my companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation, we asked for each other grace sufficient for what God should call us to. After we were parted, she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the holy Scriptures, which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading; praying over and meditating thereon, by herself, in her closet, besides hearing them read in our family worship. I was

made to wade over a small river, (Green River,) and so were all the English, the water being above knee deep, and the stream very swift, and to travel up a small mountain; before I came to the top of it, my strength was almost spent. When I had overcome the difficulty of that ascent, I was permitted to sit down, and to be unburdened of my pack. I sat pitying those who were behind, and entreated my master to let me go down and help my wife; but he refused, and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners, as they passed by me, after her, and heard that, in passing through the afore-mentioned river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in water; after which she did not travel far, for at the foot of the mountain, the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful; and yet, such was the hard-heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss, and the loss of my children was great, and our hearts were so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hope of her being taken away in mercy to herself, from the evils we were to see, and feel, and suffer under, and the belief that she was joined to the assembly of the *spirits of just men made perfect*, to rest in peace, and *joy unspeakable and full of glory*, and the good pleasure of the Lord thus to exercise us, could have kept us from sinking under our affliction. That passage of Scripture,—*Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord*,—was brought to my mind with some other texts of Scripture, together with the thought that *an afflicting God is to be glorified*, to persuade to a patient bearing of my affliction.

"We were again called upon to march, which I did with a far heavier burden on my *spirits* than on my *back*. I begged of God so to overrule in his providence that the corpse of one so dear to me, and one whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might have a Christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the earth; a mercy which God graciously vouchsafed to grant. For he put it into the hearts of my neighbors, soon after, to come out to the place where she

lay, take up the corpse, carry it back to the town, and decently bury it. In our march they killed a sucking infant of one of our neighbors, and, before night, a girl, about eleven years of age. I mourned to see my flock so far a flock of slaughter, many being slain in the town, and a number having been murdered since we left; and I was distressed to think of what we must yet expect from those who delightfully imbrued their hands in our blood. When we came to our lodging place, an Indian captain from the eastward consulted my master about killing me, and taking off my scalp. I lifted up my heart to God, and implored his grace and mercy in such a time of need. I afterwards told my master that if he intended to kill me, I desired that he would let me know of it, assuring him at the same time, that my death, after a promise of quarter, would bring the guilt of blood upon him. He told me that he would not kill me. We then laid down and slept, for the Lord sustained and kept us.

"In the morning, March 2, we were all called before the chief sachems, that a more equal distribution of the prisoners might be made. On leaving the wigwam, my best clothing was taken from me. As I came near the place appointed for us to assemble, some of the captives met me, and told me that they thought our enemies were going to burn us, for they had peeled off the bark from several trees, and acted very strangely. To whom I replied, that they could do nothing against us, but as they were permitted of God, and that I was persuaded he would prevent such severities. When we came to the wigwam appointed, several were taken from their former masters, and put into the hands of others; but I was sent again to my two masters who brought me from my house.

"On our fourth day's march, March 3, the enemy killed another of my neighbors, who, being near the time of her travail, was wearied with her journey. When we came to the great river, (the Connecticut,) the enemy took hand-sleighs to draw their wounded, several of our children, and their packs, and marched a great pace. I travelled many hours in water up to my ankles. Near night I was very lame, having, previous to commencing my journey, wrenched my ankle-bone and sinews. *I* thought, and so

did others, that I should not hold out to go far. I lifted up my heart to God, my only refuge, to remove my lameness, and carry me through, with my children and neighbors, if he judged best; however, I desired that God would be with me in my great and last change, if he should call me by such a death to glorify him; and that he would take care of my children and neighbors, and bless them. In a short time, I was well of my lameness, to the joy of my neighbors, who saw a great alteration in my travelling.

"On Saturday, March 4th, the journey was long and tedious, and we travelled with such speed that four women became so wearied that they were killed by those who led them captive.

"On the Sabbath, March 5th, we rested, and I was permitted to pray, and to preach to the captives. The passage of Scripture spoken from was Lam. i. 18. *The Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandment: hear, I pray you, all people, and behold my sorrow: my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity.* We had this revival in our bondage, to join together in the worship of God, and to encourage one another patiently to bear the indignation of the Lord, till he should plead our cause. When we arrived at New France, (Canada,) we were forbidden to pray one with another, or to join together in the service of God.

"Monday, March 6th. Soon after we marched, we had an alarm; on which, many of the English were bound. As I was near the front, and my master was not with me, I was not bound. The alarm was occasioned by some Indians shooting at geese that flew over them. They were thrown into considerable consternation and fright; but when they came to understand that they were not pursued by the English, they boasted that they would not come out after them. They killed this day two women, who were so faint they could not travel.

"Tuesday, March 7th. In the morning, before we started on our way, a pious young woman, Mrs. Mary Brooks, came to the wigwam where I was, and told me that she desired to bless God, who had inclined the heart of her master to let her come and take her farewell of

me. Said she, 'By my falls upon the ice yesterday, I injured myself so as to cause a miscarriage last night. I am not able to travel far, and I know they will kill me today; but,' said she, 'God has (praised be his name) by his word and Spirit, strengthened me to my last encounter with death.' She then mentioned some passages of Scripture which had been suggested to her mind for her support, and added, 'I am not afraid of death: I can, through the grace of God, cheerfully submit to his will. Pray for me,' said she, at parting, 'that God would take me to himself.' Accordingly, she was killed that day.

"The next day, March 8th, we were separated one from another into small companies; and one of my children was carried away with Indians belonging to the eastern parts. At night, my master came to me with my pistol in his hand, and put it to my breast, and said, 'Now I will kill you, for you would have killed me with it if you could.' But by the grace of God, I was not much daunted, and whatever his intention might be, God prevented my death.

"Thursday, March 9th. I was again permitted to pray with my fellow-captives, and we were allowed to sing a psalm together; after which I was taken from the company of all the English, excepting two children of my neighbors, one of whom, a girl four years of age, was killed by her Macqua master the next morning—the snow being so deep, when we left the river,* that he could not carry the child and his pack too.

"The next Sabbath, March 12th, one Indian and a little boy staid with me, while the rest went a hunting. While here, I thought with myself that God had now separated me from the congregation of his people, who were now in his sanctuary, where he commandeth *the blessing, even life forevermore.* I was led to bewail my unfruitfulness under, and unthankfulness for, such a mercy. My spirit was almost overwhelmed within me, at the consideration

* "The parties were divided into small companies at the mouth of White River. Some of them, with Mr. Williams, followed up this river over the Green Mountain. Another party, with one of his children, took a north-eastern direction, and followed up the Connecticut."—*Williams' Memoir*, p. 40.

of what had passed over me, and of what I had yet to expect. I was almost ready to sink under it; but I was greatly strengthened and supported by these texts of scripture: 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God. Remember, I beseech thee, the word that thou commandedst thy servant Moses, saying, If ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations: but if ye turn unto me, and keep my commandments, and do them, though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen, to set my name there.' These three passages of scripture, one after another, by the grace of God, strengthened my hopes that God would so far restrain the wrath of the adversary, that the greatest number of us left alive should be carried through so tedious a journey. Though my children had no father to take care of them, these words quieted me to a patient waiting to see the end the Lord would make. 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' Accordingly, God carried them wonderfully through great difficulties and dangers. My youngest daughter, aged seven years, was carried all the journey, and looked after with a great deal of tenderness. My youngest son, aged four years, was wonderfully preserved from death; for although those who carried him, or drew him on sleighs, were tired with their journeys, yet their savage, cruel tempers were so overruled by God that they did not kill him, but in their pity he was spared, until at last he arrived in Montreal, where a French gentlewoman, pitying the child, redeemed it out of the hands of the heathen. My son Samuel, and my eldest daughter were pitied, so as to be drawn on sleighs, when unable to travel. And although they suffered very much through scarcity of food, and tedious journeys, they were carried through to Montreal. And my son Stephen, about eleven years of age, was wonderfully preserved from death, in the famine whereof three English persons died, and after eight months he was brought into Shamblee.

"My master returned on the evening of the Sabbath, and told me that he had killed five moose. The next day we were removed to the place where he killed them. We tarried there three days, till we had roasted and dried the meat. My master made me a pair of snow-shoes, and said to me, 'You cannot possibly travel without them;' the snow being knee deep. We left this place heavy laden, and I travelled with snow-shoes, and a burden on my back, twenty-five miles the first day. I travelled again the next day till afternoon, when we came to the French (or Onion) River. At this place my master took away my pack, and drew the whole load on the ice; but my bones seemed to be misplaced, and I was unable to travel with any speed. My feet were very sore, and each night I wrung blood out of my stockings, when I pulled them off. My shins also were very sore, having been cut with the crust upon the snow, while travelling without snow-shoes. But finding some dry oak leaves by the bank of the river, I put them on my shins, and after one application they were healed. And here my master was very kind to me, always giving me the best he had to eat; and through the goodness of God, I never wanted a meal of victuals during my captivity, though some of my children and neighbors suffered much from famine and pinching want; having for many days nothing but roots to live upon, and but a small share of them. My master gave me a piece of a bible, and never disturbed me while reading the scriptures, or while praying to God. Many of my neighbors had bibles, psalm books, catechisms, and other good books put into their hands, with liberty to read them. But after their arrival at Canada, all possible endeavors were used to deprive them of them.

"My march on the French River was very tedious; for fearing a thaw, we travelled a very great pace. My feet were so bruised, and my joints so distorted by travelling in snow-shoes, that I thought it impossible for me to hold out. One morning a little before day break, my master came and awaked me out of sleep, saying, 'Arise, pray to God, and eat your breakfast, for we must go a great way to-day.' After prayer, I arose from my knees, but my feet were so tender, swollen, bruised, and full of pain,

that I could scarcely stand on them without holding on upon the wigwam. When the Indians said, 'You must run to-day,' I answered, 'I cannot run;' my master pointing to his hatchet, said, 'Then I must dash out your brains, and take off your scalp.' I said, 'I suppose then that you will do so, for I am not able to travel with speed.' He sent me away alone on the ice. About sun half an hour high, he overtook me, for I had travelled very slowly, not thinking it possible for me to go five miles. When he came up, he called upon me to *run;* I told him I could go no faster; he passed by me without saying another word; so that sometimes during the day I scarcely saw any thing of him for an hour together. I travelled from about day break until dark, and did not so much as sit down at noon to eat warm victuals; eating frozen meat which I had in my coat pocket, as I went on my way. We travelled that day two of their days' journeys, as they came down. I judge that we passed over the distance of forty or forty-five miles. God wonderfully supported me, and so far renewed my strength, that in the afternoon I was stronger to travel than in the forenoon. My strength was renewed to admiration. We should never distrust the care and compassion of God, who can give strength to those who have no might, and power to them who are ready to faint.

"When we entered on the lake, the ice was rough and uneven, which was very painful to my feet, which could scarcely bear to be set down on the smooth ice on the river. I lifted up my cry to God in ejaculatory requests that he would take notice of my state, and some way or other relieve me. I had not travelled more than half a mile before there fell a moist snow, about an inch and a half deep, which made it very soft for my feet to pass over the lake, to the place where my master's family was. Wonderful favors in the midst of trying afflictions! We went a day's journey from the lake, to a small company of Indians, who were hunting; they were, after their manner, kind to me, giving me the best they had, which was moose flesh, ground-nuts, and cranberries, but no bread. For three weeks together, I ate no bread. After remaining here awhile, and undergoing difficulties in cut-

ting wood, and suffering from lousiness, having lousy old clothes, that had belonged to soldiers, put on to me when they stripped me of mine, to sell to the French soldiers in the army, we again began to march for Shamblee. We staid at a branch of the lake, and feasted two or three days on geese we killed there. After another day's travel we came to a river where the ice was thawed. We here made a canoe of elm bark, in one day, and arrived on Saturday, near noon, at Shamblee, where was a garrison and fort of French soldiers.

AT SHAMBLEE.

"This village is about fifteen miles from Montreal. The French were very kind to me. A gentleman of the place took me into his house and to his table, and lodged me at night on a good feather bed. The officers and inhabitants treated me in a very obliging manner, the little time I staid with them, and promised to write a letter to the governor of Canada to inform him of my passage down the river. Here I saw a girl who was taken from Deerfield, and a young man, who informed me that the greatest part of the captives had come in; that two of my children were at Montreal; and that many of the captives had come in, three weeks before my arrival. Mercy in the midst of judgment! As we passed along the river towards Sorel, we went into a house where there was an English woman of our town, who had been left among the French, in order to her conveyance to the Indian fort. The French were very kind to her and to myself, and gave us the best provision they had. She embarked with us to go down to the fort at St. Francois. When we came down to the first inhabited house in Sorel, a French woman came to the river side, and desired us to go into her house. When we had entered, she compassionated our condition, and told us that in the last war she had been a captive among the Indians, and therefore was not a little sensible of our difficulties. She gave the Indians something to eat in the chimney corner, and spread a cloth on the table for us with napkins; which gave such offence to the Indians, that they hasted away, and would not call in at the fort.

Wherever we entered into houses, the French were very courteous. When we came to St. Francois River, we found some difficulty by reason of the ice; and entering into a Frenchman's house, he gave us a loaf of bread and some fish to carry away with us. We passed down the river till night, and there seven of us supped on a fish called bullhead or pout, and did not eat it up, the fish was so very large.

"The next morning we met with such a large quantity of ice, that we were forced to leave our canoe, and travel on land. We went to a French officer's house, who took us into a private room, out of the sight of the Indians, and treated us very courteously. That night we arrived at Fort St. Francois, where we found several poor children who had been taken from the eastward the summer before; a sight very affecting, they being in their habits and manners very much conformed to the Indians. At this fort lived two Jesuits, one of whom was afterwards made superior of the Jesuits at Quebec. One of these Jesuits met me at the fort gate, and asked me to go into the church and give God thanks for preserving my life. I told him that I would do that in some other place. When the bell rang for evening prayers, he that took me, bade me go; but I refused. The Jesuit came to our wigwam and offered a short prayer, and invited me to sup with them. He justified the Indians in what they had done against us, rehearsing some things done by Major Waldron, more than thirty years ago, and how justly God retaliated them in the last war.

"The next morning the bell rang for mass; my master bade me go to church. I refused. He threatened me, and went away in a rage. At noon, the Jesuits sent to me to dine with them, for I ate at their table all the time I was at the fort. After dinner they told me that the Indians would not allow any of their captives to stay at their wigwams while they were at church, and that they were resolved by force and violence to bring us all to church, if we would not go without. I told them that it was very unreasonable so to impose upon those who were of a contrary religion, and to force us to be present at a service we abhorred, was nothing becoming Christianity They re-

plied, 'that they were savages, and would not hearken to reason, but would have their own wills.' They said also, 'that if they were in New England, they would go into our churches to see our ways of worship.' I replied, that the case was very different, for there was nothing (themselves being judges) as to *matter* or *manner* of worship in our churches but what was according to the word of God, and therefore it could not be an offence to any man's conscience; but that among them there were idolatrous superstitions in worship. They said, 'Come and see, and offer us conviction of what is superstitious in worship.' To this I answered, that I was not to do evil that good might come, and that force in matters of religion was hateful. They answered, 'The Indians are resolved to have it so, and we cannot pacify them unless you come. We will engage that they shall offer no violence to cause your compliance with our ceremonies.' The next mass, my master bade me go to the church. I objected. He rose, and forcibly pulled me by my head and shoulders out of the wigwam to the church, which was near the door. So I went in and sat down behind the door, and there saw great confusion, instead of any gospel order; for one of the Jesuits was at the altar, saying mass in a tongue unknown to the savages, and the other was between the altar and the door, saying and singing prayers among the Indians at the same time; and many others were at the same time saying over their paternosters and Ave Maria's, by tale, from their beads, on a string. When we came out, I smiled at their ceremonies, which offended them, and they said that I made a derision of their worship. A day or two after, the Jesuits asked me what I thought of their mode of worship, now that I had seen it. I told them that I thought Christ said of it, *Howbeit, in vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For, laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do. And he said unto them, Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition.* They told me that they were not the commandments of men, but apostolical traditions, of equal authority with the holy scriptures; that after my

death, I should bewail my not praying to the Virgin Mary, and that I should find the want of her intercession for me with her Son; judging me to hell, for asserting that the scriptures were a perfect rule of faith. I told them that it was my comfort that Christ, and not they, was to be my judge at the great day.

"One day a squaw, named Ruth, who had been taken prisoner in Philip's war, who had lived at Weathersfield, who could speak English very well, and who had often been at my house, being now proselyted to the Romish faith, came into the wigwam, accompanied by an English maid, who was taken in the last war, who was dressed in Indian apparel, and unable to speak one word of English. She said she could neither tell her own name, or the name of the place from whence she was taken. These two talked with my master a long time in the Indian dialect, after which he bade me cross myself. I told him that I would not. He commanded me several times, and I as often refused. Ruth said, 'Mr. Williams, you are acquainted with the scriptures, and therefore you act against your own light; for you know that the scriptures say, *Servants, obey your masters.* He is your master, and you are his servant.' I told her that she was ignorant of the scriptures; stating that I was not to disobey the great God to obey my master, and that I was ready to die in suffering for God, if called thereto. She then talked with my master, and I suppose interpreted what I said. He took my hand to force me to cross myself; but I struggled with him, and would not suffer him to guide my hand. He then pulled a crucifix from off his neck, and bade me kiss it; but I refused once and again. He told me that he would dash out my brains with his hatchet if I refused. I replied that I should sooner choose death than to sin against God. He then ran and took up his hatchet, and acted as though he would dash out my brains; but seeing that I was unmoved, he threw down his hatchet, saying that he would first bite off my nails, if I still refused. I gave him my hand, and told him that I was ready to suffer. He set his teeth into my thumb-nail, and gave a gripe, and then said, 'No good minister—no love God—as bad as the devil;' and so left me. I have reason to bless God, who

strengthened me to withstand this trial. My master was so much discouraged by it, that he meddled with me no more about my religion. I asked leave of the Jesuits to pray with the English of our town who were with me; but they absolutely refused to give us any permission to pray one with another, and they did what they could to prevent our having any discourse together.

"After a few days, Gov. De Vaudreuil sent down two men with letters to the Jesuits, desiring them to order my being sent to him at Montreal. Accordingly, one of the Jesuits went with my two masters, and took me along with them. They also took two more who were from Deerfield—a man, and his daughter, about seven years of age. When we came to the lake, the wind was tempestuous and contrary, so that we were afraid to go over. They landed and kindled a fire, and said they would wait awhile, and see whether the wind would fall or change. I went aside from the company among the trees, and spread our case before God, and plead that he would so order the season that we might not be obliged to return, but that we might be furthered on our voyage, that I might have an opportunity to see my children and neighbors, converse with them, and know their state. When I returned, the wind was more boisterous than before. I retired a second time; but when I came back, the wind was more violent than ever. I now reflected upon myself for my unquietness and want of resignation to the will of God. I went the third time, and bewailed before God my anxious cares and the tumultuous workings of my own heart, pleading for a will fully resigned to the will of God; and I thought that by his grace I was brought to say *amen* to whatever he should determine. When I returned to the company, the wind was yet high, and the Jesuit and my master said, 'Come, we will go back again to the fort; for there is no likelihood of our proceeding in the voyage, for very frequently such a wind continues three days, sometimes six.' I said to them, *The will of the Lord be done.* The canoe was put again into the river, and we embarked. No sooner had my master put me into the canoe, and put off from the shore, than the wind fell; and when we came into the middle of the river, they said, 'We can go over the

lake well enough;' and so we did. I then promised that if God gave me opportunity, I would stir up others to glorify him by committing their straits of heart, perseveringly, to him. *He is a prayer-hearing God, and the stormy winds obey him.* After we had passed over the lake, the French, wherever we came, treated us very compassionately.

AT MONTREAL.

"When I arrived at Montreal, which was eight weeks after I was captivated, the governor, De Vaudreuil, redeemed me out of the hands of the Indians, gave me good clothing, took me to his table, gave me the use of a good chamber, and was, in all respects, as it related to my outward man, courteous and charitable to admiration. At my first entering into his house, he sent for my two children, who were in the city, that I might see them, and promised to do what he could to get all my children and neighbors out of the hands of the savages. My change of diet, after the difficulties of my journeys, brought on a slight sickness, for which I was bled and physicked, and had very tender care taken of me. The governor redeemed my eldest daughter out of the hands of the Indians, and she was carefully tended in the hospital until she was well of her lameness, and respectably provided for by the governor during her stay in the country. My youngest child was redeemed by a lady in the city, as the Indians passed by. After the Indians had been to their fort and conversed with the priests, they came back and offered the lady a man for the child, alleging that the child could not be profitable to her, but that the man would, for he was a weaver, and his service would greatly advance the design she had of making cloth. But God so overruled, in his providence, that they did not prevail with her to make an exchange. The governor gave orders to certain officers to get the rest of my children out of the hands of the Indians, and as many of my neighbors as they could. After six weeks, a merchant in the city obtained my eldest son that was taken captive, and took him to live with him. He took a great deal of pains to persuade the savages to part with him. An Indian came to the city from Coos, and brought

word that my son Stephen was near that place. A sum of money was put into his hands for his redemption, and he had the promise of full satisfaction if he brought him; but the Indian proved unfaithful, and I did not see my child till a year after.

"The governor ordered a priest to go along with me to see my youngest daughter, who was among the Macquas, and endeavor to obtain her ransom. He went with me, and was very courteous to me. When we came to his parish, which was near the Macqua fort, he wrote a letter to the Jesuit, desiring him to send my child to see me. The Jesuit wrote back a letter, stating that I should not be permitted to see nor speak with my child; that if I came, my labor would be lost, and that the Macquas would as soon part with their hearts as my child. On my return to the city, I, with a heavy heart, carried the Jesuit's letter to the governor, who, after reading it, was very angry. He endeavored to comfort me, assuring me that I should see the child, and speak with it; and that he would use his best endeavors to procure its ransom. Accordingly, he sent to the Jesuits who resided in the city, instructing them to use their influence in obtaining the child. After some days, he went with me in person to the fort. When we arrived, he conversed with the Jesuits; after which, my child was brought into the chamber where I was. I was told that I might speak with her, but that I should not be permitted to speak to any other English person present. My child was about seven years old. I conversed with her near an hour. She could read very well, and had not forgotten what she had learned from the catechism. She was very desirous of being redeemed out of the hands of the Macquas, and bemoaned her state among them. I told her that she must pray to God for grace every day. She said that she did as she was able, and that God helped her. 'But,' said she, 'they force me to say prayers in Latin, but I do not understand one word of them. I hope it won't do me any harm.' I told her that she must be careful that she did not forget her catechism and the passages of scripture she had learned. I saw her a few days after, in the city, but had but little time with her. What time I had, I improved in giving her the

best advice I could. The governor labored much to procure her redemption: at last, he had the promise of it, in case he would procure for them an Indian girl in her stead. Accordingly, he sent up the river several hundred miles, to obtain one, but when it was offered by the governor, it was refused. He offered them a hundred pieces of eight for her redemption; but it was refused. His lady went over, and endeavored to beg the child, but all in vain.*

"When I had conversed with the child, and was coming out of the fort, I saw some of my poor neighbors, who stood with longing expectations to see and speak with me, and they had leave of their savage masters so to do. But the Jesuit thrust me along by force, and I was permitted only to speak to them respecting some of their relations, and that with a very audible voice, not being permitted to come near to them.

"I was not permitted so much as to pray with the English who dwelt in the same house with me; and the English who came to see me, were most of them put back by the guard at the door, and were not suffered to speak with me. When I went into the city, (a favor which the governor never refused when I asked it,) there were spies to watch me, and to observe whether I spoke to the English. I told some of the English that they must be careful to call to mind and improve the instruction they had formerly received. I requested the governor that no forcible means might be used with any of the captives respecting their religion. He replied that he allowed no such thing.

"When I first came to Montreal, the governor told me that I should be sent home as soon as Capt. Battis re-

* "At the time Mr. Williams was redeemed, this daughter (Eunice) was left among the Indians, and no money could procure her redemption. She soon forgot the English language, became an Indian in her habits, married an Indian, who assumed the name of Williams, and had several children by him. Some years after this, she visited Deerfield in her Indian dress. She attended meeting in her father's church while here, and her friends dressed her in the English fashion. She indignantly threw off her clothes in the afternoon, and resumed the Indian blanket. Every effort was used to persuade her to leave the Indians and remain among her relations, but in vain. She preferred the mode of life and the haunts of the Indians, to the unutterable grief of Mr. Williams and her relations."—*Williams' Memoir*, p. 53.

turned, and not before; and that I was captured in order to his redemption. He sought by every means to divert me from my sorrows, and always showed a willingness for me to see my children. One day I told him I designed walking into the city, he answered pleasantly, 'Go, with all my heart.' Within a short time I was ordered to go down to Quebec. While we were at dinner one day, the governor's lady, seeing me sad, spoke to an officer at the table, who could speak Latin, to tell me, that after dinner, I should go along with them to see my children. Accordingly, after dinner I was carried to see them. When I came to the house, I found three or four English captives, who lived there, and I had leave to converse with them.

"I was sent down to Quebec in company with Gov. De Ramsey, of Montreal, the superior of the Jesuits; and I was ordered to live with one of the council, from whom I received many favors for seven weeks. He told me that it was through the influence of the priests that I was sent down before the governor came, and that if I went to see the English much, or they came much to visit me, I should yet certainly be sent away where I should have no opportunity to converse with them.

"While at Quebec, I was invited to dine with the Jesuits, and they were civil enough to my face. But after a few days, a young man came to my chamber, and told me that one of the Jesuits, after we had taken dinner, made a few verses of burlesque poetry, and gave them to his scholars to translate into French. He showed them to me. The import of them was, 'that the king of France's grandson had sent out his huntsmen, and that they had taken a *wolf*, who is shut up, and now I hope the sheep will be in safety.' I knew what they aimed at, but I held my peace. I said in my heart, If God will bless, let men curse if they please; and I looked to God in Christ, the great Shepherd, to keep his scattered sheep among so many Romish ravenous wolves, and to remember the reproaches wherewith his holy name, ordinances, and servants were daily reproached. Monsieur De Beauville was a good friend to me, and very courteous to all the captives. He lent me an English Bible, and when he left Canada for France, he gave it to me.

"I was invited one day to dine with one of chief note. After dinner, the superior of the Jesuits came in. Presently it was proposed to me that I should stay among them and be of their religion; and I was assured that if I would, I should have a large pension from the king every year. The superior of the Jesuits then turned to me and said, 'Sir, you have manifested much grief and sorrow on account of being separated from your children and neighbors: if you will comply with this proposal and offer, you may have all your children with you, and your pension will be sufficient for an honorable maintenance of you and them.' I answered, 'Sir, if I thought your religion to be true, I would embrace it freely, without any such offer: but so long as I believe it to be what it is, the offer of the whole world is of no more value to me than a blackberry.'

"Not many days after, I was sent fifteen miles down the river, to a place called Chateauviche, that I might not have an opportunity to converse with the English. I was treated courteously by the French and by the priests of the place. Here a gentleman, in the presence of the bishop and priest, offered me his house and whole living, and gave me the assurance of honor, wealth, and employment, if I would embrace their religion. I was sometimes told that I might have all my children if I would comply, and that I must never expect to have them on any other terms. I told them that my children were dearer to me than all the world beside, but I would not deny Christ and his truth to have them with me.

"On the 21st of October, 1704, I received letters from New England, giving the account that many of our neighbors escaped from the desolations of the fort at Deerfield; that my dear wife was decently buried; and that my eldest son, who was absent when we were captivated, had been sent to college, and was provided for. This intelligence occasioned many thanksgivings to God in the midst of afflictions, and caused our prayers to ascend to heaven for a blessing on our benefactors, who had shown such kindness to the desolate and afflicted.

"Many crafty designs were formed to ensnare the young among the English, and to turn them from the simplicity of the gospel to the Romish faith, which was very trying

to me. Some attempted to allure poor souls by flatteries and great promises, some by threatenings, and some offered abuse to such as refused to go to church, and be present at mass. Some they industriously contrived to get married among them. I understood that they would tell the English that I had turned, that they might induce them to change their religion.

"The hearts of many were ready to be discouraged and sink, saying, 'that they were out of sight, and consequently out of mind.' I endeavored to persuade them that we were not forgotten; that many prayers were undoubtedly going up to heaven in our behalf. Not long after, Capt. Livingston and Mr. Sheldon arrived, bringing letters from the governor of Massachusetts to the governor of Canada, relating to the exchange of prisoners. This revived many, and raised their expectations of a return. But God's time of deliverance was not yet come. I besought Capt. De Beauville, who had always been very friendly, to intercede with the governor that my eldest daughter might return; that he would purchase my son Stephen of the Indians at Fort St. Francois; and that he would give me leave to go up to Montreal and see my children and neighbors. Five of the English who were from Deerfield, were permitted to return with Capt. Livingston, among whom was my eldest daughter. My son Stephen was redeemed, and sent to live with me. He had suffered much among the Indians, was very poor, and almost naked. My request, that I might be permitted to go up to Montreal to see my children and neighbors, was denied me. God brought me by his grace to be willing that he should glorify himself in disposing of me and mine as he pleased. And almost always before receiving any remarkable favor, I was brought to lie down at God's feet, and to resign all to his holy sovereignty. I had no small refreshing in having one of my children with me for four months.

"I will here give an account of what befell one of my children, a boy about fifteen or sixteen years of age, who was two hundred miles distant from me, which occasioned me unspeakable sorrow and grief. They threatened to deliver him to the Indians again, if he would not embrace their religion. The priests would spend whole days

in urging him. He was sent to school to learn to read and write French. The master sometimes flattered him with promises to cross himself, and then threatened him if he would not. But when he saw that neither promises nor threatenings would avail, he struck him with a stick; when he saw that this did not bring him to a compliance, he made him get down and stand upon his knees about an hour, and then came and commanded him to make the sign of a cross, and that without delay; but he still refused. He then gave him a couple of strokes with a whip, with three lashes and about twelve knots, and again commanded him to make the sign of the cross; telling him that if it were any sin he would bear it himself. After he had made him shed many tears under his abuses and threatenings, he told him he would have it done. At length, through cowardice and the fear of the whip, he made the sign, and continued to do so for several days together. When he came to recite his lesson, he did not cross himself. The master seeing it, said to him, 'Have you forgotten what I commanded you?' 'No, sir,' said he. He was then commanded to kneel down upon his knees, and was kept there an hour and a half, until the school was dismissed. After this, the master commanded him to go to church. When he refused, he told him he would make him go; and one morning he sent four of the largest boys of the school to drag him by force to mass.

"When I received intelligence of this, I was almost overwhelmed with grief and sorrow. I made my complaint unto God, and mourned before him. 'Sorrow and anguish took hold upon me.' I asked God to direct me what to do, and to open a way by which I might convey a letter to him. Here I thought of my afflictions:—my wife and two children killed, and many of my neighbors; myself and so many of my children and friends in a popish country, separated from our children, unable to come to them to instruct them, and cunning and crafty enemies using all their subtilty to instill into their minds pernicious principles. I thought of the happiness of those parents who had their children with them, under all the advantages of training them up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' O, that parents who read this narrative,

would bless God for the advantages they have for educating their children, and improve them faithfully! One of my children was now with the Macquas, a second turned to popery, and a little child six years of age in danger of being instructed in the same doctrines and practices; and I knew full well that every means would be employed to prevent my seeing and speaking with them. In the midst of all these difficulties and trials, God gave me a secret hope that he would magnify his power and grace in disappointing the crafty designs of my enemies. God supported me with these passages of scripture: 'Who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Is any thing too hard for the Lord?'

"While the enemy were promising themselves another winter, in which to draw away the English to popery, news came that an English brig was on its way to Canada, and that Capt. Samuel Atherton and Capt. John Bonner were coming as commissioners for the redemption of the captives. It is not possible for me to tell how diligently the clergy and others labored to stop the prisoners. To some they promised liberty, to others money, and to others a yearly pension, if they would remain. Some they urged to tarry at least until the spring of the year; telling them that it was so late in the season that they would be shipwrecked and lost. Day and night they were engaged in urging them to stay. And I was threatened with being sent on board, without permission to come on shore again, if I conversed any more with the English who had turned to their religion. At Montreal, especially, every effort was used to persuade the English to stay. They told my child that if he would remain, he should have a yearly pension from the king; and that his master, who was an old man, and the richest in Canada, would give him a great deal; assuring him that if he returned, he would be poor; 'for,' said they, 'your father is poor; he has lost all his estate, it is all burned.' But he would not be prevailed upon to stay. They endeavored, after this, to prevail with my son to go to France.

"We came away from Quebec on the 25th of October, 1706. We were met by contrary winds and a heavy storm, which retarded our progress, and drove us back

near the city. In the storm we narrowly escaped shipwreck, the vessel being twice driven upon a rock. But through the goodness of God, we all arrived in safety at Boston, on the 25th of November. The number of captives on board was fifty-seven, two of whom were my children. I left a daughter, ten years of age, and many of my neighbors, in Canada."

Soon after Mr. Williams arrived in Boston, commissioners were chosen by the town of Deerfield to treat with him upon the subject of his re-settlement in the ministry among them. Mr. Williams accepted the invitation, and remained there until his death, which occurred on the 12th of June, 1729. He died in the 65th year of his age.

The following is the NARRATIVE of *Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*, wife of Rev. Joseph Rowlandson, of Lancaster, Mass., written by herself.

"On the 10th of February, 1675, about sunrise, the Indians in great numbers came upon Lancaster. Hearing the noise of guns, we looked out; several houses were burning, and the smoke was ascending up to heaven. Five were taken in one house—the father and mother, and a sucking child they knocked on the head, the other two they carried captive. Two others being out of the garrison, were attacked, one was killed, and the other escaped. Another, as he was running along, was fired at and wounded; falling down, he begged for his life, promising them money, (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him; they buried their hatchet in his head, stripped him naked, and split open his bowels. Another, seeing many Indians about his barn, went out, and was shot. Three others belonging to the same garrison were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had an opportunity to fire down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on burning and destroying all before them.

"At length, they came and assaulted our house,—such a doleful day my eyes never beheld before. The house stood upon the edge of a hill; some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind what-

ever would shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail, and soon they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. They had been about the house about two hours, (according to my estimation in that amazing time,) before they succeeded in setting it on fire, which they did with flax and hemp, which they brought out of the barn. They set it on fire once, and one ventured out and quenched it; but they soon fired it again, and that kindled. Now the dreadful hour was come that I had often heard of others being called to, in time of war, but now mine own eyes saw it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, while others were wallowing in their blood, the house being on fire over our heads, and the bloody savages were standing ready to bury the tomahawk in our head if we stirred out. Now we could hear mothers and children crying out, *Lord, what shall we do*? I took my children, and one of my sisters hers, to go out and leave the house; but as soon as we made our appearance at the door, the Indians fired so fast, that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had taken a handful of stones and thrown them, so that we were forced to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison; but not one of them would stir, though at another time, if an Indian came to the door, they were ready to fly upon him, and tear him down. The Lord by this would lead us more fully to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is in him alone. But the fire increasing and roaring behind us, we must of necessity go out, though the Indians were gaping before us with their guns, spears and hatchets to devour the prey. No sooner were we out of the house, than my brother-in-law (having before been wounded in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, at which the Indians scornfully shouted and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes. The bullets flying thick, one of them went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my poor child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children had his leg broken, which being perceived by the Indians, they knocked him on the head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless savages, the blood

running down at our feet. My eldest sister being yet in the house, seeing the Indians hauling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood; and being told that her son William was dead, and that I was wounded, she exclaimed, Lord, let me die with them! No sooner had she said this, than she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. The Indians now laid hold on us, pulling me one way, and the children another, saying, Come, go along with us. I told them that they would kill me. They said that if I was willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.

"O! the doleful sight that now met our eyes at this house! *Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.* Of thirty-seven persons who were in this house, none escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity, excepting one, who might say with the messenger of Job, *I only am escaped alone to tell thee.* Twelve were killed—some were shot, some stabbed with spears, others were tomahawked. When we are in prosperity, O, how little do we think of seeing so dreadful a sight as that of beholding our dear relations and friends lie bleeding to death upon the ground! One who had been tomahawked and stript naked, was crawling about upon the ground. It was a solemn sight to see so many lying in their blood, some here, and others there, like a flock of sheep torn by wolves; all of them stript naked, by a company of bloody savages, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord by his almighty power, preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive, and carried captive.

"I had often said before this, that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them, than to be taken alive; but when it came to the trial, my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with them, than at that moment to end my days.

"Now away we must go with these barbarous creatures, with our bodies bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. We travelled about a mile that night, to the top of a hill, which overlooked the town, where we purposed to

spend the night. There was near by a house, which had been deserted by the English from fear of the Indians. I asked permission to lodge there. They answered, What! will you love Englishmen still? This was the most doleful night I ever spent. O, the roaring, and singing, and dancing, and yelling of these tawny creatures on that night! which made the place a lively resemblance of hell; and there was a sad waste made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, pigs, and fowls, which they had plundered in the town; some lay roasting, some burning, and some boiling, to feed our merciless enemies, who were joyful enough, though we were desolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses, and upon my sad, bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone,* my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home, and all our comforts within door and without,—all was gone, except my life, and I knew not but that the next moment that would go too.

"There remained nothing to me except one poor, wounded child, and she in a most pitiable condition, and I had nothing with which to revive and refresh her.

"The next morning I was forced to turn my back upon the town, and travel into the vast desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. Tongue nor pen can describe the sorrows of my heart and the bitterness of my spirit at this departure; but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirits, so that they did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor child upon a horse. It went moaning along, saying, 'I shall die! I shall die!' I followed after on foot, with feelings of sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length, I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms, till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. They then set me upon a horse with my child in my lap; but there being no furniture on the horse's back, as we descended a steep hill, we both fell over the horse's head, at sight of which the Indians laughed and rejoiced; though I thought we

* Mr. Rowlandson was at this time in Boston, soliciting the governor and council for more soldiers for the protection of the place.

should there end our days. But the Lord still renewed my strength, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power, yea, such a degree of it as I could never have known, had I not experienced it.

"Soon after this it began to snow, and when night came on, they stopped: and now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with a sick child in my lap, which now called earnestly for water, she having (through the wound) fallen into a violent fever. My own wound now troubled me to that degree, that I could scarce sit down or rise up; and yet I must sit up all this wintry night, upon the cold snowy ground, with my child in my arms, expecting that every hour would be the last of its life. But the Lord upheld me by his gracious and merciful Spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.

"The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got upon a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my child in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day we had of it. From Wednesday to Saturday night, neither myself nor my child received any refreshment, excepting a little cold water. In the afternoon of this day, we came to an Indian town called Wenimesset. When we arrived there, O, the number of pagans that came about me! The next day was the Sabbath; I then remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time; how many Sabbaths I had lost and misspent, and how evilly I had walked in God's sight; which lay so close upon my spirit, that it was easy for me to see how righteous it would be for God to cut off the thread of life, and cast me out from his presence forever. Yet the Lord still showed mercy to me, and helped me; as he wounded me with one hand, so he healed me with the other. I applied oak leaves to my wounded side, which, by the blessing of God, effected a cure; but before the cure was wrought, I might say with David, *My wounds stink and are corrupt, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long.* I sat much alone with my poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, but I had nothing to administer to it for its relief and comfort; and what added to my afflic-

tion was, one Indian would come and tell me one hour, Your master will knock your child on the head; and then a second, and then a third would come and say, Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.

"This was the comfort I had from them;—miserable comforters were they all. Nine days I sat on my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw. My child being ready to depart this sorrowful world, they ordered me to carry it out to another wigwam, (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles;) whither I went with a very heavy heart, and sat down with the picture of death in my lap. That night my sweet child departed this life, it being about six years and five months old. It was nine days from the time it was wounded, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of any kind, excepting a little cold water. Formerly I could not bear to be in a room where the corpse of a dead person was; but now my feelings were changed. I could lie down with my dead child through the whole night. I have since thought of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in continuing the use of my reason in that distressing time, so that I did not use violent and wicked means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, the Indians learning that my child was dead, sent me home to my master's wigwam. I went to take up her corpse in my arms, to carry it with me; but they told me to let it alone. There was no resisting, but go I must, and leave it. When I had been at my master's wigwam awhile, I took the first opportunity I could get, to go and look after my dead child. When I came, I asked them what they had done with it. They told me that it was on the hill. They then went and showed me where it was. I saw a place where the earth had been newly dug, where they told me they had buried it. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at the same Indian town, at a wigwam not far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another. She was about ten years old; was first taken at the door of our house by an Indian, and afterwards sold for a gun. When she saw me, she fell a weeping, at which the Indians were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but ordered me to be gone; which

was a heart-cutting command to me. One of my children was dead, another was in the wilderness, I knew not where, the third I was not permitted to come near to. I could not sit still in this condition, but walked from place to place. As I was going along, my heart was overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and that a nation which I knew not, should rule over them. I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good. The Lord soon answered in a measure my poor prayer; for as I was going up and down mourning over my condition, my son came to me, and asked me how I did. I had not seen him before, since the destruction of our town, and I knew not where he was, until informed by himself, that he was among a smaller company of Indians, who resided about six miles off. With tears in his eyes, he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead. He told me that he had seen his sister Mary, and prayed me not to be troubled in reference to himself. There were at this time, some forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some from among those with whom my son lived, (among whom was his master) to go and attack and burn Medfield. In this time of his master's absence, his squaw brought him to see me. The next day, the Indians returned from Medfield. They began their din, when about a mile distant. O, the outrageous roaring and whooping that there was! They signified by their noise and whooping, how many they had destroyed; which was twenty-three. Those who were with us at home, were gathered together as soon as they heard the whooping, and every time the others went over with their number, those at home gave a shout that made the very earth ring again. And thus they continued to do until those who had been upon the expedition arrived at the sagamore's wigwam; then, O, the hideous insulting and triumphing there was over some Englishmen's scalps they had taken and brought with them! I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in these afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians who was at the fight at Medfield, came and asked me, if I would have a Bible. I asked him if he thought the Indians would let me read. He answered,

Yes. I took the Bible, and in that melancholy time, it came into my mind to read first the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, which I did. When I had read it, I felt that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and that the curses had come in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity. But the Lord enabled me to go on reading until I came to the seven first verses of the thirtieth chapter, where I found that there was mercy promised again, if we would return to him by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together. I desire that I may never forget this portion of Scripture, nor the comfort it afforded me.

"Now the Indians began to talk of removing from this place, some talked of going one way, and some another. There were now, besides myself, nine English captives in this place,—eight children and one woman. I secured an opportunity to go and take leave of them, they being about to go one way, and I another. I asked them, if they prayed to God for deliverance. They said that they did as they were able. It was some comfort to me that the Lord stirred up children to look to him. The woman (the wife of Abraham Joslin) told me she should never see me again; that she intended to use every means to effect an escape, though she was great with child, and near the time of her delivery, and had a child two years old in her arms, and though we were thirty miles from any English town, and there were bad rivers to pass over. I took out my Bible which I had with me, and asked her if she would read. She opened the Bible, and took special notice of the last verse in the twenty-seventh Psalm: *Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.*

"Now I was called to part with what little company I had had. Here I parted with my daughter Mary, whom I never saw again till after her return from captivity. Here also I parted with four little cousins and neighbors, some of whom I never saw afterward, the Lord only knows the end of them. Among them was that poor woman, the wife of Mr. Joslin, who came to a sad end, as I afterwards learnt. She, being greatly grieved and distressed in view

of her miserable condition, would often ask the Indians to let her go home. They being unwilling to grant her request, and becoming vexed with her importunity, gathered a large company together about her, stript her naked, and set her in the midst of them; and when they had sung and danced about her, after their hellish manner, as long as they pleased, they knocked her, and the child in her arms, on the head. When they had done this, they made a fire and put them both into it. They told the other children that were with them that, if they attempted to go home, they would serve them in like manner. The children said that she did not shed a single tear, but that she prayed all the while. — But to return to my own journey. We travelled about half a day, and came, about the middle of the afternoon, to a desolate place in the wilderness, where there were no wigwams or inhabitants. We arrived here, cold, wet, covered with snow, hungry and weary; but there was no refreshing for us but the cold ground to sit on, and our poor Indian cheer.

"I had here heart-aching thoughts about my poor children, who were scattered up and down among the wild beasts of the forest. My head was light and dizzy, (either through hunger or bad lodging, or trouble, or all together,) my limbs feeble, my body raw in consequence of sitting doubled night and day, so that I cannot express to my fellow-creatures the affliction that lay upon me; but the Lord enabled me to express it to him. As I opened my Bible to read, the Lord directed me to that precious text, Jeremiah xxxi. 16, *Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.* This was a sweet cordial to me, when ready to faint. Many a time have I sat down and wept over this sweet passage of Scripture. We continued at this place about four days, and then removed.

"The occasion of their removing at this time was (as I thought) the approach of the army of the English. They travelled as if it had been for their lives, for some considerable distance, and then made a stop, and chose out some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the English in play while the rest escaped. They then

marched on furiously, with their old and young. Some carried their old decrepit mothers, some carried one, and some another. Four of them carried a large Indian upon a bier; but in passing through a thick wood, they were hindered, and could make no haste; whereupon they took him upon their backs, and carried him one at a time, till we came to Payquage (Miller's) River. It was Friday in the afternoon when we came to this river. On account of my wound, I was required to carry but a light burden in this journey. I carried only my knitting work and two quarts of meal. Being faint, I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal; but she would not allow me to taste of it. They soon engaged in cutting dry trees to make rafts to carry them over the river, and soon my turn came to go over. By reason of some brush which they had laid upon the raft to sit on, I did not wet my feet, which I cannot but look upon as a favor from the Lord, my body being weak, and the weather very cold. I was never before acquainted with such doings and dangers. *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.* A number of us got over the river that night, but the whole company did not get over until Monday night. On Saturday they boiled an old horse's leg, and so we drank of the broth; and when it was nearly gone, they filled it up again.

"The first week I was among them I ate hardly any thing. The second week I grew very faint for want of food; and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash. But the third week, their food was pleasant and savory to my taste. I was at this time knitting a pair of stockings for my mistress, and I had not yet wrought on the Sabbath day. When the Sabbath came, they ordered me to go to work. I told them that it was the Sabbath day, and desired them to let me rest; assuring them that I would do as much more on the morrow. Their reply was, we will break your face. On Monday they set their wigwams on fire, and away they went. On the very same day, the English army arrived at the river, and saw the smoke of the wigwams. They stopped here, and gave up the pursuit. We were not ready for so great a deliver

ance; for had we been, God would have provided a way for the English to have passed over the river.

"I went along that day mourning and lamenting leaving my own country farther behind, and travelling farther into the vast howling wilderness. We came at length to a great swamp, by the side of which we took up our lodgings for the night. When we came to the brow of the hill, that looked toward the swamp, I thought we had come to a great Indian town (though there were none but our own company) the Indians were so thick—they were as thick as the trees. It seemed as if there were a thousand hatchets going at once. If one looked behind or before, there was nothing but Indians; and so on either hand, and I in the midst, and no christian soul near me; and yet the Lord preserved me in safety. O, the experience I have had of the Lord's goodness to me and mine!

"After spending a restless and hungry night here, we had a wearisome time of it the next day. In leaving the swamp, we had to go up a high and steep hill. Before I got to the top of it, I thought my heart, and limbs, and all would have broken and failed me. By reason of faintness and soreness of body, it was a grievous day's journey to me. As we went along, I saw a place where the cattle of the English had been, which was some comfort to me. Soon after, we came to an English path, which affected me greatly. That day, a little before noon, we came to Squakeag, (Northfield) when the Indians soon spread themselves over the deserted English fields, gleaning what they could find. Some picked up ears of wheat, others ears of Indian corn. Some found ground-nuts, and others sheaves of wheat which were frozen together in the shock, which they commenced threshing out. I got two ears of corn, but while my back was turned for a moment, one of them was stolen, which greatly troubled me. An Indian came to us here with a basket of horse liver; I asked him to give me a piece; 'What,' said he, 'can you eat horse liver?' I told him that if he would give me a piece I would try. He gave me some, which I laid on the coals to roast; but before it was half done, they got half of it away from me; so that I was forced to take the rest, and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth, and yet

a savory bit it was to me. *To the hungry soul, every bitter thing is sweet.* That night we had a mess of wheat for supper.

"The next morning it was proposed that we should go over Connecticut River, to meet king Philip. When they had carried over two canoes full, my turn came to go. But as I was stepping into the canoe, there was an outcry among them, and I must step back, and instead of going over, I must go four or five miles up the river. Some of the Indians ran one way, and some another. The cause of this, as I thought, was the approach of some English scouts. In going up the river, the company made a halt about noon, and sat down, some to eat and others to rest themselves. As I sat musing upon the past, my son Joseph unexpectedly came to me. We asked after each other's welfare, bemoaning our doleful condition. I handed him my Bible, and he lit upon that comfortable passage in the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm, 'I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death.' 'Look here, mother,' said he, 'did you read this?' We travelled on until night. In the morning we must go over to see Philip's crew. As I was passing over, I was amazed to see so great a number of Indians on the opposite bank. When I came ashore, they gathered around me, I sitting alone in the midst. I heard them ask one another questions, and observed that they laughed and rejoiced over their gains and victories. My heart now began to fail, and I fell a weeping, which was the first time, to my remembrance, that I wept before them; for, although I had met with so much affliction, and my heart had many times been ready to break, yet I could not shed a tear in their sight, having been all this time in a kind of maze, and like one astonished. But now I could say, with the captive Israelites, *By the river of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.* One of them asked me why I wept. I hardly knew what answer to make, but I said, You will kill me. 'No,' said he, 'no one will hurt you.' To comfort me, one of them came and gave me two spoonfuls of meal, and another gave me half a pint of peas, which were worth more than

many bushels at another time. I then went to see king Philip. He invited me to come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it. But this did not suit my present feelings. For though I had formerly made use of tobacco, yet I had used none since I was taken. It seems to be a bait the devil lays to rob men of their precious time. I remember with shame my former use of it. Surely we may be better employed than to sit sucking a stinking tobacco-pipe.

"The Indians now gathered their forces to go against Northampton. In the evening, one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. They then engaged in boiling ground-nuts, and in parching corn for their provision. In the morning they started on the expedition. During my stay in this place, Philip desired me to make a shirt for his boy. I did the work, and he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my mistress, but she told me to keep it. I bought with it a piece of horse flesh. Afterward he asked me to make his son a cap, for which he invited me to dine with him. I went, and he gave me a pancake, made of parched wheat, fried in bear's grease, about as large as my two fingers. I thought I never tasted more pleasant food in my life. A squaw requested me to make a shirt for her sannup, for which she gave me a piece of beef. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings. As a compensation, she gave me a quart of peas. I boiled my peas and beef together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner; but because I served them both in one dish, my mistress would eat nothing except a small piece that my master gave her upon the top of his knife. Hearing that my son had come to this place, I went to see him. I found him lying upon the ground. I asked him how he could sleep so. He replied that he was not asleep, but that he was engaged in prayer, and that he lay down that they might not observe what he was doing. Through the heat of the sun, and the smoke of the wigwams, I thought I should be blinded. I could scarce discern one wigwam from another. Mary Thurston, of Medfield, seeing how it was with me, lent me a hat to wear; but as soon as I was gone, her mistress came running after me, and took it away from me. A squaw gave me a spoonful

of meal; I put it into my pocket, in order to keep it safely; but some one stole it, and left in its place five kernels of Indian corn. This corn was the greatest part of the provision I had in my journey for one day.

"When the Indians returned from Northampton, they brought with them horses, sheep, and other things which they had taken. I requested them to carry me to Albany on one of the horses, and sell me for powder, as I had overheard them talk of doing. I utterly despaired of returning home afoot, the way I came. I could hardly endure to think of the many weary steps I had taken in coming to this place. But instead of going to Albany or homeward, I was forced to go five miles up the river, and then over it. During the time we were here, my master's maid, who had been gone three weeks into the Narragansett country, to fetch some corn they had stored in the ground there, came home. She brought about a peck and a half of corn.

"My son being now about a mile from me, I asked leave to go and see him; they said I might go; but as I was going, I lost my way, travelling over hills and through swamps, without being able to find him. As I was returning back, I met my master, who showed me the way. When I came to my son, I found him unwell, besides having a boil on his side, which greatly troubled him. After remaining with him awhile, I returned. When I got back, I found myself as unsatisfied as before. I walked about mourning and lamenting, and my spirit was ready to sink with the thoughts of my poor children. My son was ill, and I could not but think of his mournful looks. He had no christian friend with him to do any office of love, either for soul or body. And my poor daughter, I knew not where she was, sick or well, alive or dead. Under these circumstances I repaired to my Bible (my chief source of consolation at these times) and read that passage, *Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.*

"I was now constrained to look for something to satisfy my hunger; and going among the wigwams, I entered one where there was a squaw who showed herself very kind, giving me a piece of bear's meat. I put it into my

pocket and went home; but I did not dare to broil it for fear that they would get it away from me. So it lay all the day and night in my stinking pocket. In the morning I went again to the same squaw, who had a kettle of ground-nuts boiling, and asked her to let me boil my piece of bear in the kettle. She gave me leave, and presented me with some ground-nuts to eat with it. I well remember how pleasant this dish was to me. Now that was pleasant to me which one would think was enough to turn the stomach of a brute creature.

"One bitter cold day, having no room to sit down by the fire, I went out, and could not tell what to do. Going into another wigwam, I found them also sitting about the fire; but the squaw laid a skin for me, and told me to sit down. She gave me some ground-nuts, and invited me to come again. She said that they would buy me if they were able. They were strangers to me.

"That day, a small part of the company, with myself, removed about three quarters of a mile, intending to go farther the next day. When they came to the place where they intended to lodge, and had pitched their wigwams, being hungry, I went back to the place from whence we started; being encouraged by the kindness of the squaw, who invited me to come again. An Indian soon came after me, who, when he had found me, kicked me all along back. I went home and found venison roasting, but I did not receive one morsel of it. Sometimes I met with favor, and sometimes with nothing but frowns.

"The next morning they made another remove, intending to travel a day's journey up the river. I took my load on my back. We waded over a river, and passed over wearisome hills. One hill was so steep that I was obliged to creep upon my knees, and to hold on by the twigs and bushes, to keep myself from falling backward. I hope that all those wearisome steps have served to help me on to my heavenly rest. *I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.*

"It was upon a Sabbath morning that they prepared for their next journey. I asked my master if he would sell me to my husband. He answered, nux, (yes.) This greatly rejoiced my heart. My mistress, who had been to

attend the burial of a papoose, returned, and found me reading my Bible. She snatched it hastily out of my hand, and threw it out of doors. I ran and caught it up, put it into my pocket, and never let her see it afterwards. They now packed up their things for another removal. They gave me my load, which was so heavy that I complained to my mistress. She gave me a blow on my face with her open hand, and ordered me to be gone. I lifted up my heart to God, with the hope that my redemption was not far distant, and the rather because their insolence grew worse and worse.

"We bent our course towards Boston. The thoughts of going homeward greatly cheered my spirit, and made my burden seem light, or as almost nothing. But to my amazement and great perplexity, when we had proceeded a short distance, my mistress suddenly gave out that she would go no further; that she would return, and that I must return with her. She would have had her sannup go back also, but he would not. He told her that he would go on, but that he would return to us in three days. I was now, I confess, very impatient, and almost outrageous. I thought that I would as soon die as go back. The feelings I then had are inexpressible; but back I must go. As soon as I had an opportunity, I took my Bible to read. The passage which quieted me was this—*Be still, and know that I am God.*

"I now expected a sore trial; my master, seemingly the best friend I had among the Indians, both in cold and hunger, being gone. I sat down with a heart as full of trouble as it could hold, and yet I could not sit, I was so hungry. I went out, and while walking among the trees, I found six acorns and two chestnuts, which afforded me some refreshment. Towards night, I gathered some sticks that I might not lie cold. But when we came to lie down, they ordered me to go out and lodge somewhere else, as they had company. I told them that I knew not where to go. They commanded me to go and look for a place. I told them that if I went to another wigwam, they would send me home again. One of them then drew his sword, and said that he would run me through, if I did not go presently Thus I was forced to go out in the night, I

knew not whither. I went to one wigwam, and they told me they had no room. I went to another, and they said the same. At last, an old Indian told me to come to him. His squaw gave me some ground-nuts, and something to lay my head on. They had a good fire, and, through the good providence of God, I had a comfortable lodging. In the morning, another Indian told me to come again at night, and he would give me six ground-nuts. He was as good as his word. We were now about two miles from Connecticut River. In the morning, we went to the river to gather ground-nuts, and returned at night. I was forced to carry a great load on my back, for when they go but a short distance, they carry all their trumpery with them. I told them that the skin was off my back; I received for answer, 'That it would be no matter if my head were off too.'

"I must now go with them five or six miles down the river, into a thick forest, where we abode about a fortnight. While here, a squaw asked me to make a shirt for her papoose, for which she gave me a mess of broth, thickened with meal made of the bark of a tree; and she had put into it a handful of peas, and a few roasted ground-nuts. I had not seen my son for a considerable time. I saw an Indian here, of whom I made inquiry respecting him. He answered, that at such a time, his master roasted him, and that he ate a piece of him as large as two fingers, and that he was very good meat. The Lord upheld me under this, and I considered their horrible addictedness to lying;—that no one of them makes the least conscience of speaking the truth.

"One cold night, as I lay by the fire, I removed a stick of wood that kept the heat from me. A squaw moved it back again. As I looked up, she threw a handful of ashes in my eyes. I thought I should be entirely blinded. But as I lay down, the water ran out of my eyes, and cleansed away the ashes, so that in the morning, I had my sight again. Often while sitting in their wigwams, musing on things past, I have suddenly arisen and run out, seeming to forget for a moment that I was not at home; but when I saw nothing but a wilderness, and a company of barbarous heathen, I soon recollected myself.

"About this time, I began to think that all my hopes of restoration would come to nothing. I had hoped to be retaken by the English army; but that hope failed. I had hoped to be carried to Albany; but here again my desire and expectation failed. I had had some expectation of being sold to my husband; but instead of that, my master himself was gone. It now seemed as though my spirit would sink. That I might have an opportunity to be alone and pour out my heart before the Lord, I asked them to let me go out and pick up some sticks. I took my Bible with me in order to read; but I found no comfort. I can say that in all my sorrows and afflictions, I felt no disposition to complain of God, as though his ways were not righteous; for I knew that he had laid upon me less than I deserved. While in this distress, as I was turning over the leaves of my Bible, I met with these passages, which revived me a little. *My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.*

"About this time, the Indians returned from Hadley, having killed three of the English, and taken one (Thomas Reed) captive. They all gathered around the poor man, asking him many questions. I went to see him, and found him weeping bitterly, for he thought that they intended to kill him. I asked one of them if that was their intention. He answered that it was not. He being a little comforted by this assurance, I inquired of him respecting my husband. He told me that he saw him some time before, and that he was well, but very low spirited. Some of the Indians had told me that he was dead, and that they had killed him. I now saw that all they had told me, was false.

"While here, Philip's maid came to me with his child in her arms, and asked for a piece of my apron for the child. I told her that I would not give it to her. My mistress then ordered me to give it to her; but I still refused. She arose and took up a stick, large enough to kill a person, and struck at me; but I slipped out of her way, and she struck it into the mat of the wigwam. While she

was pulling it out, I ran to the maid, and gave her the whole of my apron, and so the storm passed over.

"Hearing that my son was in the place, I went to see him. I told him that his father was well, but very melancholy. He told me that he was as much grieved for his father, as for himself.

"I went to see an English youth, John Gilbert, from Springfield. I found him lying out doors upon the ground. I asked him how he did. He told me that he was very sick of a flux, in consequence of eating so much blood. They had turned him, with an Indian papoose, whose parents had been killed, out of the wigwam. It was a bitter cold day; but the young man had nothing on but his shirt and waistcoat. This sight was enough to melt the most flinty heart. There they lay, quivering with the cold. The child's eyes, nose and mouth were filled with dirt. I advised John to get to a fire. He said he could not stand. I urged him still, lest he should lie there and die. With much difficulty I got him to a fire, and then returned home. I had no sooner arrived there, than John's master's daughter came after, and wished to know what I had done with the Englishman. I told her I had got him to a fire in such a place. I had now occasion to pray that I might *be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.* For her satisfaction, I went along with her, and showed her where he was. Before I got home again, it was noised abroad that I was running away, and that I was getting the English youth along with me. As soon as I returned home, they began to rave and domineer, asking me where I had been, and what I had been doing; saying that they would knock me on the head. I told them that I had been to see the English youth, and that I would not run away. They told me that I lied; and raising the hatchet they came at me, and declared that they would knock me down if I went out again; so I was confined to the wigwam. Now might I say, with David, *I am in a great strait.* If I keep in, I must die with hunger, and if I go out I must be tomahawked. I remained in this distressed condition all that day and half the next; then the Lord, whose mercies are great, remembered me. For an Indian came with a pair of stockings too large for him, and desired me to ravel them out, and

knit them again. I manifested a willingness to do it, and requested him to ask my mistress if I might go with him a little way. She said that I might. I was not a little comforted with having my liberty again. I went with him, and he gave me some roasted ground-nuts, which revived my feeble stomach. Being out of my mistress' sight, I had an opportunity again to look into my Bible, which was my guide by day, and my pillow by night. Now that comfortable passage presented itself, *For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.* Thus the Lord comforted and strengthened me from time to time, and made good his precious promises. Now my son came again to see me. I asked his master to let him stay awhile with me, which request he granted. When he was gone, my son told me that he was very hungry; but I had no food to give him. I told him to go into the wigwams on his return to his master, and see if he could not get something to eat. He did so, but it seems he tarried a little too long, for his master was angry with him for his delay, and after beating him, sold him. After he was sold, he came running to me, telling me that he had got a new master, and that he had given him some ground-nuts already. I then went with him to see his master, who told me that he loved my son, and that he should not want. His master then carried him away, and I saw him no more, till I saw him in Portsmouth.

"At night they again ordered me out of the wigwam, my mistress' papoose being sick. I went to a wigwam, and they told me to come in. They gave me a skin to lie on, and a mess of venison and ground-nuts. The papoose of my mistress having died in the night, they buried it the next day. Afterward, both morning and evening, a company came to mourn and howl with her. I had many sorrowful days in this place. I often retired and remained alone. *Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove, mine eyes failed with looking upward. Then I said, O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me. Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth.* I had now a favorable opportunity to examine all my ways. My conscience did not accuse me of unrighteousness in relation to my fellow-creatures,

yet I saw that in my walk with God, I had been a careless creature. I could say with David, 'Against thee, and thee only, have I sinned. And with the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' On the Sabbath, I used to think of those who were enjoying the privileges of the sanctuary, and could use the language which is spoken in relation to the poor prodigal, 'He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him.' And could add, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.' I recollected the time when my family was about me; when on Saturday and Sabbath evenings, we, with our relations and neighbors, could pray and sing, and refresh our bodies with wholesome food, and have a comfortable bed to lie on. Instead of this, I had only a little swill for the body, and then like a swine must lie down on the ground. I cannot express to man the sorrow which lay upon my soul —it is known to the Lord. Yet that comfortable scripture was often in my mind, 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.'

"We now packed up all again, and left this place, bending our course towards the towns on the bay. I had nothing to eat the first day, excepting a few crums of cake that an Indian gave my daughter Mary, the day she was taken. She gave it to me, and I put it into my pocket. It had become mouldy, dry, and hard, and had crumbled to pieces; but it refreshed me many times when I was ready to faint. I used to think, when I put it into my mouth, that if ever I returned from my captivity, I would declare to the world how the Lord added his blessing to this mean food. On the way, the Indians killed a deer that was with young. They gave me a piece of the fawn, which was so young and tender, that one could as easily eat the bones as the flesh, and yet I thought that it was very good. When night came, they halted. It was rainy; but they soon got up a bark wigwam, so that I lay dry during the night. When I looked out in the morning, I saw that many of the Indians had lain out in the rain all the night. Thus mercifully did the Lord deal with me. They took the blood of the deer, and after putting it into the paunch, boiled and ate it. My stomach would not allow me to

taste of it, though they ate it with a good appetite. Yet they were so nice that when I had brought a kettle of water, and put the dish I dipped the water with into it, they would say that they would knock me down, for they said it was a sluttish trick.

"We now went on our way; I having obtained a handful of ground-nuts for my sustenance that day. They gave me my load; but the thought that I was going homeward enabled me to bear it cheerfully, the burden now being more on my *back* than on my *spirit*. We came this day to Payquage (Miller's) River again, near which we remained some days. One of them would give me a pipe, another a little tobacco, a third a little salt, which I exchanged for food. It is remarkable what a voracious appetite persons have when in a starving condition. Many times, when they gave me hot food, I was so greedy that I swallowed it down, though it burnt my mouth, and troubled me many hours after. Yet I soon did the same again. After I was thoroughly hungry, I never was satisfied with eating. For though I had sometimes enough to eat, and ate until I could eat no more, yet I was as unsatisfied as I was when I began. I now saw the meaning of that passage of scripture, *Thou shalt eat, and not be satisfied.* I now saw more clearly than ever before, the miseries sin has brought upon man. I felt, many times, a disposition to complain of the treatment of the Indians; but my feelings were silenced by that passage, *Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?*

"Our next remove was over the river. The water was something like eighteen inches deep, and the stream very swift. The water was so cold that it seemed as though it would cut me in sunder. I was so weak and feeble that I could not walk without reeling, and I thought I must here end my days. The Indians stood laughing to see me stagger along. That precious promise supported me, *When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.* When we had got through the river, I sat down and put on my stockings and shoes, with the tears running down my eyes, and with many sorrowful thoughts in my heart. As we went on our way, an Indian came and informed me that I must go to Wachu-

sett,(Princeton,) to my master; for a letter had been received from the governor of Massachusetts to the sagamores upon the subject of redeeming the captives, and that another was expected soon. My heart, which had been so heavy that I could scarcely speak or keep the path, was now so light that I could run. My strength seemed to be renewed. We travelled only one mile this day, and remained at the place where we lodged, two days, when we again removed. And a comfortable remove it was to me, because of my hopes. They gave me my pack, and I went cheerfully along. But my courage was too great for my strength; for having taken but little food, I soon sunk under my burden, and my spirits almost failed also. Now I could say with David, 'I am poor and needy. I am tossed up and down as the locust. My knees are weak through fasting, and my flesh faileth of fatness.' Night coming on, we arrived at an Indian town. I was almost spent, and could scarcely speak. I laid down my load, and went into a wigwam, where was an Indian boiling horses' feet. It was their custom to eat the flesh of a horse first, and then, when they were straitened for provisions, to cut off the feet and make use of them for food. I asked the Indian to give me a little of the broth or water in which they were boiling. He gave me a spoonful of samp, and told me to take as much of the broth as I pleased. I put the samp into some of the broth and drank it, and my spirits were revived. He also gave me a piece of the ridding of the intestines, which I broiled on the coals and ate. Now I might say with Jonathan, 'See, I pray you, how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey.' Though means be never so inconsiderable, yet if the Lord bestow his blessing, they shall refresh both body and soul.

"As we were passing along after leaving this place, we saw an Englishman lying dead by the way-side. At length we came to another Indian town, where we spent the night. There were here four English children who were captives, one of whom was my sister's. I went to see her, and found her well, considering her condition. I would have passed the night with her, but her owners would not suffer it. I went into a wigwam, where they were boiling

corn and beans, but could not get a taste of them. At another wigwam I found two English children. The squaw was boiling horses' feet. She cut off a piece and gave me. She gave the English children a piece also. Being very hungry, I quickly ate up mine. One of the children, being unable to eat hers, it was so tough, I took it and ate it myself. Now I could say with Job, 'The things that my soul refuseth, are as my sorrowful meat.' When I returned home to my mistress' wigwam, they told me that I was a disgrace to my master by begging, and that if I did so any more, they would knock me on the head. I told them that they might as well do that, as to starve me to death. On the first day after leaving this place, we came in sight of Wachusett mountain. As we were travelling along, having, indeed, my life, but little spirit, Philip (who was in the company) came and took me by the hand, and said, 'Two weeks more, and you shall be mistress again.' I asked him if he really meant as he said. He replied, 'Yes, for you shall soon be with your master.' After many weary steps we came to Wachusett, where I found my master, and glad I was to see him. He inquired how long it was since I had washed me. I answered, not for months. He brought some water and told me to wash, and ordered his squaw to give me something to eat. She gave me some meat and beans, and a small ground-nut cake. I was greatly refreshed by this kindness.

"My master had three squaws, living sometimes with one, and sometimes with another. While I was here with the old squaw, the one with whom I had been, sent her maid to tell me to come home, at which I fell a weeping. To encourage me, the old squaw told me when I wanted victuals, to come to her, and that I should lie in her wigwam. I went with the maid, but came back and lodged there. The squaw laid a mat for me, and spread a rug over me. This was the first time that I had any such kindness shown me among the Indians. While in this place, an Indian requested me to make him three pairs of stockings, for which I had a hat and a silk handkerchief.

"At length, two Indians came with a second letter from the governor, respecting the redemption of the captives Though they were Indians, I took them by the hand; but

my heart was so full that I could not speak. After recovering myself, I asked them how my husband, friends, and acquaintances were. They said that they were well, but very melancholy. They brought me two biscuits, and a pound of tobacco. The tobacco I soon gave away.

"The sagamores having met to consult respecting the captives, they called me, and inquired how much my husband would give for my redemption. Knowing that all our possessions had been destroyed by the Indians, I hardly knew what answer to give. I thought that if I mentioned a small sum, it might be slighted, and so hinder the matter; and if I stated a large sum, I did not know where it could be procured. I however ventured to say *twenty pounds*, at the same time desiring them to take less. They sent a message to Boston, stating that for twenty pounds I should be delivered up.

"During the time we remained in this place, the Indians made an attack upon Sudbury. After their return, an Indian invited me to come to his wigwam, and said he would give me some pork and ground-nuts. I accepted the invitation, and as I was eating, another Indian said to me, 'He seems to be your friend, but he killed two Englishmen at Sudbury, and there lie the clothes behind you.' I looked behind me, and saw the bloody clothes, with the holes the bullets had made in them. Yet the Lord did not suffer this wretch to do me any harm; yea, instead of that, he and his squaw repeatedly refreshed my feeble body. Whenever I went to their wigwam, they gave me something, yet they were entire strangers to me. Another squaw gave me a piece of fresh pork and a little salt, and lent me her frying-pan, in which to cook it. I remember, to this day, the sweet and delightful relish of this food.

"When the Indians had done the English any mischief, it was their custom to remove. We now left the place where we were, and removed to a place about three or four miles distant, where they built a wigwam large enough to contain a hundred persons. This was made preparatory to a great dance. They now said among themselves that the governor would be so angry at the loss sustained at Sudbury, that he would do nothing more about redeeming the captives. This made me grieve and tremble. My

daughter was now but a mile distant from us. I had not seen her for nine or ten weeks. I besought, entreated, and begged the Indians to let me go and see her; but they would not suffer it. They made use of their tyrannical power while they had it; but through the Lord's wonderful mercy, their time was now short. For soon after this, Mr. John Hoar, together with the two Indians before mentioned, came with a third letter from the governor, relating to the redemption of the captives. When the Indians had talked awhile with Mr. Hoar, they suffered me to speak with him. I asked him how my husband and friends were. He said they were well, and that they would be glad to see me. I now asked the Indians if I should go home with Mr. Hoar. They answered, No; and we retired for the night with that answer. The next morning, Mr. Hoar invited the sagamores to dine with him; but when we came to prepare for them, we found that the Indians had stolen the greatest part of the provisions he had brought. The sagamores seemed to be ashamed of the theft, and said that it was the Matchit (wicked) Indians that did it. Dinner being made ready, they were called; but they ate but little, for they were busily engaged in dressing themselves for a dance. The dance was carried on by eight persons, four men and four squaws, my master and mistress being in the number. My master was dressed in a holland shirt, with great stockings, his garters being hung round with English shillings, having girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. She had on a kersey coat, covered with girdles of wampum from the loins upward. Her arms, from her elbows to her hands, were covered with bracelets, with necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings and white shoes; her head being powdered, and her face painted red. All the dancers were dressed in the same manner. Two Indians were employed in making music, by singing and knocking on a kettle. A kettle of water placed upon embers, stood in the midst of the dancers, that each one might drink when thirsty. They continued their dance until almost night.

"As it respected my going home, they were at first all against it unless my husband would come after me; but

afterward they consented that I should go. Some of them asked me to send them some bread, others tobacco, others taking me by the hand, offered me a hood and scarf to ride in. Thus the Lord answered my feeble petitions, and the many earnest requests others had put up to God in my behalf. Some time previous, an Indian came to me and said, that if I was willing, he and his squaw would run away with me, and conduct me home. I told them that I was not willing to run away, but that I desired to wait God's time, that I might go home quietly and without fear. O, the wonderful experience I had of the power and goodness of God! I have been in the midst of these roaring lions and savage bears, who feared neither God nor man, by night and by day, in company and alone, sleeping in the midst of males and females, and yet no one of them ever offered me the least unchastity in word or action.

"I now took my leave of them. But on my way homeward, I was so affected with the thoughts of going home again, that I was more completely melted into tears than at any time while I was in captivity. About sunset we arrived at Lancaster, and an affecting sight it was to me. Here I had lived comfortably for many years among neighbors and relations; but now there was not an English person to be seen, nor a house standing. We spent the night in an out-building, where we slept on the straw, having a comfortable night's rest.

"Before noon, the next day, we arrived in Concord. Here I met with some of my neighbors, my brother, and brother-in-law. My brother-in-law asked me if I knew where his wife was. Poor man, he had assisted in burying her, but knew it not. She was killed near the house, and so much burned, that those who buried the dead, did not know her. After being refreshed with food and supplied with clothes, we went that day to Boston, where I met my dear husband; but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead, and another we could not tell where, abated our comfort in each other. In my poor beggarly condition, I was received and kindly entertained in Boston. It is beyond my power to express the kindness I received from individuals here, many of whom were strangers to me. But the Lord knows them all. May he reward them seven-

fold into their own bosoms. The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by Mr. Usher, and a number of ladies in Boston. Mr. Thomas Shepard, of Charlestown, received us into his house, where we were entertained eleven weeks. We found many other kind friends in this place. We were now surrounded with mercies, yet we were frequently in heaviness on account of our poor children, and other relations who were in affliction. My husband thought that we had better ride down eastward, and see if we could not hear something respecting our children. As we were riding along between Ipswich and Rowley, we met William Hubbard, who told us that our son Joseph and my sister's son had arrived at Major Waldron's in Dover. The next day we heard that our daughter had arrived at Providence. We met with our son at Portsmouth. Our daughter was conveyed from Providence to Dorchester, where we received her.

"Our family being now gathered together, the members of the South Church in Boston hired a house for us, where we continued about nine months. It seemed strange to set up house-keeping with bare walls; but in a short time, through the liberality of christian friends, some of whom resided in England, our house was furnished. The Lord has been exceedingly good to us in our low estate.

"Before I was afflicted, I was ready sometimes to wish for adversity; fearing lest I should have my portion in this life. But now I see that the Lord had a time to scourge and chasten me. It is the lot of some to have their affliction dealt out in drops,—but *the wine of astonishment* did the Lord give me as my portion. Affliction I needed, and affliction I had—full measure, pressed down and running over. Yet I see that, let our affliction be ever so great, the Lord is able to carry us through, and to make us gainers thereby. I hope that I can say in some measure, with David, *It is good for me that I have been afflicted.*"

Mrs. Hannah Swarton, the subject of the following Narrative, was taken captive by the Indians at Falmouth, Me., in May, 1690. When the Indians assaulted that place, she, with her husband and family, consisting of four

children, were residing at a short distance from the fort. The Indians entered the house, killed her husband before her eyes, and carried her and her children into captivity. The account of what befell her, written by herself, is in substance the following.

"After the fort was taken, myself and children were distributed among the captors. My master was a Canada Indian. His wife had been bred up among the English at Black Point. After her marriage she embraced the Catholic religion. Though I occasionally saw my children, yet I had little opportunity to converse with them; and when we met, we were obliged to refrain from all expressions of grief: for the Indians threatened to kill us, if we conversed much together, or wept over our condition. The provisions they had obtained among the English being soon spent, we were obliged to subsist on ground-nuts, acorns, wild weeds, and roots,—having occasionally some dog's flesh. They killed a bear, a portion of which fell to me. At another time, they gave me a very small part of a turtle they had taken. Once an Indian gave me a piece of moose's liver, which was to me a sweet morsel. I was hurried up and down in the wilderness, carrying daily a great burden, and obliged to travel as fast as the rest of the company, or meet instant death. My shoes and clothes were worn and tattered, my feet wounded with sharp stones, and pierced with prickly bushes. At times, I thought that I could go no further, and that I must lie down by the way, come what would. Then the Lord so renewed my strength, that I was able to keep up with my master, and to travel as far as he required. One John York, being nearly starved, and unable to travel at their speed, they killed outright. While we were about Casco Bay and the Kennebec River, I at seasons met with some of the English prisoners.

"At one time, my mistress and myself were left alone for nearly a week without food. All we had was a moose's bladder filled with vermin, which we boiled, and drank the broth. The bladder was so tough that we could not eat it. On the sixth day, my mistress sent me to a place where I should be likely to see some Indian canoes, ordering me to make a fire, so that by means of the smoke some

one might be induced to come to our relief. I, at length, espying a canoe, made signs to those on board to come ashore, which they did. They proved to be a company of squaws. After being made acquainted with our wants, one of them gave me a piece of a roasted eel, which I ate with a relish I never before experienced. Sometimes we lived on whortleberries, at others on a kind of wild cherries that grew upon bushes.

"When winter came on, they put me into an Indian dress, which consisted of a slight blanket, leather stockings, and a pair of moccasons. I suffered much from the cold, being obliged to travel through the snow, and over the ice, facing the wintry blasts. I was at times almost frozen, and faint through want of food. I now reflected seriously upon the past. I recollected the religious privileges I had enjoyed at Beverly, my native town; how we had turned our backs upon these privileges, and had removed to a place where there was neither minister nor church; where we were likely to forget the good instruction we had received, and where our children were exposed to be bred up in ignorance; and that we had done this from worldly motives, with a view to place ourselves in more advantageous circumstances. I saw that I was now, by the righteous providence of God, stripped of all—bereaved of husband, children, friends, neighbors, house, estate, comfortable food and clothing, while my own life hung continually in doubt, being liable to be cut off by a violent death, or by famine, or by freezing. I had no Bible or religious book to look into, or christian friend to counsel me in my distress. But the Lord did not leave me to *perish in mine affliction.* Many passages of scripture which I had formerly read or heard, occurred to my mind, and were my support and consolation. When they threatened to kill me, I thought of the words of our Savior to Pilate, *Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.* I cherished the hope that the Lord would not suffer them to kill me; that in his own good time he would deliver me out of their hands, and return me to my own country. While in this afflicted condition, I heard that my eldest son had been killed by the Indians. I now thought of Job's complaint, *Thou*

numberest my steps; dost thou not watch over my sin? My transgression is sealed up in a bag, thou sewest up mine iniquity. This thought led me to humble myself before God, and to plead with him for his pardoning mercy in Christ. I prayed with David, *How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?* By these and other scriptures which were brought to my recollection, I was instructed, directed, and comforted.

"We travelled up the Kennebec, until we arrived at Norridgewock. Here the English prisoners were separated, and I was left alone; none of them being left in our company. I was now, in the heart of winter, forced to take up a long and dreary journey through the wilderness, to Canada. I travelled in deep snow, over hideous mountains and through deep swamps, among trees that had been blown down, stepping from log to log, passing over nearly a thousand in a day, carrying at the same time a heavy burden on my back. I found it very tedious travelling, and my feet and limbs bled, so that I could be tracked by the blood I left on the snow. At length, about the middle of February, we arrived in the vicinity of Quebec. My master pitched his wigwam within sight of some French houses, and sent me to beg victuals for his family. I went, and found the French very kind, giving me pork, and beef, and bread. My master next sent me to beg of some families residing nearer Quebec. I asked leave to remain over night with the French, to which he assented. Calling in at a house near night, I signified to the woman of the house my desire to remain by her fire all night. She readily granted my request, laid a good bed on the floor, and furnished good covering for me, so that I slept very comfortably. The next morning, after giving me a breakfast, the French woman stept out, and left me alone. While I was waiting for her return, that I might thank her for her kindness, two men came in. One of them was an Englishman, who had been taken by the Indians. It was exceedingly pleasant and reviving to hear once more the voice of an Englishman. After some conversation he invited me to go with him to Quebec, which, he said, was about four miles distant. I told him that if I went, my

master might kill me for it. After some discourse in French with the man that was with him, he told me that if I would go, I should be ransomed. The woman of the house having now returned, persuaded me to go. I went with them, and was introduced into the family of the chief justiciary of the province. I was kindly entertained by his lady, and comfortably clothed and fed. Some time after, my master and mistress coming for me, the lady intendant paid my ransom, and I became her servant.

"I now experienced a great change in my external condition; but I soon found a snare was laid for my soul, which caused me trouble and sorrow. For my mistress, the nuns, priests, and friars, and the rest, beset me by every argument they could produce to persuade me to become a Catholic. Their arguments were accompanied by much love, warm entreaties, and solemn promises. But finding me inflexible, they resorted to threatenings and hard usage. I now resorted to the Scriptures, where I found the instruction, support, and consolation that I needed. I felt myself to be *pressed out of measure, above strength;* but I felt that God was able to deliver me, and enabled me to believe that he would either appear for my deliverance, or give me grace for what he called me to suffer for his name's sake. I attended occasionally upon their worship, but never received the sacrament. At last, I concluded that it was wrong for me to attend their meetings, and I went no more. By the kindness and assistance of my fellow-captives, I obtained a Bible and other good books; and we found opportunities to meet together for conference and prayer. Col. Tyng, of Falmouth, and Mr. Alden labored to confirm and strengthen us in the ways of the Lord. I had many sweet refreshing seasons of religious conversation and prayer with Margaret Stilson, a fellow-captive, who lived in the same house with me. We used to get together, and read and pray over portions of God's holy word, and converse upon what we read. We endeavored in the land of our captivity, with all our heart and with all our soul, to return unto the Lord; earnestly beseeching him to think upon us, and to grant us a good deliverance.

"At length, Capt. Cary arrived with a vessel to receive

and carry captives to New England. Among others, I and my youngest son were received on board. We arrived in safety at Boston, in November, 1695. I left in Canada a daughter, twenty years of age, whom I had not seen for two years, and a son nineteen years old, whom I have not seen since the next morning after we were taken."

Dr. Dwight gives the following account of the capture and sufferings of *Mrs. Jemima Howe*, who was taken at Vernon, Vermont.

"In 1755, Bridgman's fort, a small work in Vernon, was taken by the following stratagem. The men residing in the fort, (Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield,) went into the field to perform their daily labor. Their wives, remaining in the fort, fastened the gate, according to their custom, and were to open it when their husbands and sons, returning, knocked for admission. The men having finished their work, were returning to the fort, when a party of twelve Indians fired upon them. Howe was wounded in the thigh, and fell from the horse upon which he rode with two of his sons. The Indians instantly came up and scalped him. He was found the next morning alive, by a party of men from Fort Hinsdale, but soon after expired. Grout escaped unhurt. Gaffield, attempting to cross the river, was drowned.

"The women heard the noise of the firing, but seem not to have suspected the cause. The Indians, having learned, by observation, the mode of gaining admission into the fort, knocked at the gate. It was opened without hesitation, and all within the fort were made prisoners. Mrs. Gaffield had one child, Mrs. Grout three, and Mrs. Howe seven—the youngest an infant six months old, the eldest eleven years. Should it seem strange that these enemies thus learned the signal of admission, you will remember that an Indian can conceal himself with inimitable skill and success, and wait any length of time to accomplish his purposes.

"After having plundered the fort, and set it on fire, the Indians conducted their prisoners about a mile and a half into the forest. Here they continued through the next day, but despatched six of their number to complete the

work of destruction. The following morning they set out for the place where they had left their canoes, about fifteen miles south of Crown Point. The distance was about sixty miles; but as they were obliged to cross the range of the Green Mountains, it occupied them eight days. The Indians were desirous to preserve their prisoners, and in most instances, therefore, treated them kindly. Yet they abused some of them in the customary modes of savage cruelty.

"After many and severe sufferings, they reached Crown Point, where Mrs. Howe, with several of the prisoners, continued a few days. The rest were conducted by their captors to Montreal, to be sold to the French; but no market being found for them, they were all brought back, except her youngest daughter, who was given as a present to Gov. De Vaudreuil. Soon after, the whole body embarked in canoes, just as night was approaching, for St. Johns. A thunder-storm arose in the west. The darkness, when it was not illumined by lightning, was intense. The wind became a storm, and the waves, which, in this lake, have not unusually been fatal to vessels of considerable size, threatened their destruction. But they were not deserted by providence. A little before day-break they landed on the beach; and Mrs. Howe, ignorant of what had become of her children, raised with her hands a pillow of earth, and laid herself down with her infant in her bosom. The next day they arrived at St. Johns, and soon after, at St. Francis, the residence of her captors. A council was called, the customary ceremonies were gone through, and Mrs. Howe was delivered to a squaw, whom she was directed henceforth to consider as her mother. The infant was left in her care.

"At the approach of winter, the squaw, yielding to her earnest solicitations, set out, with Mrs. Howe and her child, for Montreal, to sell them to the French. On the journey, both she and her infant were in danger of perishing from hunger and cold; the lips of the child being, at times, so benumbed, as to be incapable of imbibing its proper nourishment. After her arrival in the city, she was offered to a French lady, who, seeing the child in her arms, exclaimed, 'I will not buy a woman who has a child

to look after.' I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which this rebuff was received by a person who had no higher ambition than to become a slave. Few of our race have hearts made of such unyielding materials as not to be broken by long-continued abuse; and Mrs. Howe was not one of this number. Chilled with cold, and pinched with hunger, she saw in the kitchen of this inhospitable house some small pieces of bread floating in a pail, amid other fragments, destined to feed swine, and eagerly skimmed them for herself. When her Indian mother found that she could not dispose of her, she returned by water to St. Francis, where she soon died of the small-pox, which she had caught at Montreal. Speedily after, the Indians commenced their winter hunting. Mrs. Howe was then ordered to return her child to the captors. The babe clung to her bosom, and she was obliged to force it away. They carried it to a place called 'Messiskow,' on the borders of the River Missiscoui, near the north end of Lake Champlain, upon the eastern shore. The mother soon followed, and found it neglected, lean, and almost perishing with hunger. As she pressed its face to her cheek, the eager, half-starved infant bit her with violence. For three nights she was permitted to cherish it in her bosom; but in the day-time she was confined to a neighboring wigwam, where she was compelled to hear its unceasing cries of distress, without a possibility of contributing to its relief. The third day the Indians carried her several miles up the lake. The following night she was alarmed by what is usually called the great earthquake, which shook the region around her with violent concussions. Here, also, she was deserted for two nights in an absolute wilderness; and when her Indian connections returned, was told by them that two of her children were dead. Very soon after, she received certain information of the death of her infant. Amid the anguish awakened by these melancholy tidings, she saw a distant volume of smoke, and was strongly inclined to make her way to the wigwam from which it ascended. As she entered the door, she met one of the children reported to be dead; and, to her great consolation, found that he was in comfortable circumstances. A good-natured Indian soon after informed

her that the other was alive on the opposite side of the lake, at the distance of a few miles only. Upon this information, she obtained leave to be absent for a single day, and, with the necessary directions from her informant, set out for the place. On her way she found her child, lean and hungry, and proceeded with it to the wigwam. A small piece of bread, presented to her by the Indian family in which she lived, she had carefully preserved for this unfortunate boy; but to avoid offending the family in which he lived, was obliged to distribute it in equal shares to all the children. The little creature had been transported at the sight of his mother; and when she announced her departure, fell at her feet as if he had been dead. Yet she was compelled to leave him, and satisfied herself, as far as she was able, by commending him to the protection of God. The family in which she lived, passed the following summer at St. Johns. It was composed of the daughter and son-in-law of her late mother. The son-in-law went out early in the season on an expedition against the English settlements. On their return, the party had a drinking frolic—their usual festival after excursions of this nature. Drunkenness regularly enhances the bodily strength of a savage, and stimulates his mind to madness. In this situation he will insult, abuse, and not unfrequently murder, his nearest friends. The wife of this man had often been a sufferer by his intemperance: she therefore proposed to Mrs. Howe that they should withdraw themselves from the wigwam, until the effects of his present intoxication were over. They accordingly withdrew. Mrs. Howe returned first, and found him surly and ill-natured, because his wife was absent. In the violence of his resentment, he took Mrs. Howe, hurried her to St. Johns, and sold her for a trifling sum to a French gentleman named Saccapee.

"Upon a little reflection, however, the Indian perceived that he had made a foolish bargain. In a spirit of furious resentment, he threatened to assassinate Mrs. Howe, and declared, that if he could not accomplish his design, he would set fire to the fort. She was therefore carefully secreted, and the fort watchfully guarded, until the violence of his passion was over. When her alarm was ended, she found her situation as happy in the family, as a state of

servitude would permit. Her new master and mistress were kind, liberal, and so indulgent as rarely to refuse any thing that she requested. In this manner they enabled her frequently to befriend other English prisoners, who, from time to time, were brought to St. Johns.

"Yet, even in this humane family, she met with new trials. Monsieur Saccapee and his son, an officer in the French army, became, at the same time, passionately attached to her. This singular fact is a forcible proof that her person, mind, and manners were unusually agreeable; for she had been twice married, and the mother of seven children. Nor was her situation less perplexing than singular. The good will of the whole family was indispensable to her comfort, if not to her safety; and her purity she was determined to preserve, at the hazard of her life. In the house where both her lovers resided, conversed with her every day, and, together with herself, were continually under the eye of her mistress, the lovers a father and a son, herself a slave, and one of them her master, it will be easily believed that she met with very serious embarrassments in accomplishing her determination. In this situation she made known her misfortunes to Col. Peter Schuyler, of Albany, then a prisoner at St. Johns. This gentleman well merits the most respectful and lasting remembrance of every inhabitant of New England, for his watchful attention to the safety of its settlements, and his humane interference in behalf of its captivated inhabitants. As soon as he had learned her situation, he represented it to the governor, De Vaudreuil. The governor immediately ordered young Saccapee into the army, and enjoined on his father a just and kind treatment of Mrs. Howe. His humanity did not stop here. Being informed that one of her daughters was in danger of being married to an Indian of St. Francis, he rescued her from this miserable destiny, and placed her in a nunnery with her sister. Here they were both educated as his adopted children.

"By the good offices of Col. Schuyler, also, who advanced twenty-seven hundred livres for that purpose, and by the assistance of several other gentlemen, she was enabled to ransom herself and her four sons. With these

children she set out for New England, in the autumn of 1758, under the protection of Col. Schuyler, leaving her two daughters behind. As she was crossing Lake Champlain, young Saccapee came on board the boat in which she was conveyed, gave her a handsome present, and bade her adieu. Col. Schuyler, being obliged to proceed to Albany with more expedition than was convenient for his fellow-travellers, left them in the care of Major Putnam, afterwards Major-General Putnam. From this gentleman she received every kind office which his well-known humanity could furnish, and arrived, without any considerable misfortune, at the place of her destination.

"After the peace of Paris, Mrs. Howe went again to Canada, to bring home her second daughter; the eldest having been taken by Monsieur Vaudreuil to France, and married in that country to a gentleman named Louis. Her sister had become so attached to the life, customs, and religion of a nunnery, and so alienated from her country, and even from her parent, as to be absolutely deaf, both to solicitation and authority. When she was compelled, by the peremptory orders of the governor, to leave the convent, she lamented bitterly her unhappy lot, and refused consolation. This is one among the many instances of the perseverance, art, and efficacy, with which the religious in Canada labored to make disciples of the children taken from New England. Beside all the horrors of war and captivity, the parent, in this case, was forced to suffer the additional and excruciating anguish of seeing his children lost to him in this world, and exposed to every danger of finally losing a better."

Mirick, in his history of Haverhill, Mass., gives the following account of two lads, who were captivated by the Indians in that place, in the year 1695.

"Early in the fall, a party of Indians appeared in the northerly part of the town, where they surprised and made prisoners Isaac Bradley, aged fifteen, and Joseph Whittaker, aged eleven, who were at work in the open fields, near Mr. Joseph Bradley's house. The Indians instantly retreated with their prisoners without committing any fur-

ther violence, until they arrived at their homes on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee. Isaac, says tradition, was rather small in stature, but full of vigor, and very active and he certainly possessed more shrewdness than most of the boys of that age. But Joseph was a large overgrown boy, and exceedingly clumsy in his movements.

"Immediately after their arrival at the lake, the two boys were placed in an Indian family, consisting of the man, his squaw, and two or three children. While they were in this situation, they soon became so well acquainted with the language, that they learned from the occasional conversations carried on in their presence between their master and the neighboring Indians of the same tribe, that they intended to carry them to Canada the following spring. This discovery was very afflicting to them. If their designs were carried into execution, they knew that there would be but little chance for them to escape; and from that time, the active mind of Isaac was continually planning a mode to effect it. A deep and unbroken wilderness, pathless mountains, and swollen and almost impassable rivers, lay between them and their beloved homes, and the boys feared if they were carried still further northward, that they should never again hear the kind voice of a father, or feel the fervent kiss of an affectionate mother, or the fond embrace of a beloved sister. They feared, should they die in a strange land, that there would be none to close their eyes—none to shed for them the tear of affection—none to place the green turf on their graves—and none who would fondly treasure up their memories.

"Such were the melancholy thoughts of the young boys, and they determined to escape before their masters started with them for Canada. The winter came with its snow and wind—the spring succeeded, with its early buds and flowers, and its pleasant south wind—and they were still prisoners. Within that period, Isaac was brought nigh to the grave—a burning fever had raged in his veins, and for many days he languished on a bed of sickness; but by the care of the squaw, his mistress, who treated them both with considerable kindness, he recovered. Again he felt a strong desire to escape, which increased with his strength, and in April, he matured a plan for that purpose. He

appointed a night to put it in execution, without informing his companion, till the day previous, when he told him of his intentions. Joseph wished to accompany him; to this Isaac demurred, and said to him, 'I'm afraid you won't wake.' Joseph promised that he would, and at night, they laid down in their master's wigwam in the midst of his family. Joseph was soon asleep and began to snore lustily; but there was no sleep for Isaac—his strong desire to escape—the fear that he should not succeed in his attempt, and of the punishment that would doubtless be inflicted if he did not—and the danger, hunger, and fatigue, that awaited him, all were vividly painted in his imagination, and kept sleep or even drowsiness far from him. His daring attempt was environed with darkness and danger—he often revolved it in his mind, yet his resolution remained unshaken. At length the midnight came, and its stillness rested on the surrounding forest;—it passed—and slowly and cautiously he arose. All was silent, save the deep-drawn breath of the savage sleepers. The voice of the wind was scarcely audible on the hills, and the moon, at times, would shine brightly through the scattered clouds.

"Isaac stepped softly and tremblingly over the tawny bodies, lest they should awake and discover his design, and secured his master's fire-works, and a portion of his moose-meat and bread; these he carried to a little distance from the wigwam, and concealed them in a clump of bushes. He then returned, and bending over Joseph, who had all this time been snoring in his sleep, carefully shook him. Joseph, more asleep than awake, turned partly over, and asked aloud, 'What do you want?' This egregious blunder alarmed Isaac, and he instantly laid down in his proper place, and began to snore as loudly as any of them. As soon as his alarm had somewhat subsided, he again arose, and listened long for the heavy breath of the sleepers. He determined to fly from his master before the morning dawned. Perceiving that they all slept, he resolved to make his escape, without again attempting to awake Joseph, lest, by his thoughtlessness, he should again put him in jeopardy. He then arose and stepped softly out of the wigwam, and walked slowly and cautiously from it, until he had nearly reached the place where his provisions were

concealed, when he heard footsteps approaching hastily behind him. With a beating heart he looked backward, and saw Joseph, who had aroused himself, and finding that his companion had gone, concluded to follow. They then secured the fire-works and provisions, and without chart or compass, struck into the woods in a southerly direction, aiming for the distant settlement of Haverhill. They ran at the top of their speed until daylight appeared, when they concealed themselves in a hollow log, deeming it too dangerous to continue their journey in the day time.

"Their master, when he awoke in the morning, was astonished to find his prisoners had escaped, and immediately collected a small party with their dogs, and pursued them. The dogs struck upon the tracks, and in a short time came up to the log where the boys were concealed, when they made a stand, and began a loud barking. The boys trembled with fear lest they should be re-captured, and perhaps fall beneath the tomahawk of their enraged master. In this situation they hardly knew what was best to do; but they spoke kindly to the dogs, who knew their voices, ceased barking, and wagged their tails with delight. They then threw before them all the moose-meat they had taken from the wigwam, which the dogs instantly seized, and began to devour it, as though they highly relished so choice a breakfast. While they were thus employed, the Indians made their appearance, and passed close to the log in which they were concealed, without noticing the employment of their dogs. The boys saw them as they passed, and were nearly breathless with anxiety. They followed them with their eyes till they were out of sight, and hope again took possession of their bosoms. The dogs soon devoured their meat, and trotted after their masters.

"They lay in the log during the day, and at night pursued their journey, taking a different route from the one pursued by the Indians. They made only one or two meals on their bread, and after that was gone, they were obliged to subsist on roots and buds. On the second day they concealed themselves, but travelled the third day and night without resting; and on that day they killed a pigeon and a turtle, a part of which they ate raw, not daring

to build a fire, lest they should be discovered. The fragments of their unsavory meal they carried with them, and ate of them as their hunger required, making their dessert on such roots as they happened to find. They continued their journey day and night, as fast as their wearied and mangled limbs would carry them. On the sixth day, they struck into an Indian path, and followed it till night, when they suddenly came within sight of an Indian encampment, saw their savage enemy seated around the fire, and distinctly heard their voices. This alarmed them exceedingly; and wearied and exhausted as they were, they had rather seek an asylum in the wide forest, and die within the shadow of its trees, than trust to the kindness of foes whose bosoms had never been moved by its silent workings. They precipitately fled, fearing lest they should be discovered and pursued, and all night retraced their steps. The morning came, and found them seated side by side on the bank of a small stream, their feet torn and covered with blood, and each of them weeping bitterly over his misfortunes. Thus far, their hearts had been filled with courage, and their hopes grew and were invigorated with the pleasant thoughts of home, as they flitted vividly across their minds. But now their courage fled, and their hopes had given way to despair. They thought of the green fields in which they had so often played—of the tall trees whose branches had so often overshadowed them—and of the hearth around which they had delighted to gather with their brothers and sisters, on a winter's evening, to listen to a story told by their parents. They thought of these—yea, and of more—but as things from which they were forever parted—as things that had once given them happiness, but had forever passed away.

"They were, however, unwilling to give up further exertions. The philosophy of Isaac taught him that the stream must eventually lead to a large body of water, and after refreshing themselves with a few roots, they again commenced their journey, and followed its windings. They continued to follow it during that day, and a part of the night. On the eighth morning, Joseph found himself completely exhausted; his limbs were weak and mangled, his body was emaciated, and despair was the mistress of his

bosom. Isaac endeavored to encourage him to proceed; he dug roots for him to eat, and brought water to quench his thirst—but all was in vain. He laid himself down on the bank of the stream, in the shade of the budding trees, to die, far from his friends, with none for companions but the howling beasts of the forest. Isaac left him to his fate, and, with a bleeding heart, slowly and wearily pursued his journey. He had travelled but a short distance, when he came to a newly-raised building. Rejoiced at this, and believing that inhabitants were nigh, he immediately retraced his steps, and soon found Joseph in the same place and position in which he had left him. He told him what he had seen, talked very encouragingly, and after rubbing his limbs a long while, he succeeded in making him stand upon his feet. They then started together, Isaac part of the time leading him by the hand, and part of the time carrying him on his back; and in this manner, with their naked limbs mangled and wearied with travelling, their strength exhausted by sickness, and their bodies emaciated almost to skeletons, they reached Saco Fort, some time in the following night.

"Thus, on the ninth night, they arrived among their countrymen, after travelling over an immense forest, subsisting on a little bread, on buds and berries, and on one raw turtle and a pigeon, and without seeing the face of a friend, or warming themselves by a fire. Isaac, as soon as he regained his strength, started for Haverhill, and arrived safely at his father's dwelling, who had heard nothing from him since he was taken, and expected never to see him again. But Joseph had more to suffer—he was seized with a raging fever as soon as he reached the fort, and was for a long time confined to his bed. His father, when Isaac returned, went to Saco, and brought home his long-lost son, as soon as his health permitted."

Sarah Gerrish, an interesting and beautiful child, seven years of age, fell into the hands of the Indians at Dover, N. H. She was the grand-daughter of Major Waldron. On that fatal night in which he was massacred, Sarah lodged at his house. Knowing that the Indians had entered the house, she crept into another bed to elude

their search. Having found her, they ordered her to dress herself, and prepare to go with them. One of the Indians now became her master. He soon sold her to another, who took her with him to Canada. In her journeyings she met with numerous perils and calamities. Once her master told her to stand against a tree, and then charged his gun, as if he intended to shoot her. She was greatly terrified, fearing instant death. At another time, a squaw pushed her into the river; but she saved herself by laying hold of some bushes which grew upon the shore. When she returned home, they inquired how she became so wet. But she was afraid to tell them. One morning they went on their way, leaving her fast asleep. When she awoke, she found herself covered with snow, in a hideous wilderness, exposed to become a prey to wild beasts, far away from any English inhabitants, and entirely alone. She arose and ran crying after the Indians, and by following their track upon the snow, at length overtook them. The young Indians would now terrify her, by telling her that she was soon to be burnt to death. One evening, after a large fire had been kindled, her master called her to him, and told her that she must be roasted alive. Upon which she burst into tears, and throwing her arms about his neck, earnestly entreated him to spare her life. He was so much affected by her melting importunity, that he desisted from his purpose, and told her, "that if she would be a good girl, she should not be burnt."

Having arrived in Canada, she was sold to a French lady, and after an absence of sixteen months, was again restored to her parents.

CHAPTER IX.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES AND PRESERVATIONS.

"In the year 1646, a horrid plot was concerted among the Indians, for the destruction of a number of the principal inhabitants of Hartford, Conn. Sequassen, a petty sachem upon the river, hired one of the Waronoke Indians to kill Gov. Hopkins and Gov. Haynes, with Mr. Whiting, one of the magistrates. Sequassen's hatred of Uncas was insatiable, and probably was directed against these gentlemen, on account of the just and faithful protection which they had afforded him. The plan was, that the Waronoke Indian should kill them, and charge the murder upon Uncas, and by that means engage the English against him to his ruin. After the massacre of these gentlemen, Sequassen and the murderer were to make their escape to the Mokawks. Watohibrough, the Indian hired to perpetrate the murder, after he had received several girdles of wampum, as part of his reward, considering how Bushheag, the Indian who attempted to kill the woman at Stamford, had been apprehended and executed at New Haven, conceived that it would be dangerous to murder English sachems. He also revolved in his mind, that if the English should not apprehend and kill him, he should always be afraid of them, and have no comfort in his life. He also recollected that the English gave a reward to the Indians who discovered and brought in Bushheag. He therefore determined it would be better to discover the plot, than to be guilty of so bloody and dangerous an action. In this mind, he came to Hartford a few days after he had received the girdles, and made known the plot."

In September, 1676, Mr. Ephraim Howe, with his two sons and three others, set sail from Boston on their return to New Haven, in a small vessel of seventeen tons. When they had proceeded on their voyage as far as Cape Cod, the weather became tempestuous, and they were driven out to sea, where they were in imminent danger of perishing from the heavy waves which rolled over them. After surviving these dangers for eleven days, the eldest son of Mr. Howe died, and in a few days after, the youngest fol-

lowed him into eternity. They gave so much evidence in their last hours that they were prepared to leave the world, that their father was comforted under this heavy affliction. As the hands on board were now diminished, their danger was increased. But their trials and dangers were soon greatly augmented by the death of another of their number. Half the company were now removed. Mr. Howe, Mr. Augur and a lad, were all that remained. Mr. Howe was obliged to lash himself to the vessel, to prevent his being washed overboard, and in this condition to stand at the helm, sometimes twenty, and at others thirty-six hours at a time. They were now at a loss whether to continue to strive for the coast of New England, or to bear away for the West India Islands At length, after looking to God in earnest prayer for direction, they concluded to continue their efforts to reach New England. They proceeded on for a time, when the rudder of the vessel gave way, and was lost. All their hopes of being saved were now at an end. In this trying situation, they continued a fortnight. Mr. Howe, though suffering from great bodily infirmity, had hardly been dry for six weeks. In the seventh week, they were driven upon a ledge of rocks, over which the sea broke with great violence. They immediately cast anchor, got ready the boat, took a small quantity of provisions, and made for the shore. When they had landed, they found themselves upon a desolate island. They were now exposed to perish for want of food. While in these deplorable circumstances, a heavy storm arose, which stove their vessel in pieces. A barrel of wine and half a barrel of molasses, together with some other things, which furnished them with the means of making a shelter to screen them from the cold, were driven ashore. They had powder and other necessaries for fowling, but there was little game to be met with. Sometimes half a gull or crow, or some other fowl, with the liquor, was all that the *three* had at a meal. At one time, they lived five days without food. They were all preserved alive for twelve weeks, when Mr. Augur died. The lad survived until April. Mr. Howe was then left solitary and alone in his distressed situation.

Three long months passed away, and no deliverance came, though vessels not unfrequently passed the island,

and he used every possible means to make them acquainted with his condition.

While thus excluded from the abodes of men, this servant of the Lord observed many days of fasting and prayer, confessing his sins, and crying to God for deliverance. At last, it occurred to him that he ought to render devout thanks to the Most High for the favors which had been mingled with his trials, and especially for his remarkable preservation. Accordingly, he observed a day of thanksgiving. Immediately after this, a vessel bound to Salem, passing the island, discovered and took him on board. The vessel arrived at Salem, July 18, 1677, and Mr. Howe returned to his family at New Haven.

Major Edward Gibbons, of Boston, who sailed for some other part of America, was, by contrary winds, kept so long at sea that those on board were reduced to great straits for want of provision. No relief appearing, they looked to heaven by fervent prayer. The wind still continuing contrary, one of the company proposed that a lot should be cast, and one singled out to die, to relieve the hunger of the rest. After a long and sorrowful debate upon this shocking subject, they came to the result that it *must be done*. Accordingly the lot was cast, and one of the company was taken. But who shall take the life of the victim? Who slay his companion in distress? The deed is so revolting that no one feels prepared to perform it. And before any thing further is done in this matter, they again offer their ardent cries to God for help At this crisis, to their great joy, a large fish leaped into the boat. This afforded them a present relief; but it was soon eaten, and famine and distress again returned. They now cast a second lot, and another of their number was singled out to die. But still no one could be found to act as executioner. They again implored aid from above. A large bird soon came and lit upon the mast, and one of the men went and took it in his hand. "This was a second life from the dead." But the bird was soon devoured. No land being yet in sight, and they again pinched with hunger, they resolved upon a *third* lot. Yet before taking the life of their fellow, they again sent up their earnest prayers to the Lord for relief. They now

looked and looked again to see if they could discover any relief approaching. At length, one of them espied a ship. They manned the long boat, and coming alongside, craved the privilege of being taken on board. They were received. It proved to be a *French pirate*. Major Gibbons petitioned for some bread, and offered all for it. But the commander, being one who had received kindness from Major Gibbons at Boston, replied, "Major, not a hair of you or your company shall perish, if it is in my power to preserve you." Accordingly he treated them kindly, and they arrived safely at their desired port.

"In a storm which occurred in August, 1635, a bark belonging to Mr. Allerton, of Plymouth, was shipwrecked on an island in Salem harbor, and twenty-one out of twenty-three persons were drowned. The vessel was returning from Ipswich to Marblehead, having on board Mr. Anthony Thacher, his wife and four children, and Rev. John Avery, his wife and six children; they were recently from England, and Mr. Avery was about to settle at Marblehead. None of the company were saved except Mr. Thacher and his wife, who were cast on the island in a remarkable manner, while their four children perished. According to Dr. C. Mather, the vessel was dashed to pieces on a rock; and while Mr. Avery and Mr. Thacher were hanging on the rock, Mr. Thacher holding his friend by the hand, and resolved that they should die together, Mr. Avery, having just finished a short and devout ejaculation, was by a wave swept off into the sea." Mrs. Thacher was sitting in the scuttle of the bark, which broke off; she still cleaving to it was carried on shore. Mr. Thacher and wife remained on the island until the third day, when a shallop, coming to search for another that was missing in the storm, took them off.

"At the first planting of Ipswich, as a credible man informed me," says Rev. Mr. Cobbett, minister of the place, "the Tarrateens, or Easterly Indians, had a design to have cut off the inhabitants when there were but between twenty and thirty men, old and young, belonging to the place, and at that instant most of them gone to the bay on business, having had no intimation of the plot The case was this. One Robin, a friendly Indian, came

to John Perkins, a young man, living in a little hut upon his father's island, on this side of Jeoffry's Neck, and told him that, early on such a Thursday morning, four Indians would come to entice him to go down the hill to the water-side, to truck with them, which if he did, he and all near him would be cut off; for there were forty birchen canoes that would lie out of sight at the brow of the hill, full of armed Indians for that purpose. Of this he forthwith acquainted Mr. John Winthrop, who then lived in a house near the water, who advised him, if such Indians came, to carry it roughly towards them, and threaten to shoot them if they would not be gone; and when their backs were turned to strike up a drum he had with him, and then discharge two muskets, that so six or eight young men who were mowing in the marshes hard by, keeping by them their guns ready charged, might take the alarm, and the Indians would perceive their plot was discovered, and haste away to sea again, which took place accordingly; for he told me he presently after discerned forty such canoes shove off from under the hill, and make as fast as they could to sea."

In the year 1626, the Plymouth colony established a trading-house on the Kennebec River. In 1639, the Indians in that vicinity, being in want of provisions, formed a plot to kill the English and take possession. In executing their purpose, some of them went into the house, where they found Mr. Willet, the master of the house, reading his Bible. His countenance being more solemn than usual, and not receiving them in that cheerful manner he commonly had done, they concluded that he was acquainted with their intention. They therefore went out, and told their companions that their purpose was discovered. They asked them how it could be. They replied they knew it from Mr. Willet's countenance; and that he had discovered their plot from a book he was reading. They accordingly retired, and gave over their cruel purpose.

"A tradition in the family of Capt. Standish says, that a friendly native once came and told the captain, that a particular Indian intended to kill him; that the next time he visited the wigwam he would give him some water, and

while he should be drinking, the Indian would kill him with his knife. The next time the captain had occasion to go to the place, he remembered his trusty sword. He found a number of savages together, and soon had reason to believe the information which had been given him. It was not long before the suspected Indian brought him some drink; the captain receiving it, kept his eye fixed on him while drinking. The Indian was taking his knife to make the deadly stab, when Standish instantly drew his sword, and cut off his head at one stroke; amazed and terrified, the savages fled, and left our warrior alone."

"In the town of Yarmouth, Mass., there was an Indian deacon, named Joseph Naughaut. He was once, while in the woods, attacked by a large number of black snakes. Not having a stick, a knife, or any article for defence, he knew not what to do. Knowing that he could not outrun them, he resolved to stand still on his feet. The snakes began to entwine themselves about him, and one reached his mouth, as if trying to enter; the deacon opened his mouth, and the snake put in his head, when the deacon instantly clapped his jaws together, and bit off the serpent's head. The streaming blood from the beheaded frightened the rest of the snakes, and they all ran off."

Among the preservations recorded in our early history, no one is more remarkable, perhaps, than that of the *Judges*, or regicides, so called. Barber's account of them is the following: "Two of the judges of King Charles I. Goffe and Whalley, (commonly called the regicides,) on the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his father, in order to save their lives, were obliged to flee the kingdom; they arrived at Boston from England, the 27th of July, 1660, and took up their residence in Cambridge; but finding it unsafe to remain any longer, they left that place, and arrived at New Haven the 7th of March, 1661. They were well treated by the minister and the magistrates, and for some days thought themselves entirely out of danger. But the news of the king's proclamation being brought to New Haven, they were obliged to abscond. The 27th of March they returned, and lay concealed in the house of Mr. Davenport, the minister, until the 30th of April. Mr. Davenport was threatened with being

called to an account, for concealing and comforting traitors; but the judges, who had before removed from Mr. Davenport's house, upon intimation of his danger, generously resolved to deliver themselves up to the authorities of New Haven. They accordingly let the deputy governor, Mr. Leete, know where they were; but he took no measures to secure them, and the next day some of their friends came to them and advised them not to surrender. Having publicly shown themselves at New Haven, they had cleared Mr. Davenport from the suspicion of concealing them; after which they returned to their cave, which still goes by the name of the *Judges' cave*. It is situated on the top of West Rock, about half or three quarters of a mile from the southern extremity. It is a place well chosen for observing any approach to the mountain; likewise any vessel coming into the harbor, can from this rock be easily seen. The cave is formed on a base of perhaps forty feet square, by huge pillars of stone, fifteen or twenty feet high, standing erect and elevated above the surrounding superficies of the mountain, surrounded with trees, which conceal it from observation. The apertures being closed with branches of trees, or otherwise, a well-covered and convenient lodgment might be formed, as these rocks, being contiguous at the top, furnished space below large enough to contain bedding and two or three persons. Mr. Richard Sperry, who lived on the west side of the rock, about a mile from this cave, supplied them daily with food, sometimes carrying it himself, and at other times sending it by his boys, tied up in a cloth, with directions to leave it on a certain stump, from which the judges would take it.

"The incident which caused them to leave the cave was this: the mountain being a haunt for wild animals, one night as the judges lay in bed, a panther or catamount, putting his head into the aperture of the cave, blazed his eyeballs in such a frightful manner as greatly to terrify them. One of them took to his heels, and fled down to Sperry's house for safety. Considering this situation too dangerous to remain any longer, it was abandoned.

"Another place of their abode, in the vicinity of New

Haven, was at a spot called the *Lodge*. It was situated at a spring, in a valley, about three miles west, or a little north-west, from the last-mentioned residence. North of it was an eminence, called the *Fort* to this day, from which there was full view of the harbor, to the south-east, seven miles off. There were several other places on and about the West Rock, which were used by them for places of concealment. The two mentioned, however, were their principal places.

"Among the many traditionary anecdotes and stories, concerning the events which took place at and about the time the judges' pursuers were at New Haven, are the following:—

"1. The day they were expected, the judges walked out towards the Neck bridge, the road the pursuers must enter the town. At some distance from the bridge, the sheriff, who then was Mr. Kimberly, overtook them, with a warrant for their apprehension, and endeavored to take them. The judges stood upon their defence, and planted themselves behind a tree; being expert at fencing, they defended themselves with their cudgels, and repelled the officer, who went into town to obtain assistance, and upon his return, found they had escaped into the woods beyond his reach.

"2. That immediately after this, during the same day, the judges hid themselves under the Neck bridge, where they lay concealed while the pursuivants rode over it and passed into town; and that the judges returned to New Haven that night, and lodged at the house of Mr. Jones. All this, tradition says, was a preconcerted and contrived business, to show that the magistrates of New Haven had used their endeavors to apprehend them before the arrival of the pursuers.

"3. That when the pursuers were searching the town, the judges, in shifting their situations, happened, by accident or design, at the house of a Mrs. Eyers, a respectable lady; she seeing the pursuivants coming, ushered her guests out at the back door, who after walking a short distance, instantly returned to the house, and were concealed by her in one of the apartments. The pursuers coming in, inquired whether the regicides were at her

house; she answered they had been there, but were just gone away, and pointed out the course they went into the woods and fields. By her polite and artful address, she diverted their attention from the house, and putting them upon a false scent, thereby secured her friends.

"4. That while the judges were at the house of Mr. Richard Sperry, they were surprised by an unexpected visit from their pursuers, whom they espied at a distance, as the causeway to the house lay through a morass, on each side of which was an impassable swamp. They were seen by the judges when several rods from the house, who therefore had time to make their escape to the mountain.

"5. At or about the time the pursuers came to New Haven, and perhaps a little before, to prepare the minds of the people for their reception, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text: Isaiah xvi. 3, 4. *Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.* This doubtless had its effect, and put the whole town upon their guard, and united the people in caution and concealment.

"On the 13th of October, 1664, they left New Haven, and arrived at Hadley the latter part of the same month. The last account of Goffe is from a letter dated '*Ebenezer*, (the name they gave their several places of abode) April 2, 1679.' Whalley had been dead some time before. The tradition at Hadley is, that they were buried in the minister's cellar, and it is generally supposed that their bodies were afterwards secretly conveyed to New Haven, and placed near Dixwell's, who was another of the judges. The supposition is strongly confirmed, by three stones yet remaining in the old burying-ground, at New Haven, in the rear of the Centre church, which are marked E. W. for Whalley, M. G. for Goffe, and J. D. for Dixwell." *

May 17, 1676, a battle was fought with the Indians at Turner's falls, situated in the township of Gill, Mass. The

* See a letter received by Goffe from his wife, page 341.

English, in returning to Hatfield after the fight, were attacked by the Indians, and "for ten miles their passage was disputed inch by inch. Thirty-seven of them were killed on the march, and several others having been separated from the main body by accident and lost their way, were taken and destroyed. The Rev. Mr. Atherton was one of those whom the confusion of the retreat early separated from the main body. Having lost his way, he wandered the night following, among the wigwams, undiscovered. The next day, exhausted with hunger, he offered to surrender himself to them as a prisoner, but they declined receiving him. He accosted them, but they would not answer. He walked towards them, and they fled. Upon this, he determined to make his way, if possible, to Hatfield by the river side, and after wandering several days, and suffering excessive hunger, arrived in safety. The Indians probably considered him as a sacred person, whom it was unlawful to injure."

"Another case of remarkable preservation, occurred during this expedition. Mr. Jonathan Wells, of Hatfield, one of the twenty who remained in the rear when Turner began his march from the falls, soon after mounting his horse, received a shot in one of his thighs, which had previously been fractured and badly healed, and another shot wounded his horse. With much difficulty he kept his saddle, and after several narrow escapes, joined the main body, just at the time it separated into several parties. Attaching himself to one that was making towards the swamp on the left, and perceiving the enemy in that direction, he altered his route, another party flying in a different direction. Unable to keep up with the party, he was soon left alone, and not long after, fell in with one Jones, who was also wounded. The woods being thick and the day cloudy, they soon got bewildered, and Wells lost his companion, and after wandering in various directions, accidentally struck Green River, and proceeding up the stream, arrived at a place, since called the *country farms*, in the northerly part of Greenfield. Passing the river, and attempting to ascend an abrupt hill, bordering the interval west, he fell from his horse exhausted. After lying senseless some time, he revived and found his faithful animal

standing by him; making him fast to a tree, he again lay down to rest himself, but finding he should not be able to remount, he turned the horse loose, and making use of his gun as a crutch, hobbled up the river, directly opposite the course he ought to have taken. His progress was slow and painful, and being much annoyed by musquetoes, towards night he struck up a fire, which soon spread in all directions, and with some difficulty he avoided the flames. New fears now arose; the fire, he conjectured, might guide the Indians to the spot, and he should be sacrificed to their fury. Under these impressions, he divested himself of his ammunition, that it might not fall into their hands—bound up his thigh with a handkerchief, and staunched the blood, and composing himself as much as possible, soon fell asleep. Probably before this, he had conjectured that he was pursuing a wrong course, for in a dream, he imagined himself bewildered, and was impressed with the idea that he must turn *down* the stream to find his home. The rising of the sun the next morning convinced him that his sleeping impressions were correct—that he had travelled *from*, instead of *towards* Hatfield, and that he was then further from that place than the falls, where the action took place. He was now some distance up Green River, where the high lands closed down to the stream. Reversing his course, he at length regained the level interval in the upper part of Greenfield, and soon found a foot path which led him to the trail of his retreating comrades; this he pursued to Deerfield River, which with much difficulty he forded by the aid of his gun; ascending the bank, he laid himself down to rest, and being overcome with fatigue, he soon fell asleep; but soon awaking, he discovered an Indian making directly towards him in a canoe. Unable to flee, and finding his situation desperate, he presented his gun, then wet, and filled with sand and gravel, as if in the act of firing; the Indian, leaving his own gun, instantly leaped from his canoe into the water, escaped to the opposite shore, and disappeared. Wells now concluded he should be sacrificed by others, who he knew were but a small distance down the river; but determining if possible to elude them, he gained an adjacent swamp, and secreted himself under a pile of drift wood. The

Indians were soon heard in search of him, traversing the swamp in all directions, and passing over the drift wood; but lying close, he fortunately avoided discovery, and after they had given up the search and left the place, he continued his painful march through Deerfield meadows. Hunger now began to prey upon him, and looking about, he accidentally discovered the skeleton of a horse; from the bones of which he gathered some animal matter, which he eagerly devoured, and soon after found a few birds, eggs and some decayed beans, which in some measure allayed the cravings of nature, and added to his strength. Passing the ruins of Deerfield, at dusk, he arrived the next morning at Lathrop's battle-ground, at Bloody Brook, in the south part of Deerfield, where he found himself so exhausted, that he concluded he must give up further effort, lie down and die. But after resting a short time, and recollecting that he was within about eight miles of Hatfield, his resolution returned, and he resumed his march over pine woods, then smoking with a recent fire; here he found himself in great distress from a want of water to quench his thirst, and almost despaired of reaching his approximated home. But once more rousing himself, he continued his route, and about mid-day, on Sunday, reached Hatfield, to the inexpressible joy of his friends, who had supposed him dead. After a long confinement, Mr. Wells' wound was healed, and he lived to an advanced age, a worthy member of the town."

In July, 1690, the garrison at Exeter was assaulted, "but was relieved by Lieut. Bancroft, with the loss of several men. One of them, Simon Stone, being shot in nine places, lay as if dead among the slain; the Indians coming to strip him, attempted by two blows of a hatchet to sever his head from his body; though they did not effect it, the wounds were dreadful. Our people coming upon them suddenly, they did not scalp him. While burying the dead, Stone was observed to gasp; an Irishman present, advised them to give him another blow of the hatchet, and bury him with the rest; but his kind neighbors poured a little water into his mouth, then a little spirits, when he opened his eyes; the Irishman was ordered to haul a canoe on shore, in which the wounded man might be

carried to a surgeon. He in a short time perfectly recovered."

During Philip's war, Anthony Brackett and wife were captivated by the Indians. The Indians having conveyed them as far as the north side of Casco Bay, news was received, that another party of savages had surprised and taken a store-house belonging to the English on the Kennebec River, and secured all the provisions. The Indians were greatly rejoiced at this intelligence, and being in haste to get on, that they might share in the spoils, allotted to Brackett and his wife each a burden to carry, promising them, that if they would hasten after, they should partake of the booty. Brackett's wife, having a little before observed an old birch-canoe lying by the water-side, devised a plan for their escape. In the prosecution of her plan, she asked the Indians to allow a negro man, whom they were also carrying captive, to remain with them and assist them in carrying their burdens; which request they readily granted. She then desired them to leave one or two pieces of meat, which were not denied her. The Indians then left them, with the expectation that they would follow. But instead of this, they improved the opportunity to effect their escape. Mrs. Brackett found a needle and thread in the house where they had been staying, with which she mended the canoe. They then crossed over eight or ten miles, to the south side of the bay, and so arrived in safety at Black Point, where a vessel took them on board, and carried them to Piscataqua.

One of the captives taken at Richmond's Island, in 1675, was Thomas Cobbet. "His father was the minister of Ipswich. After being wounded by a musket shot, his hands were fast tied, and in the division of the captives, it was his unfortunate lot to be assigned to an Indian of the worst character. Young Cobbet's first duty was to manage the captured ketch of Fryer, in sailing to Sheepscot, and from that place to paddle a canoe, carrying his master and himself, to Penobscot, and thence to their hunting ground at Mount Desert. He suffered the extremes of cold, fatigue, and famine; and because he could not understand the Indian dialect, the savage often drew his knife upon him, threatening him with instant death. In hunting on a

day of severe cold, he fell down in the snow, benumbed, famished and senseless. Here he must have perished, had not the more humane hunters conveyed him to a wigwam, and restored him. At another time, his savage master was drunk five successive days, in which he was fearfully raving like a wild beast. To such an alarming degree did he beat and abuse his own squaws, that Cobbet, who knew himself to be much more obnoxious than they, to his fury, fled into the woods to save his life; where he made a fire, formed a slender covert, and the squaws fed him.

"At the end of nine weeks, his master sent him to Mons. Castine for ammunition to kill moose and deer. He arrived at a most opportune hour, just before Mugg's departure to Seconnet, who readily called him by name. *Ah!* said Mugg, *I saw your father when I went to Boston, and I told him his son should return. He must be released according to the treaty. Yes,* replied Madockawando; *but the captain must give me the fine coat he has in the vessel; for his father is a great preachman, or chief speaker, among Englishmen.*—This request was granted, and young Cobbet saw his demoniac master no more."

Mrs. Elisabeth Hurd, of Dover, N. H., with her three sons and a daughter, and some others, in returning from Portsmouth on that fatal night in which Major Waldron and his family fell into the hands of the Indians, "passed up the river in their boat unperceived by the Indians, who were then in possession of the houses; but suspecting danger by the noise which they heard, after they had landed, they betook themselves to Waldron's garrison, where they saw lights, which they imagined were set up for direction to those who might be seeking a refuge. They knocked and begged earnestly for admission; but no answer being given, a young man of the company climbed up the wall, and saw, to his inexpressible surprise, an Indian standing in the door of the house with his gun. The woman was so overcome with the fright, that she was unable to fly, but begged her children to shift for themselves; and they with heavy hearts left her. When she had a little recovered, she crawled into some bushes, and lay there till daylight. She then perceived an Indian coming toward her, with a pistol in his hand; he looked at her, and

went away; returning, he looked at her again; and she asked him what he would have; he made no answer, but ran yelling to the house, and she saw him no more. She kept her place till the house was burned, and the Indians were gone; and then, returning home, found her own house safe. Her preservation in these dangerous circumstances was the more remarkable, if (as it is supposed) it was an instance of justice and gratitude in the Indians. For, at the time when the four hundred were seized in 1676, a young Indian escaped and took refuge in her house, where she concealed him; in return for which kindness, he promised her that he would never kill her, nor any of her family in any future war, and that he would use his influence with the other Indians to the same purpose. This Indian was one of the party who surprised the place, and she was well known to the most of them."

"In the year 1696, Jonathan Haines, of Haverhill, Mass., and four of his children were captivated by the Indians The children were in a field, picking beans, and the father was reaping near by. The Indians, with their captives, immediately started for Penacook, (Concord.) When they arrived, they separated, and divided their prisoners—one party taking the father and Joseph, and the other the three girls. The party which took the men started for their homes in Maine, where they soon arrived. The prisoners had remained with them but a short time before they escaped; and after travelling two or three days with little or nothing to satisfy their craving appetites, the old man became wholly exhausted, and laid down beneath the branching trees to die. The son, who was young and vigorous, finding his efforts vain to encourage his father, started onward. He soon found himself upon a hill, where he climbed a tall tree to discover signs of civilization, and heard, indistinctly, the sound of a sawmill. With a glad heart he hastily descended, and following the sound, soon arrived at the settlement of Saco. Here he told the story of his escape, the forlorn situation of his father, and getting assistance and a bottle of milk, hastened back to him, and found him still lying on the ground, without the expectation of ever seeing the face of a friend. He drank some of the milk, which revived

him considerably, and with some assistance reached Saco. Here they remained until their strength was somewhat recruited, when they started for Haverhill, where they arrived without any further difficulty."

"In the year 1697, on the 5th day of March, a body of Indians again attacked this town, burnt a small number of houses, and killed and captivated about forty of the inhabitants. A party of them, arrayed in all the terrors of the Indian war-dress, and carrying with them the multiplied horrors of a savage invasion, approached near to the house of a Mr. Dustan. This man was abroad at his usual labor. Upon the first alarm, he flew to the house, with a hope of hurrying to a place of safety his family, consisting of his wife, who had been confined a week only in child-bed; her nurse, a Mrs. Mary Teff, a widow from the neighborhood; and eight children. Seven of his children he ordered to flee with the utmost expedition in the course opposite to that in which the danger was approaching; and went himself, to assist his wife. Before she could leave her bed, the savages were upon them. Her husband, despairing of rendering her any service, flew to the door, mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up the child with which he was most unwilling to part, when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them, about two hundred yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and to defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued, and came up with him, and from near distances fired at him and his little company. He returned the fire, and retreated, alternately. For more than a mile, he kept so resolute a face to his enemy, retiring in the rear of his charge; returned the fire of the savages so often, and with so good success, and sheltered so effectually his terrified companions, that he finally lodged them all, safe from the pursuing butchers, in a distant house. When it is remembered how numerous his assailants were, how bold, when an overmatch for their enemies, how active, and what excellent marksmen; a devout mind will consider the hand of Providence as unusually visible in the preservation of this family.

"Another party of the Indians entered the house, immediately after Mr. Dustan had quitted it, and found Mrs. Dustan, and her nurse, who was attempting to fly with the infant in her arms. Mrs. Dustan they ordered to rise instantly, and before she could completely dress herself, obliged her and her companion to quit the house, after they had plundered it, and set it on fire. In company with several other captives, they began their march into the wilderness; she, feeble, sick, terrified beyond measure, partially clad, one of her feet bare, and the season utterly unfit for comfortable travelling. The air was chilly and keen, and the earth covered alternately with snow and deep mud. Her conductors were unfeeling, insolent, and revengeful. Murder was their glory, and torture their sport. Her infant was in her nurse's arms; and infants were the customary victims of savage barbarity.

"The company had proceeded but a short distance, when an Indian, thinking it an incumbrance, took the child out of the nurse's arms, and dashed its head against a tree. What then were the feelings of the mother!

"Such of the other captives as began to be weary, and to lag, the Indians tomahawked. The slaughter was not an act of revenge, nor of cruelty. It was a mere convenience, an effort so familiar, as not even to excite an emotion.

"Feeble as Mrs. Dustan was, both she and her nurse sustained, without yielding, the fatigue of the journey. Their intense distress for the death of the child, and of their companions; anxiety for those they had left behind, and unceasing terror for themselves, raised these unhappy women to such a degree of vigor, that notwithstanding their fatigue, their exposure to cold, their sufferance of hunger, and their sleeping on damp ground under an inclement sky, they finished an expedition of about one hundred and fifty miles, without losing their spirits, or injuring their health.

"The wigwam to which they were conducted, and which belonged to the savage who had claimed them as his property, was inhabited by twelve persons. In the month of April, this family set out with their captives for an Indian settlement, still more remote; and informed

them, that when they arrived at the settlement, they must be stripped, scourged, and run the gauntlet, naked, between two files of Indians, containing the whole number found in the settlement; for such, they declared, was the standing custom of their nation. This information, you will believe, made a deep impression on the minds of the captive women, and led them, irresistibly, to devise all the possible means of escape. On the 31st of the same month, very early in the morning, Mrs. Dustan, while the Indians were asleep, having awaked her nurse, and a fellow-prisoner, (a youth taken some time before from Worcester) despatched, with the assistance of her companions, ten of the twelve Indians. The other two escaped. With the scalps of these savages, they returned through the wilderness, and having arrived safely at Haverhill, and afterwards at Boston, received a handsome reward for their intrepid conduct from the legislature."

"In the year 1676, Scituate, Mass., was attacked by the Indians. During the assault, they entered the house of a Mr. Ewell. His wife was alone, save an infant grandchild, John Northey, sleeping in the cradle; the house being situated beneath a high hill, she had no notice of the approach of the savages, until they were rushing down the hill towards the house. In the moment of alarm, she fled towards the garrison, which was not more than sixty rods distant; and either through a momentary forgetfulness or despair, or with the hope of alarming the garrison in season, she left the child. She reached the garrison in safety. The savages entered her house, and stopping only to take the bread from the oven, which she was in the act of putting in when she was first alarmed, then rushed forward to assault the garrison. After they had become closely engaged, Mrs. Ewell returned, by a circuitous path, to learn the fate of the babe, and, to her surprise, found it quietly sleeping in the cradle as she had left it, and carried it safely to the garrison. A few hours afterward, the house was burnt."

"Among the prisoners taken by the Indians at Oyster River, N. H., in 1694, were Thomas Drew and his wife, who were newly married. He was carried to Canada, where he continued two years, and was redeemed;—she

to Norridgewock, and was gone four years, in which she endured every thing but death. She was delivered of a child in the winter, in the open air, and in a violent snow-storm. Being unable to suckle her child, or provide it any nourishment, the Indians killed it. She lived fourteen days on a decoction of the bark of trees. Once, they set her to draw a sled up a river, against a piercing north-west wind, and left her. She was so overcome with the cold, that she grew sleepy, laid down, and was nearly dead when they returned. They carried her senseless to a wigwam, and poured warm water down her throat, which recovered her. After her return to her husband, she had fourteen children. They lived together till he was ninety-three, and she eighty-nine years of age. They died within two days of each other, and were buried in one grave."

"On the 10th of June, 1697, the town of Exeter was remarkably preserved from destruction. A body of the enemy had placed themselves near the town, intending to make an assault in the morning of the next day. A number of women and children, contrary to the advice of their friends, went into the fields without a guard, to gather strawberries. When they were gone, some persons, to frighten them, fired an alarm, which quickly spread through the town, and brought the people together in arms. The Indians, supposing that they were discovered, and quickened by fear, after killing one, wounding another, and taking a child, made a hasty retreat, and were seen no more there."

"At Exeter, an attempt was made to kill Col. Hilton, an officer who had been active against the enemy, and whom they had marked for destruction. Secreting themselves near his house, they eagerly waited to execute their design In the mean time, ten men went from the house to their labor, and depositing their arms, commenced cutting grass. Observing this, the Indians crept between the arms and the laborers, and suddenly rushing on, fired, and killed four, wounded one, and captured three others. This produced an alarm, and saved the colonel from the snare."

Rebekah Taylor, who was taken by the Indians, after her return from captivity, gave the following account, viz:

"That when she was going to Canada, on the back of

Montreal River, she was violently insulted by Sampson, her bloody master, who, without any provocation, was resolved to hang her; and, for want of a rope, made use of his girdle, which, when he had fastened about her neck, attempted to hoist her up on the limb of a tree, (that hung in the nature of a gibbet,) but in hoisting her, the weight of her body broke it asunder, which so exasperated the cruel tyrant, that he made a second attempt, resolving, if he failed in that, to knock her on the head; but before he had power to effect it, Bomazeen came along, who, seeing the tragedy on foot, prevented the fatal stroke."

"A child of Mrs. Hannah Parsons, of Wells, the Indians, for want of food, had determined to roast alive; but while the fire was kindling, and the sacrifice preparing, a company of French Mohawks came down the river in a canoe, with three dogs, which somewhat revived these hungry monsters, expecting to make a feast upon one of them. As soon as they got ashore, the child was offered in exchange; but the offer being despised, they tendered a gun, which they readily accepted, and by that means the child was preserved.

"Samuel Butterfield, being sent to Groton as a soldier, was, with others, attacked by the Indians, while gathering in the harvest: his bravery was such, that he killed one, and wounded another, but being overpowered by strength, was forced to submit; and it happened that the slain Indian was a sagamore, and of great dexterity in war, which caused great lamentation, and enraged them to such a degree, that they vowed the utmost revenge: some were for whipping him to death, others for burning him alive; but differing in their sentiments, they submitted the issue to the squaw widow, concluding she would determine something very dreadful; but when the matter was opened, and the fact considered, her spirits were so moderate as to make no other reply than, *Fortune l' guerre.*—Upon which some were uneasy, to whom she answered, 'If, by killing him, you can bring my husband to life again, I beg you study what death you please; but if not, let him be my servant;' which he accordingly was during his captivity, and had favor shown him."

"Mrs. Mehetabel Goodwin, being captivated by the In-

dians, had with her a child about five months old, which, through hunger and hardship, she being unable to nurse it, often cried excessively. Her Indian master told her that if her child were not quiet, he would soon dispose of it; which led her to use all possible means to avoid giving him offence. Sometimes she would carry it from the fire out of his hearing, where she would sit up to her waist in snow for several hours, until it was lulled asleep. Thus, for several days, she preserved the life of her babe. At length, her master, lest he should be retarded in his journey, violently snatched it out of its mother's arms, and before her face, knocked out its brains, and, stripping off the few rags which covered it, ordered the mother to go and wash the bloody clothes. On returning from this melancholy task, she saw her infant hanging by the neck in the crotch of a tree. She asked leave to lay it in the earth; but her master said that it was better as it was, for now the wild beasts could not come at it, and she might have the comfort of seeing it again, if they should come that way. The journey now before them was long, it being her master's purpose to reach Canada, and there dispose of his captive. But the great length of the way, want of food, and grief of mind, caused her in a few days to faint under her difficulties. At length, sitting down for repose, she found herself unable to rise, until she discovered her master coming towards her, with fire in his eyes, and his hatchet in his hand, ready to bury it in her head. She fell upon her knees, and with weeping, and every expression of entreaty, besought him to spare her life, assuring him that she doubted not but that God would enable her to walk a little faster. He was prevailed upon to spare her this time: but soon after, her former weakness returning upon her, he was just about to put an end to her life, when two Indians, who at that time came in, called upon him to hold his hand. She was purchased by them, and afterwards carried to Canada, where she remained five years, when she was brought back in safety to New England."

In 1706, the Indians assaulted and burnt a garrison in Dunstable, N. H. "One woman only escaped. When the Indians attacked the house, she sought refuge in the cellar, and concealed herself under a dry cask. After

hastily plundering the house, and murdering, as they supposed, all who were in it, the Indians set it on fire, and immediately retired. The woman, in this critical situation, attempted to escape by the window, but found it too small; she, however, succeeded in loosening the stones till she had opened a hole sufficient to admit of her passage, and with the house in flames over her head, she forced herself out, and crawled into the bushes, not daring to rise, lest she should be discovered. In the bushes she lay concealed until the next day, when she reached one of the neighboring garrisons."

"A warlike tribe of Indians once came upon Killingly, Con., with the intention of murdering the whole white population. They arrived at a plain, and encamped beneath an old white oak tree. The settlers, being apprised of their arrival, were busy in preparation for defence. One of them, in the mean time, sallied forth alone to the spot where the red men were assembled. At the same moment the sachem was seen climbing the oak to reconnoitre the country. He had scarcely time to look, when he felt the bullet of the above-mentioned settler, who had given him a fatal wound. Though the individual who did this bold act was *alone*, yet the Indians, fearing that more lay concealed, and being without a leader, gave up the expedition."

The last action of any moment that occurred during queen Anne's war, "was at Mr. Plaisted's marriage with Capt. Wheelwright's daughter, of Wells, where happened a great concourse of people, who, as they were preparing to mount, in order to their return, found two of their horses missing; upon which, Mr. Downing, with Isaac Cole and others, went out to seek them; but before they had gone many rods, the two former were killed, and the others taken. The noise of the guns soon alarmed the guests, and Capt. Lane, Capt. Robinson, and Capt. Heard, with several others, mounted their horses, ordering twelve soldiers in the mean time to run over the field, being the nearer way; but before the horsemen got far, they were ambushed by another party, who killed Capt. Robinson, and dismounted the rest; and yet they all escaped, except the bridegroom, who in a few days after was redeemed by

the prudent care of his father, at the expense of more than three hundred pounds."

"On the hill north-west of the central village in Brookfield, Mass., a tower was built for the purpose of enabling the inhabitants to watch the movements of the Indians, and to obtain seasonable notice of their approach. It stood on an elevated rock. It is related that early in the evening of a cloudy day, the sentinel discovered Indians lurking in the woods at only a small distance from him. By inadvertence, a large portion of the guns which belonged to the fort were left at the tower. The sentinel knew that if he gave the alarm, the inhabitants would come for their guns, and thus be exposed to the Indians, who were ready to destroy them. In this state of things, he waited till it became quite dark. In the mean time, he examined all the guns, and prepared for an attack. At length, he discharged a gun towards the place where he had seen the Indians. They returned his fire. As he was not exposed to injury from their muskets, he took a second piece, and whenever one of their guns was discharged, he fired at the light occasioned by it. Thus single handed, he carried on for some hours a contest with them. At length the firing ceased. In the morning, blood was found in several places in the vicinity of the tower. *Marks' garrison* stood near the south-west end of Wickaboag Pond, on a knoll below the junction of the waters of the pond with the Quaboag River. It is related that one day Mrs. Marks, being left alone, discovered hostile Indians near the garrison, waiting for an opportunity to attack the settlement. She immediately put on her husband's wig, hat, great coat, and, taking his gun, went to the top of the fortification, and marched backwards and forwards, vociferating, like a vigilant centinel, 'All's well, all's well.' This led the Indians to believe that they could not take the place by surprise, and they accordingly retired, without doing any injury."

"In 1723, two Indians surprised and captivated one Jacob Griswold, as he was laboring in his field, bound him and carried him into the wilderness about twenty miles. They then stopped and made a fire, and fastening him down, one of them laid himself down to rest, and the

other watched him. Griswold, unnoticed by his keeper, disengaged himself from all the cords which bound him, except the one which fastened his elbows. When the Indian appeared to be awake, and to have his eye upon him, he lay as still as possible; but when he drowsed, and had not his eye upon him, he employed all his art and vigor to set himself at liberty. At length he disengaged himself from the cord which bound his arms, and perceiving that the Indians were asleep, he sprang, caught both their guns, and leaped into the woods. Their powder horns were hung upon their guns, so that he brought off both their arms and ammunition. He secreted himself by a rock until the morning appeared, and then steered for Litchfield, guided by a brook which he imagined would lead him to the town. The Indians pursued him; but when they approached him, he would lay down one gun and present the other, and they would draw back and hide themselves, and he escaped to the town."

In Lovewell's fight, "Solomon Kies, of Billerica, in Mass., having fought until he had received three wounds, and lost much blood, crept to Ensign Wyman, and stating his situation, told him he was inevitably a dead man; but having strength left to creep along the side of the pond, where he intended to secure himself from the scalping knife, he fortunately found an Indian canoe, and with much difficulty rolled himself into it, and pushing it off, the wind wafted him several miles towards the fort. He then crept to land, and finding his strength increased, continued his route, and reached the fort, and at last got home, and was cured of his wounds."

"Those Indians who had been concerned in taking Hanson's family at Dover, in a short time after their redemption and return, came down with a design to take them again, as they had threatened them before they left Canada. When they had come near the house, they observed some people at work in a neighboring field by which it was necessary for them to pass, both in going and returning. This obliged them to alter their purpose, and conceal themselves in a barn, till they were ready to attack them. Two women passed by the barn, while they were in it, and had just reached the garrison as the guns

were fired. They shot Benjamin Evans dead on the spot; wounded William Evans, and cut his throat; John Evans received a slight wound in the breast, which bleeding plentifully, deceived them, and thinking him dead, they stripped and scalped him. He bore the painful operation without discovering any signs of life, though all the time in his perfect senses, and continued in the feigned appearance of death till they had turned him over, and struck him several blows with their guns, and left him for dead. After they were gone off, he rose and walked, naked and bloody, toward the garrison; but on meeting his friends by the way, dropped, fainting on the ground, and being covered with a blanket was conveyed to the house. He recovered, and lived fifty years."

The subject of the following narrative was Mrs. Sarah Porterfield, who was for many years an ornament to the church in Georgetown, Me., and died much esteemed by her christian acquaintance. The account was written by a female friend, from her own lips.

"I was born in Ireland, in the county of Donegal, in the parish of Raphæ, August 13, 1722. I had pious parents, who instructed me in the christian religion, and set good examples before me. When I was about eleven years old, I trust God was pleased to effect a work of divine grace in my heart.

"When I was about nineteen years old, my father went to Pennsylvania, in America, and finding a plantation suitable for his family, he wrote over for my mother and the children to take passage in the first vessel, and come to Pennsylvania. Accordingly, my mother, with three daughters, took passage on board a large ship, which was going with passengers to Philadelphia.

"July 28, 1741, we sailed from Londonderry, Capt. Rowen being commander. For some time after we sailed, we had pleasant weather, and every thing was agreeable, excepting our sea-sickness. The ship's company daily assembled on the quarter-deck for prayers, which were performed alternately by four or five of the passengers, to the great satisfaction of many on board.

"When we had been about three weeks at sea, a mor-

tal fever broke out, and spread through the whole ship's company. In this melancholy situation we were reduced to great distress. It is enough to make one's heart ache, to think of our condition. Not one was able to help another. My mother and children were preserved and restored to health. Thanks to God for such a mercy, when so many were daily dying around us.

"But God, who knoweth all things, and never does any wrong to his creatures, did not suffer us to rest here. Sorer trials were appointed for us. When we had been ten weeks at sea, we were visited with a violent storm, in which our ship was much wrecked, and we were all very near being lost. The captain at that time thought we were near land, and expected every day to make it, and to get into port soon. But God had different purposes in view. The violence of the storm drove us to the eastward. The sea raged greatly. Our masts gave way, and we were in a distressed situation, even at our wit's end. Then we cried unto the Lord, and he heard us, and came down for our deliverance. O that I could praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his loving kindness unto us!

"At that time the captain thought proper to put all hands on allowance, as he did not know where the ship was, or how long we should be continued in our present situation. His reckoning was out, and he knew not where to steer his course. One biscuit a day, a small portion of meat, and a quart of water, was all our allowance. This was continued for ten or twelve days; then we were put upon half allowance, excepting the water, which was continued the same. Ten days after, we spoke a ship, which supplied us with provision; but our allowance was not increased. The storm was now abated, and we were relieved from some distressing fears.

"October 28, made land on the eastern coast, found it to be a desolate island, or neck of land, inhabited only by a few Indians. The ship was anchored, and we remained a few days on board. The captain and others took the long-boat, and went, hoping to find some French inhabitants, but returned without any success. We were then ordered to land on this island. Accordingly, many boat-

loads of people were landed, and scattered round the island, without any provision. The number of people could not, I presume, be less than a hundred. We were told that the last boats should bring us some provision, but were disappointed. No provision was sent us. Oh, the distressed situation! some crying, some almost distracted, not knowing what to do. Death seemed to stare us all in the face, and very soon marked out many for his victims.

"After we were landed, twenty or thirty of the passengers set out to look for inhabitants, but were never after heard of. Probably they all perished. The captain, mate, and seamen left the ship and went in search of inhabitants. After a few days' sail to the eastward, they fell in with land, and came to a place called Newharbor, about thirty miles east of Kennebec. Getting two small vessels there, they came back for the plunder of the ship, which had been cast upon a small island, and broken to pieces. They tarried until they had collected what plunder they pleased to take, with which they returned to Newharbor, taking with them a few of the servants and passengers that were on the island. These were sold for their passage, but in this way delivered from their distressing situation. The rest of the passengers were left in the most melancholy circumstances; but a kind Providence furnished us with something to support nature. We found some muscles on the beach, which with sea-kelp and dulce, we boiled in a pot we had brought on shore, and were nourished by them. This was all the food we had for as much as two months. A distressing time! But God supported me even at that time, and gave me hopes of relief, which I ever maintained in the very darkest hour. Every day, more or less died around us. It was observed that the men failed sooner than the women, and that a greater proportion of them died. There was scarcely one to help another, as every one had sufficient to do for himself. The provision for the day was to be sought in the day, as the manna was in the wilderness.

"The Indians soon visited us, and added much to our distress, robbing us of all they could find, which we had brought from the ship. In a severe snow storm, we hung

our clothes on trees to shelter us. The Indians came and took them down. When I offered to resist them, one drew his hatchet, and attempted to strike me. I drew back, and left them to take what they pleased. Among other things, they took our pot, in which we boiled our muscles, which increased our distress. At length, I providentially thought of a sauce-pan, which some of the passengers had. I went and found it on the ground, the owners all being dead.

"Some further particulars deserve to be mentioned. I was landed in one of the first boats. As my mother and sisters were landing, one of my sisters died. All being in confusion and trouble, there was no one to bury her but myself. I performed that service with great composure. I then had to take care of my mother and other sister, who were somewhat helpless. God gave me strength, so that I was enabled to do something for them, as well as for myself. For some time we appeared like a very thick neighborhood, being divided into separate companies. Our company consisted of nine persons.

"When the boats were landing, as I stood on the beach, a child, about two years old, was put into my arms. I looked around to see who was to take it from me, but found no one that would own it. I inquired, *Who takes care of this child?* A little boy, about twelve years old, answered, *Nobody, ma'am, but I.* O, how I felt, knowing that this child's parents had both died in the ship! I was obliged to lay down the child, and leave it to the care of Him who had the care of us all. The boy and child were soon after found dead, lying together. A most sorrowful sight!

"I went to see a cousin of mine, who lay at a little distance, in a feeble state, unable to rise. I asked her whether she had any thing to eat. She said, yes, her shipmates gave her muscles when they got any for themselves; but added, she could eat some boiled dulce, if she could get any. I told her I would get her some to-morrow. On the morrow, returning to see her, I found her dead, and several more by her. Walking along the shore, I found a boy, about seventeen years old, sitting very disconsolate, with a book in his hand. I said to him, 'What do you do

here?' He answered, 'I am looking for the captain, who is coming to carry me off the island.' I said to him, 'Did he promise you that favor?' 'Yes,' he said. 'Well,' replied I, 'don't depend upon it, for I don't believe he will ever come here again.' Upon this, he wept bitterly; but I could not persuade him to give up his hope, and do something for a subsistence. In a few days he was found dead, with his book open under his head.

"The people began now to die very fast. There was no travelling any where, but dead bodies were found, as few were buried. All were so weak and helpless, that they had enough to do to keep life in themselves. In this distressing situation we remained until every person, of whom we had any knowledge, on the island, was dead, excepting my mother, my sister, and myself. At that time our fire went out, and we had nothing to strike with. Several snows had fallen, but soon melted away. Another snow fell when we were in such distress for want of fire. This scene was of all the most hopeless; nothing to cover us but the heavens, and nothing to eat but frozen muscles. In about one day after our fire went out, my mother died, and there she lay, a lifeless corpse by our side. We were not able to bury her, or do any thing with her. My sister began to fail very fast, and her spirits were very low. I laid me down beside a tree, to rest my head against it, but soon thought I must not lie there. I rose, and went down to the beach, got some frozen muscles, and carried them to my sister, who ate them. We then both sat down beside a tree. Now my courage began to fail. I saw nothing to expect but death, yet did not wholly give up my hope of deliverance. There we were, two distressed sisters, surrounded by dead bodies, without food or fire, and almost without clothing. I had no shoes to my feet, which were much swollen by reason of the cold. The ground was covered with snow, and the season was fast advancing, it being nearly the middle of December; so that we had every reason to expect that we should soon share the fate of our companions. But at that time God mercifully appeared for our relief, and thus showed himself to be the helper of the helpless. To our great surprise, we saw three men on the island, who, when they approached us,

appeared no less surprised to find us living. I took courage and spoke to them. Having related to them our distress, one of them asked me if it were not better to be servants, than to die on the island. I said, yes. They then asked me several questions, which I answered as well as I could. They appeared pitiful, told us that they had come from Newharbor with two vessels for plunder, and offered to take us on board. We gladly complied with their invitation, and were hurried to the vessel. As I was rising from the frozen ground, by the assistance of one of the men, I put out my hand to take a small bundle, which I had preserved through all our difficulties, and which contained some clothes and books, especially my Bible. Seeing me attempt to take it, the men promised to take care of it for me. Trusting to their honor, I left it with them, but never saw it more. I also desired to see my mother buried before I left the island. They engaged to see it done; but I have reason to fear they never performed the engagement. After we were on board, they treated us very kindly. The captain gave each of us a spoonful of spirit and half a biscuit. This was the first bread we had tasted for two months. When collecting the plunder, the people told us we should have whatever we claimed as belonging to us in the ship. This was more than we expected. After plundering the ship and stripping the dead, they sailed. Then I saw the last of my miserable abode. In five days we arrived at Newharbor. Our new friends then appeared disposed to take advantage of us, and to sell us as servants to satisfy themselves for their trouble in saving our lives. This was a trial almost insupportable.

"But to our great comfort, a man came on board, who was from the same place in Ireland from which we had come. He was kind and pitiful, and endeavored to comfort us. God then appeared for us, and raised up a friend, who came and took us to his house, and there tenderly entertained us, bidding us to be of good cheer, for he would not suffer such ruffians to take advantage of us. This gentleman gave us every consolation in his power, and conversed with us in a very christian manner, which was affecting and comforting. He proved very punctual in fulfilling his promises. We tarried with him, until we had

so far recovered, as to be able to work for our living. This gentleman wrote to my father in Pennsylvania, informing him of our situation, and did all he could to forward the letter as soon as possible. This was about the last of December, 1741. In the mean time he provided good places for us. My sister was sent to live with a friend of his, at a place since called Boothbay, and was very happily situated. Soon after she went there, a happy revival of religion took place among the people. I trust that she was made a subject of the work. I tarried at Newharbor through the winter. The next spring, I came to this place, (Georgetown,) and was employed in a family where I enjoyed the privileges of religion, as well as very kind treatment. Both the man and his wife were professors of religion, and were greatly animated by the good work which was going on in the place. At that time, there was manifest a general attention to religion. Having no minister, the people met together every Sabbath, and frequently on other days, for the purpose of worshipping God in a public manner, by prayer, singing psalms, and reading instructive books. In this way their meetings were made both agreeable and useful.

"Some time in the summer, my father came to visit us. He intended to take us with him to Pennsylvania. But before his arrival, I had an offer of marriage, which my situation seemed to urge me to accept. November, 1742, I was married. My father tarried with us through the winter. The next summer he took my sister and returned to Pennsylvania, where he spent the remainder of a very long life, as I trust, in the service of God.

"I lived very happily with my husband thirty years. We had eight children, two sons and six daughters. When I review God's dealings with me, in the various scenes of life, I am filled with wonder and amazement. Great has been his goodness, and great my unworthiness. I view him as my covenant God, who foresaw these trials, and was graciously pleased to prepare me for them, by taking me into covenant with himself. He has upheld and supported me under all my trials, so that I have abundant reason to say, *He has ever been a present help in time of need.* I have reason, as it seems, more than any one on

earth, to acknowledge God's goodness, which has been so abundantly manifested towards me, even from my youth.

"I am now seventy-six years old. My anchor of hope has been, for many years, cast within the veil. My faith rests on the Rock of Ages, against which the gates of hell can never prevail. Though winds and waves have often beat heavily upon me, my anchor never has been, and I trust never will be, moved. Notwithstanding the various trials of my life, I have never been left to renounce my hope, or to murmur against God, but would justify him in all he has laid upon me, considering his mercies to be much beyond all my afflictions. For his mercies have been new every morning; great has been his faithfulness every night. And now unto Him, who has wrought all my deliverances, both spiritual and temporal, be ascribed the whole praise of my salvation. Amen."

In August, 1746, "a party of Indians, meditating an attack upon Deerfield, came down upon the borders of the meadows, and reconnoitered them. They first examined the north meadow, and then the south. Finding a quantity of hay in the south meadow, two miles south of the street, and supposing that our people would be there at work the next day, they concealed themselves in the brush and underwood upon the borders of the adjoining hills. The next day, ten or twelve men and children, the men armed with guns, which they always carried with them, went into the fields and commenced their labor. A Mr. Eleazer Hawks was out hunting partridges on the hills where the Indians lay, that morning. He saw a partridge and shot it. This alarmed the Indians, who supposed they were discovered. They immediately killed and scalped Mr. Hawks, and then proceeded to attack the workmen. They fought some time, which gave some of the children opportunity to escape. In this engagement, three men and a boy were killed, one boy was taken prisoner, and Miss Allen was wounded in the head and left for dead, but not scalped. In endeavoring to make her escape, she was pursued by an Indian with an uplifted tomahawk and a gun. She was extremely active, and would have outran him, had he not fired upon her. The

ball missed her; but she supposed it had struck her, and in her fright she fell. The Indian overtook her, and buried his tomahawk in her head, and left her for dead. The firing in the meadows alarmed the people in the street, who ran to the scene of action, and the Indians made a hasty retreat, and were pursued for several miles by a body of men under the command of Capt. Clesson. Miss Allen was passed by a number of people, who supposed her to be dead. At last, an uncle came to her, discovered signs of life, and conveyed her home. Her wound was dressed by Dr. Thomas Williams, who took from it considerable quantities of brain. She lived to be above eighty years of age."

"Of the stratagems of savage warfare," says Whiton, "and the hair-breadth escapes of the scattered inhabitants of the remoter towns, we have a specimen in an occurrence which took place at Westmoreland, about the year 1757, though the precise date is unknown. A party of men went up the river to hoe corn on an island, some miles above their habitations; and having finished their work, passed over to the west bank, on their way homeward. A large dog belonging to one of the company ran up the steep bank before them, when his angry growls led them to suspect the presence of an enemy lurking in ambush. Immediately they recrossed the river, and by a route on the east side reached home in safety. The dog was the instrument of their preservation. They afterwards learned the fact, that thirty Indians lay in concealment, ready to fire upon them the moment they should ascend the bank, and come fairly within their reach."

"About the year 1747, one Davis, of Durham, being desirous to remove some boards from the mills in Nottingham, in that part of the town known by the name of Gebeag, and much danger being apprehended from the Indians, it being a time of war with them, was strongly urged by his friends to desist from the undertaking. Some of these enemies were known to be lurking in those woods, but whether few or many, could not be ascertained; but from the destruction of cattle, horses, sheep, and other domestic animals, known to be made by them, it was concluded that their numbers were considerable. Davis being

a man of much resolution, would not be dissuaded from the undertaking, and prepared for his journey. He took no weapons of defence, nor any company, except a negro boy. There was then a kind of road where the old road now is, in which his way lay; on the south side of which, and at a considerable distance from it, these mills were situated. Having loaded his team, consisting of four oxen, he left the boy to drive the team, and went forward for the purpose of making discoveries. When he had proceeded a few rods, his attention was arrested by the prints of huge moccasons in the sand, which, from their appearance, were just made. He was struck with terror, and thought himself ambushed on every hand. His presence of mind did not, however, entirely forsake him, and he hurried back to his team, unyoked the oxen, told the boy what he had seen, and fled with all his might, bidding the boy to follow, toward Durham. Being six miles from any inhabitants, they were nearly exhausted with fear and fatigue when they arrived. A company of armed men were soon collected and returned to the spot, and were much surprised to find the cattle browsing, and all unhurt. After the war was over, which was then near to a close, the dangerous situation from which they escaped was discovered. There lived a tribe of Indians near the north part of what is now called North River Pond, near the line which now divides Nottingham from Northwood, and within the limits of the latter. At the head of this small tribe was a chief named Swausen. This chief, with one of his men, was out hunting, and happened to cross the road that Davis had passed but a few minutes before. He heard the team, and not knowing but that there were a large number of men with it, went directly for a reinforcement. He soon returned with a recruit, but seeing the oxen unyoked, concluded it was a stratagem to draw them into an ambush, and fled with precipitation, as Davis had done before. This tribe soon after drew off to Canada, and after the war, some of them visited the frontiers, and gave this account of the affair."

"In the commencement of Philip's war in New England, in 1675," says Rev. Daniel Barber, "this town (Simsbury) was burnt by the Indians, connected with

which event, current tradition has preserved and handed down the following singular and extraordinary fact:—that very shortly before this attack by the Indians, early one Sunday morning, as Lieut. Probe's father was walking over the plain not far from his house, he very plainly and distinctly heard the report of a small arm, which much surprised him, it being the Sabbath. He found, on returning to his house, that his family also heard it. On going to meeting, at which the inhabitants from all parts of the town were assembled, it was ascertained that the report was heard at the same hour in every quarter. It was, on further examination, found to have been heard as far south as Saybrook, (fifty miles,) and as far north as Northfield, at that time the extent of the English settlements to the north. The report of this gun alarmed all Connecticut. The governor summoned a council of war to meet at Hartford; and the council issued an order for the inhabitants of Simsbury, one and all, immediately to withdraw themselves to Hartford, the then capital. This order was punctually obeyed. The fearful apprehension of being suddenly murdered by savages, put in motion, and hastened along, whole bands of women and children, with men in the rear, with sheep, cattle, and such utensils and conveniences as their short notice and hasty flight would permit. Hartford was twelve miles distant. Their heavy articles, such as pots, kettles, and plough-irons, were secreted in the bottoms of swamps and wells.

"The father of the first Gov. Wolcott and his family were among those who fled from Simsbury. Old Mr. Wolcott filled up a large brass kettle with his pewter cups, basins, platters, &c. and then sunk the kettle with its contents in the deep mud of a swamp, but was never able to find it afterwards.

"After the inhabitants had spent a day or two in their retreat, the men under arms were sent back, for the purpose of looking about, and making discoveries. They came to the highest eminence in the road east of Simsbury River, from which, at one view, they could take a survey of the principal part of their habitations, which, to their surprise and sorrow, were become a desolation, and every

house burnt to ashes. They saw no Indians, but plenty of Indian tracks and trails in the sand."

"In the Indian war, Isaac and Jacob Shepherd, of Littleton, Mass., were killed, and a young maid, about the age of fifteen, was taken captive by the Indians. She had been set to watch the enemy on a hill, which lies about a third of a mile south of Nashoba Hill, on the road leading to Boston, and was called Quagana Hill. Tradition says, that this girl was carried by the savages to Nashaway, now called Lancaster, or to some place in the neighborhood of it; that in the dead of night, she took a saddle from under the head of her Indian keeper when sunk in sleep, increased by the fumes of ardent spirit, put the saddle on a horse, mounted on him, swam him across Nashaway River, and so escaped the hands of her captors, and arrived safe to her relatives and friends."

Rev. Mr. Arnold, in his Historical Sketches of Alstead, N. H., relates the following story:—

"The first child born in the place was Jacob Cady. An occurrence of his childhood is worthy of notice. The event happened in 1770, when he was about two years and a half old, while his father lived in the east part of the town, where Mr. Isaac Kent now lives. The region around was one vast wilderness, and thickly inhabited by beasts of prey. Jacob, who was peculiarly dear to his mother, left her in the afternoon to go to his father, chopping at a little distance in the woods. But when the father returned home at night, to their great surprise the child was missing. The anxious parents flew immediately in search of their little boy; and the more they hunted, and called, as the thick darkness of night gathered around them, as their researches were found ineffectual, the more their anxiety increased, and their hopes desponded. The night was spent in anxious search and awful suspense. But all their toil and care were vain. The light of the morning returned, and yet their child was lost. But the day was now before them, and parental affection does not easily relinquish its object. The neighbors, though distant and few, were friendly and kind. Some immediately joined with the afflicted parents in ranging the woods, and others carried information to the neighboring towns

But the day declined, and the hopes, which were for a while enkindled, again sunk in despondency, as the darkness closed upon the light. Fires were kindled, at distances from each other, suited to direct their search, and to attract the attention of the child; and numbers spent the night in fruitless attempts for his recovery. As the light of another day gilded the horizon, and invited their renewed exertions, multitudes were collected from Charlestown, Walpole, Keene, Marlow, and all the neighboring towns, (it is said that four or five hundred were collected) to lend their assistance, to make one united effort, and, if possible, to relieve the anxieties of these bereaved parents. Hope was again revived, and earnest expectations were entertained, as the bands went forth to scour the woods, with critical and careful attention to every nook, and every circumstance, that might show signs of the lost child. In their faithful searches among the rocks, forest trees, and fallen timber, at one time, they discovered the tracks of a child and those of a bear, or of some wild beast very near them.

"Eager and trembling were the pursuers. Soon, however, all indications of discovery disappeared; and as the day began to decline, they relinquished their object as hopeless, and many returned to the house of Mr. Cady. 'Alas!' said the mother, under the burden of fatigue, a want of sleep, and a spirit sinking in despair; 'if I could know that the child was relieved from suffering, even by the devouring beasts, I could be still. Could I see a fragment of his torn limbs, I would say no more! But can I lie down to rest, not knowing but my little Jacob is wandering and starving in yonder gloom? Can a fond parent forget her child, or cease to look for the little wanderer? Even the sleep of night would be disturbed by the visionary dreams of his suffering state, and the seeming cries for a mother's aid.'

"Such artless eloquence as this, could not fail to move the generous feelings and noble sentiments which our fathers inherited. It was sufficient to put in lively exercise that compassion and benevolence, that spirit of enterprise and perseverance, for which they were so much distinguished.

"Gen. Benjamin Bellows and Capt. Jennison, of Walpole, Capt. John Burroughs, of this town, Mr. Abner Bingham, of Marlow, and a few others who had not left the house, immediately determined to renew the search. And even the prospect of approaching night only served to hasten their steps, and nerve their weary limbs. They agreed on the following signal, and set off in the pursuit:— If they should discover any signs of the child, *one gun* was to be discharged; if he should be found dead, or to have been destroyed, *two guns* were to be discharged, and if he should be found alive, the discharge of *three* would give notice. With anxious, though enfeebled solicitude, did the parents and those at the house listen to catch the first sound that might burst upon the ear, from the still expanse of the south. No sooner had their eager attention began to subside, than the first signal was heard. Every countenance instantly glowed with a fluctuating crimson, which told the emotions of joy and fear, that struggled alternately within. But these emotions soon gave way to a deadly paleness and fearful apprehensions, when the second discharge was heard. Is the child dead? was the secret inquiry of every look. Now all were breathless to hear, and were afraid they should not. But soon the third discharge broke the dreadful suspense, and burst the veil of uncertainty that hung over the scene. The change which so quickly succeeded, the joy that kindled in every breast, glowed in every countenance, and sparkled in every eye, can be more easily imagined than described. The child was found asleep, east, or south-east of Warren's Pond, and restored, with peculiar satisfaction and joyful triumph, to the embrace of its delighted parents, by Gen. Bellows, of Walpole."

CHAPTER X.

INTERESTING TRAITS IN THE INDIAN CHARACTER.

It has been too commonly believed, that there is nothing interesting or lovely in the Indian character. The manner in which they have been spoken of by some writers, and by others, has greatly conduced to this impression. But the truth is, there have been traits of character exhibited among the Indians, which should excite our admiration, and win our esteem. Among these may be noticed

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Infanticide, so common in many heathen nations, was never practised, it is believed, by the aborigines of North America.

In 1621, a boy named John Billington, belonging to Plymouth, was lost in the woods, and after subsisting for five days on berries, fell into the hands of the Indians, who carried him to Nauset. Ten men, accompanied by two friendly Indians, were sent by the governor to recover him. An incident occurred on their arrival, which shows the strength of an Indian mother's love, and that no length of years can eradicate it from her bosom. An aged woman, whom they concluded to be not less than a hundred years old, came to see them. She had never before seen any of the English. When she saw them, she was deeply affected, and wept excessively. The men inquired the reason why she was so much grieved. The Indians told them, that when Hunt was in these parts, which was in 1614, three sons of this woman, going on board his vessel to trade, were secured, and carried captives to Spain, by which means she was deprived of the comfort of her children in her old age. The English told them that they were sorry that any Englishman should give them so much cause of offence, that Hunt was a bad man, that his conduct was condemned by all his countrymen, that *they* would do them no such injury. They gave the old woman a few small trifles, which somewhat allayed her grief.

"There dwelt near the river Saco, a sachem, whose squaw in passing along the river in a canoe, with her infant child, was met by some rude sailors, who, having heard that the Indian children could swim as naturally as the young of the brutal kind, in a thoughtless and unguarded humor, overset the canoe. The child sunk, and the *mother instantly diving, fetched it up alive.*"

FILIAL LOVE.

"Some years ago," says Sullivan, "I was on the banks of the Kennebec, and saw a savage who, I supposed, was of the Norridgewock tribe. His name was Quenockross. He had in his family, his mother and his wife. He had been wounded in the war, and was lame in one of his feet. His mother was very aged; he had her in his canoe, with a blanket carefully spread over her, and when he came ashore, he kindled his fire, took her out in his arms, and laid her tenderly down by it. When he had cooked his mess, he gave it to her, and he and his wife waited until she had done eating. Upon seeing me notice it, he exultingly pointed to her, and said, *she was his mother.*"

"When the French were in possession of New Orleans, a Choctaw, speaking very evil of them, said the Callapissas were their slaves; one of the latter, vexed at such words, killed him with his gun. The nation of Choctaws, the greatest and most numerous on the continent, armed immediately, and sent deputies to New Orleans to ask for the head of the murderer, who had put himself under the protection of the French. They offered presents to make up the quarrel; but the cruel people would not accept any. They even threatened to destroy the village of the Callapissas. To prevent the effusion of blood, the unhappy Indian was delivered up to them; the Sieur Ferrand was charged with the commission. The Indian was called Tichou; he stood upright in the midst of his own people, and of his enemies, and said, 'I am a true man, that is, I do not fear death; but I pity the fate of a wife and four children, whom I leave behind me very young, and of my father and mother, who are old, and for whom I got subsistence by hunting.' He had hardly spoken the last word

of this short speech, when his father, penetrated with his son's love, rose amidst the people, and spoke as follows:—'It is through courage that my son dies; but, being young and full of vigor, he is more fit than myself to provide for his mother, wife, and four little children; it is therefore necessary he should stay on earth to take care of them. As to myself, I am near the end of my career; I am no longer fit for any thing: I cannot go like the roe-buck, whose course is like the winds, unseen; I cannot sleep like the hare, with my ears never shut; but I have lived as a man, and will die as such; therefore I go to take his place.'

"At these words, his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and their little children, shed tears round the brave old man; he embraced them for the last time. The relations of the dead Choctaw accepted the offer; after that, he laid himself on the trunk of a tree, and his head was cut off with one stroke of a hatchet. The French who assisted at this event, were moved even to tears."

VENERATION AND KINDNESS SHOWN THE AGED.

"There is a practice in South America, by which the aged and incurably infirm are cut off from life, under a pretence of giving relief against the oppressions of age and disease; that this is practised in South America may be supposed true, but the practice never prevailed among the Northern Indians. The aged are treated with peculiar and great veneration, and the sick are attended to with as much tenderness as the rude state of savage life can admit of. An aged savage is now (1795) existing in the Penobscot tribe, who has numbered one hundred years since his birth, and who is treated with very great respect by his tribe.

"John Carver, the man whose curiosity led him to travel far among the Indian tribes, tells us, that there is a great veneration among the North American Indians for their aged men; that they regard them as prophets, and treat the grandfathers with more respect than they treat their immediate ancestors."

HOSPITALITY.

In July, 1621, the people of Plymouth deemed it expedient to send a friendly deputation to Massasoit, who lived at Pokanoket, forty miles distant, for the purpose of ascertaining his particular place of residence; to strengthen the treaty of peace lately entered into; to view the country; to learn his strength; and procure corn for seed. The deputation consisted of Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, who, accompanied by Squanto as guide and interpreter, commenced their journey on the second of July, taking a horseman's coat of red cotton, laced with a slight lace, as a present to the king.

The narrator gives the following account of their journey and entertainment.

"We set forward," says he, "about nine o'clock in the morning, our guide resolving to lodge that night at Namasket. We arrived at that place about three o'clock in the afternoon, the Indians entertaining us with joy, in the best manner they could; giving us a kind of bread, called by them *maizium*, and the spawns of shad, and gave us spoons to eat them with. We ate heartily, and after one of our men had shot a crow, at the request and to the great admiration of the Indians, Squanto told us we should hardly in one day reach Pokanoket, and moved us to go some eight miles further that night.

"Being willing to hasten our journey, we set out and came to the place at sunset. Here we found many of the Namasket Indians fishing upon a wear which they had made on a river, which belonged to them, where they caught abundance of bass. They welcomed us, and gave us of their fish, and we gave them of our victuals, not doubting but that we should have enough wherever we came. Here we lodged in the open fields; for houses they had none, though they spent most of the summer there. The next morning, after breakfast, we took our leave and departed, being accompanied by six savages. Having gone about six miles by the river-side, we waded through it over to the other side. Having here refreshed ourselves, we proceeded on our journey, the weather being very hot. When we came to a small brook, where no

bridge was, two of them offered, of their own accord, to carry us through, and fearing we were or should be weary, they offered to carry our guns. They also told us, if we would lay off our clothes, we should have them carried; and as one of them had received more special kindness from one of the messengers, and another from the other, so they showed their thankfulness accordingly, in affording us help and furtherance in the journey. At length we came to a town of Massasoit's, where we ate oysters and other fish. From thence we went to Pokanoket, but Massasoit was not at home. He was soon sent for, and we waited his return. When he arrived, we discharged our guns, and saluted him, who after their manner kindly welcomed us, and took us into his house, and set us down by him. Having delivered our message and presents, and having put the coat on him, and the chain about his neck, he was not a little proud to behold himself, and his men also were proud to see their king so bravely attired. He then told us we were welcome, and that he would gladly continue the peace and friendship which was between him and us; he said he would send to Paomet, and would help us to corn for seed, according to our request.

"After this, his men gathered near him, and he, turning himself, made a speech to them. This being ended, he lighted tobacco for us, and fell to discoursing about the English, and of their king. He talked also of the French, bidding us not to suffer them to come to Narraganset, for it was king James' country, and he was king James' man. Late it grew, but victuals he offered none; for indeed he had none, he having come so newly home. So we desired to go to rest. He laid us on the bed with himself and wife, they at the one end, and we at the other, the bed being only planks laid a foot from the ground, and a thin mat upon them. Two more of his chief men, for want of room, pressed by and upon us; so that we were worse weary with our lodging, than of our journey.

"The next day, many of their sachems came to see us, as did also many of their men. They desired to see one of us shoot at a mark. When we had shot, they wondered to see the mark so full of holes. About one o'clock, Massasoit brought two fishes he had shot. These being boiled,

there were at least forty who were looking for a share in them. The most ate of them. This was the only meal we had in two nights and a day; and had not one of us bought a partridge, we had taken our journey fasting. He was very importunate to have us stay with them longer. But we desired to keep the Sabbath at home, and were afraid of bad effects from want of sleep; for with bad lodging, the savages' barbarous singing, (for they used to sing themselves asleep,) lice and fleas within doors, and musquetoes without, we could hardly sleep all the time of our being there. We feared that if we should stay any longer, we should not be able to reach home for want of strength. So that on Friday morning, before sunrise, we took our leave and departed; Massasoit being both grieved and ashamed, that he could entertain us no better."

In the year 1637, the government of Massachusetts deemed it important to send an embassage to Canonicus, chief sachem of the Narragansets. On receiving intelligence of their coming, he gathered together his chief counsellors and a great number of his subjects, for the purpose of giving them a friendly reception and entertainment. Having arrived, they were treated with great hospitality, being served in a royal manner, after the Indian custom. And, because on this occasion they would entertain them in an extraordinary manner, they sought to furnish a variety, after the custom of the English, boiling puddings made of pounded corn, putting in a great quantity of blackberries. After having nobly feasted their guests, they gave them audience in their state-house, which was constructed in an oval form, about fifty feet wide, made of long poles set in the ground, covered on all sides and on the top with mats, leaving a small hole at the top of the roof, to admit the light and to let out the smoke.

"A ship's long-boat, having five men in her, was over set by a violent gust of wind. The men all got upon the keel, upon which they were driven to sea, and were four days floating there. During this time, three of them dropped off, and perished in the deep: on the fifth day the fourth man, being sorely pained with hunger, and sadly bruised, fell off into the sea, and was drowned with the rest of his companions. Soon after this, the wind changed

and drove the boat with the fifth man on to Long Island, where being scarcely able to creep on shore, *the Indians found him, cherished him, and preserved him*"

Belknap, speaking of the reception the Europeans who first visited Canada received from the natives, says, "Suspecting no danger, and influenced by no fear, they embraced the stranger with unaffected joy. Their huts were open to receive him, their fires and furs to give warmth and rest to his weary limbs; their food was shared with him, or given in exchange for his trifles; they were ready with their simple medicines to heal his diseases and his wounds; they would wade through rivers and climb rocks and mountains to guide him in his way, and they would remember and requite a kindness more than it deserved."

"One M'Dougal, a native of Argyleshire, having emigrated to Upper Canada, purchased a location on the extreme verge of civilization. His first care was to construct a house, and plant in the wild. This task finished, he spent his whole time, early and late, in the garden and the fields. By vigorous exertions, and occasional assistance, he brought a few acres of ground under crop, and acquired a stock of cattle, sheep and hogs.

"His greatest discomforts were, distance from his neighbors, the church, markets, and even the mill; and along with these, the suspension of those endearing charities and friendly offices which lend such a charm to social life.

"On one occasion, M'Dougal had a melder of corn to grind, and as the distance was considerable, and the roads none of the smoothest, this important part of his duty could only be performed by starting with the sun, and returning with its going down. In his absence, the care of the cattle devolved on his spouse, and as they did not return at the usual hour, the careful matron went out in quest of them. Beyond the mere outskirts the forest was, to her, an unknown land, in the most emphatic sense of the term; and with no compass, or notched trees to guide, it is not to be wondered at that she wandered long and wearily to little purpose, till at length, fatigued with the search, she deemed it prudent to retrace her steps, while it was yet time. But this resolution was much easier

formed than executed; returning was as dangerous as going forward, and, after wandering for hours, she sunk on the ground, her eyes swollen and filled with tears, and her mind agitated almost to distraction. But here she had not rested many minutes before she heard footsteps approaching, and anon an Indian hunter stood before her. Mrs. M'Dougal knew that Indians lived at no great distance; but as she had never before seen a member of the tribe, her emotions were those of terror. The Indian had observed her, without being observed himself, knew her home, recognized her person, comprehended her mishap, divined her errand, and immediately beckoned her to follow him. The unfortunate woman understood his signal, and obeyed it, as far as terror left her power; and, after a lengthened sweep, which added not a little to her previous fatigue, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam.

"Her conductor invited her to enter, by signs; but this she refused to do, dreading the consequence. Perceiving her reluctance, and scanning her feelings, the hospitable Indian darted into the wigwam and communed with his wife, who in a few minutes also appeared; and by certain signs and sympathies, known only to females, calmed the stranger's fears, and induced her to enter their lowly abode. Venison was instantly prepared for supper, and Mrs. M'Dougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, had rarely, if ever, partaken of so savory a meal. Aware that she was wearied, the Indians removed from their place near the roof, two beautiful deer skins, and, by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two apartments. Mats were also spread in both rooms, and, next, the stranger was given to understand that the further dormitory was expressly designed for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing solicitations she replied by signs, as well as she could, that she had rather sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the Indian and his squaw sadly. Often they looked at each other, and conversed softly in their own language, and at last the red woman took the white one by the hand, led her to her couch, and became her bedfellow. In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and anxious to depart without

further delay; but the Indian would on no account permit it. Breakfast was prepared, another savory and well-cooked meal; and then the Indian accompanied his guest, and conducted her to the very spot where the cattle were grazing. These he kindly drove from the wood, on the verge of which Mrs. M'Dougal descried her husband, running about every where, halloing and seeking for her, in a state of absolute distraction. Great was his joy, and great his gratitude to her Indian benefactor, who was invited to the house, and treated with the best the larder afforded, and presented, on his departure, with a suit of clothes."

Williams, in his History of Vermont, says, "Among the savages, hospitality prevailed to a high degree. The Europeans every where found the most friendly and cordial reception, when they first came among the savages; and from their hospitality they derived all the assistance the savages could afford them. It was not until disputes and differences had taken place, that the Indians became unfriendly. Even now, an unarmed, defenceless stranger, who repairs to them for relief and protection, is sure to find safety and assistance in their hospitality."

"Hospitality," says another writer, "is one of the most prominent Indian characteristics, and has its source in an enlarged view of the goodness and justice of our heavenly Benefactor. The productions of the earth, with all the animals which inhabit it, are considered by them as a liberal and impartial donation to the whole family of mankind, and by no means intended to supply only the wants of a few. Hence an Indian is ever free to give of all that he possesses, and will often share with strangers even to the last morsel, preferring to lie down hungry himself, than that a visitor should leave his door unfed, or that the sick and needy should remain uncherished and in want."

SYMPATHY.

"Mr. Winslow, returning from Connecticut to Plymouth, left his bark at Narraganset, and intending to return home by land, took the opportunity to make a visit to Massasoit, who, with his accustomed kindness, offered to conduct him home. But before they sat out, Massasoit secretly

despatched one of his men to Plymouth with a message, signifying that Mr. Winslow was dead, carefully directing his courier to tell the place where he was killed, and the time of the fatal catastrophe. The surprise and joy produced by Mr. Winslow's return must have satisfied even Massasoit's ardent affection, when the next day he brought him home to his weeping family. When asked why he had sent this account, both false and distressing, he answered that it was their manner to do so, to heighten the pleasure of meeting after an absence."

"A little incident which occurred soon after the second French war, which ended in 1763, exhibits striking traits of the sympathy and humanity of the Indians. A party of their warriors came to Concord, N. H., and encamped near the house of the Rev. Mr. Walker, who was much respected by them, as well as loved by his parishioners. He being from home, his wife expressed apprehensions of danger. The Indians remarked to each other, 'Minister's wife afraid.' To allay her fears, they gave up their guns, left them in her possession till they were ready to depart, and treated her with courtesy and respect."

"An Indian of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the state, and fixed himself in a new township, where a number of families were settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown at the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly afterwards, he went to some of the inhabitants, and said to them, '*When white man's child die, Indian man be sorry—he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone. I can no live here.*' He gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canada Indians."

GRATITUDE.

"Not many years after the county of Litchfield, Conn., began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day into an inn in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to furnish him

with some drink, and a supper. At the same time, he observed that he could pay for neither, as he had had no success in hunting, but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both the drink and the supper; called him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, and told him that she did not work so hard herself to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man who sat by, and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, showed, by his countenance, that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him what he wished, and engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to his benefactor, thanked him, and assured him that he should remember his kindness, and whenever he was able, would faithfully recompense it. The Indian soon after withdrew.

"Some years after, the man who had befriended him, had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness, between Litchfield, then a frontier settlement, and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the southern border of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in the place of a son whom she had lost in the war. He was accordingly given to her, and lived through the succeeding winter in her family, experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer, as he was at work alone in the forest, an unknown Indian came up to him, and asked him to meet him at a place which he pointed out, upon a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal, but not without some apprehensions that mischief was intended him. During the interval, these apprehensions increased to such a degree as to dissuade him effectually from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after, the same Indian found him at his work again, and very gravely reproved him for not performing his promise. The man apologized, awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told

him that he should be satisfied, if he would meet him at the same place on a future day, which he named. The man promised to meet him, and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and follow him. The direction of their march was south. The man followed, without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going; but concluded, that, if the Indian intended him harm, he would have despatched him at the beginning, and that, at the worst, he was as safe where he was, as he could be in any other place. Within a short time, therefore, his fears subsided; although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of their expedition. In the day-time they shot such game as came in their way, and at night kindled a fire, by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, presenting a prospect of a cultivated country, in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the ground. He replied eagerly that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him that he had, so many years before, relieved the wants of a famishing Indian at an inn in that town, subjoined, 'I that Indian; now I pay you; go home.' Having said this, he bade him adieu, and the man joyfully returned to his own house."

"In June, 1675, a man and a woman were slain by the Indians, and another woman was wounded and taken prisoner; but because she had kept an Indian child before, so much kindness was shown her as that she was sent back, after they had dressed her wound, and the Indians guarded her until she came within sight of the English. The woman's name was Dorothy Haywood."

"In 1677, two Indians, named Simon and Andrew, adventured to come over Piscataqua River, on Portsmouth side, when they burnt one house within four or five miles of the town, and took a maid and a young woman captive, one of them having a young child in her arms, with which they were not willing to be troubled, they permitted her to leave it with an old woman, whom the Indian Simon

spared, because he said *she had been kind to his grandmother.*

Rev. Mr. Curtis, in giving a historical sketch of Epsom, N. H., says, "The ferocity and cruelty of the savages were doubtless very much averted by a friendly, conciliating course of conduct in the inhabitants towards them. This was particularly the case in the course pursued by Sergeant Blake. Being himself a curious marksman and an expert hunter, traits of character, in their view, of the highest order, he soon gained their respect; and by a course of kind treatment he secured their friendship to such a degree, that, though they had opportunities, they would not injure him, even in time of war.

"The first he ever saw of them, was a company of them making towards his house, through the opening from the top of Sanborn's Hill. He fled to the woods, and there lay concealed till they had made a thorough search about his house and enclosures, and had gone off. The next time his visitors came, he was constrained to become more acquainted with them, and to treat them with more attention. As he was busily engaged, towards the close of the day, in completing a yard for his cow, the declining sun suddenly threw along several enormous shadows on the ground before him. He had no sooner turned to see the cause, than he found himself in the company of a number of stately Indians. Seeing his perturbation, they patted him on the head, and told him 'not to be afraid, for they would not hurt him.' They then went with him into his house; and their first business was, to search all his bottles, to see if he had any 'Occapee,' rum. They then told him they were very hungry, and wanted something to eat. He happened to have a quarter of a bear, which he gave them. They took it and threw it whole upon the fire, and very soon began to cut and eat from it half raw. While they were eating, he employed himself in cutting pieces from it, and broiling upon a stick for them, which pleased them very much. After their repast, they wished for the privilege of lying by his fire through the night, which he granted. The next morning they proposed trying skill with him in firing at a mark. To this he acceded. But in this, finding themselves outdone, they were

much astonished and chagrined; nevertheless, they highly commended him for his skill, patting him on the head, and telling him '*if he would go off with them, they would make him their big captain.*' They used often to call on him, and his kindness to them they never forgot, even in time of war.

"Plausawa had a peculiar manner of doubling his lip, and producing a very shrill, piercing whistle, which might be heard a great distance. At a time when considerable danger was apprehended from the Indians, Blake went into the woods alone, though considered hazardous, to look for his cow that was missing. As he was passing along by Sinclair's brook, an unfrequented place, northerly from M'Coy's mountain, a very loud, sharp whistle, which he knew to be Plausawa's, suddenly passed through his head, like the report of a pistol. The sudden alarm almost raised him from the ground, and with a very light step he soon reached home without his cow. In more peaceable times, Plausawa asked him if he did not remember the time, and laughed very much to think how he ran at the fright, and told him the reason of his whistling. '*Young Indian,*' said he, '*put up gun to shoot Englishman. Me knock it down, and whistle, to start you off.*' So lasting is their friendship when treated well."

HONESTY.

"Trained up to the most refined cunning and dissimulation in war, the Indian carries nothing of this into the affairs of commerce, but is fair, open, and honest in his trade. He was accustomed to no falsehood or deception in the management of his barter, and he was astonished at the deceit, knavery and fraud of the European traders. He had no bolts or locks to guard against stealing, nor did he ever conceive that his property was in any danger of being stolen by any of his tribe. All that train of infamous and unmanly vices which arise from avarice, were almost unknown to the savage state."

When the English who settled at Nantucket began to plough the land, "the Indians would with delight, for whole days together, follow the traces of the ploughshare;

and they earnestly entreated the English to plough their land for them. Their request was complied with. The Indians were religiously punctual in rewarding them for their labor. The first portion of corn collected in the autumn was laid by in baskets, to pay the English for their ploughing; another parcel was reserved for seed. Neither of these portions would they touch in winter, however severe the famine might be, so honest and careful were they at that period."

FIDELITY.

After the death of Philip, as Capt. Church, with a small company, were in pursuit of *Annawon*, his chief captain, "a certain Indian soldier, that Capt. Church had gained over to be on his side, prayed that he might have the liberty to go and fetch his father, who, he said, was about four miles from that place, in a swamp, with no other than a young squaw. Capt. Church inclined to go with him, thinking it might be in his way to gain some intelligence of *Annawon;* and so taking one Englishman and a few Indians with him, leaving the rest there, he went with his new soldier to look for his father. When he came to the swamp, he bid the Indian go and see if he could find his father. He was no sooner gone but Capt. Church discovered a track coming down out of the woods, upon which he and his little company lay close, some on one side of the track and some on the other. They heard the Indian soldier making a howling for his father, and at length somebody answered him; but while they were listening, they thought they heard somebody coming towards them. Presently they saw an old man coming up with a gun on his shoulder, and a young woman following in the track they lay by. They let them come between them, and then started up and laid hold of them both. Capt. Church immediately examined them apart, telling them what they must trust to if they told false stories. He asked the young woman what company they came from last. She said, from Capt. Annawon's. He asked her how many were in company with him when she left him. She said, 'fifty or sixty' He asked her how many miles

it was to the place where she left him. She said she did not understand miles, but he was up in Squannaconk swamp. The old man, who had been one of Philip's council, upon examination gave exactly the same account. On being asked if they could get there that night, he answered, 'If we go presently, and travel stoutly, we may get there by sunset.' The old man said he was of Annawon's company, and that Annawon had sent him down to find some Indians that were gone down to Mount Hope Neck to kill provisions. Capt. Church let him know that that company were all his prisoners.

"The Indian who had been permitted to go after his father now returned, with him and another man. Capt. Church was now at a great loss what he should do. He was unwilling to miss of so good an opportunity of giving a finishing blow to the Indian power. He had, as himself says, but 'half a dozen men besides himself,' and yet was under the necessity of sending some one back to give Lieut. Howland, whom he left at the old fort in Pocasset, notice, if he should proceed. But without wasting time in pondering upon what course to pursue, he put the question to his men, 'whether they would willingly go with him and give Annawon a visit.' All answered in the affirmative, but reminded him 'that they knew this Capt. Annawon was a great soldier; that he had been a valiant captain under Massasoit, Philip's father, and that he had been Philip's chieftain all this war.' And they further told Capt. Church that he was 'a very subtle man, of great resolution, and had often said that he would never be taken alive by the English.'

"They also reminded him, that those with Annawon were 'resolute fellows, some of Philip's chief soldiers, and very much feared that to make the attempt with such a handful of soldiers, would be hazardous in the extreme. But nothing could shake the undaunted resolution of Capt. Church, who remarked to them, 'that he had a long time sought for Annawon, but in vain,' and doubted not in the least but Providence would protect them. All with one consent now desired to proceed.

"A man by the name of Cook, belonging to Plymouth was the only Englishman in the company, except the cap-

tain. Capt. Church asked Mr. Cook what his opinion of the undertaking was. He made no other reply than this, 'I am never afraid of going any where when you are with me.' The Indian who brought in his father, informed Capt. Church, that it was impossible for him to take his horse with him which he had brought thus far. He therefore sent him and his father, with the horse, back to Lieut. Howland, and ordered them to tell him to take his prisoners immediately to Taunton, and then to come out the next morning to the Rehoboth road, when, if alive, he hoped to meet him.

"Things being thus settled, all were ready for the journey. Capt. Church turned to the old man whom he took with the young woman, and asked him whether he would be their pilot. He said, 'You having given me my life, I am under obligations to serve you.' They now marched for Squannaconk. In leading the way, this old man would travel so much faster than the rest, as sometimes to be nearly out of sight, and consequently might have escaped without fear of being recaptured; but he was true to his word, and would stop until his wearied followers came up.

"Having travelled through swamps and thickets until the sun was setting, the pilot ordered a stop. The captain asked him if he had made any discovery. He said, 'About this hour of the day, Annawon usually sends out his scouts to see if the coast is clear, and as soon as it begins to grow dark the scouts return, and then we may move securely.' When it was sufficiently dark, and they were about to proceed, Capt. Church asked the old man if he would take a gun and fight for him. He bowed very low, and said, 'I pray you not to impose such a thing upon me as to fight against Capt. Annawon, my old friend; but I will go along with you, and be helpful to you, and will lay hands on any man that shall offer to hurt you.' They had proceeded but a short space, when they heard a noise, which they concluded to be the pounding of a mortar. This warned them that they were in the vicinity of Annawon's retreat; which is situated in the south-easterly corner of Rehoboth, about eight miles from Taunton Green. A more gloomy and hidden recess, even now, although

the forest tree no longer waves over it, could hardly be found by any inhabitant of the wilderness.

"When they arrived near the foot of the rock, Capt. Church, with two of his Indian soldiers, crept to the top of it, from whence they could see distinctly the situation of the whole company by the light of their fires. They were divided into three bodies, and lodged a short distance from one another. Annawon's camp was formed by felling a tree against the rock, with bushes set up on each side. With him lodged his son and others of his principal men. Their guns were discovered standing and leaning against a stick resting on two crotches, safely covered from the weather by a mat. Over their fires were pots and kettles boiling, and meat roasting upon their spits. Capt. Church was now at some loss how to proceed, seeing no possibility of getting down the rock without discovery, which would have been fatal. He therefore creeps silently back again to the foot of the rock, and asked the old man, their pilot, if there was no other way of coming at them. He answered, 'No,' and said that himself and all others belonging to the company, were ordered to come that way, and none could come any other without danger of being shot.

"The fruitful mind of Church was no longer at a loss, and the following stratagem was put in successful practice. He ordered the old man and the young woman to go forward and lead the way, with their baskets upon their backs, and when Annawon should discover them, he would take no alarm, knowing them to be those he had lately sent forth upon discovery. Capt. Church and his handful of soldiers crept down also, under the shadow of those two and their baskets. The captain himself crept close behind the old man, with his hatchet in his hand, and stepped over the young man's head to the arms. The young Annawon discovering him, whipped his blanket over his head, and shrunk up in a heap. The old Capt. Annawon started up, and cried out, '*Howoh!*' which signified, 'welcome.' All hope of escape was now fled forever, and he made no effort, but laid himself down again in perfect silence, while his captors secured the rest of the company. For he supposed the English were far more

numerous than they were, and before he was undeceived, his company were all secured."

"A number of citizens belonging to Massachusetts and New York, who had, in the year 1788, purchased of the state of Massachusetts a large tract of land lying westward of New York, and within the territories of the Six Nations, sent a committee into the Indian country, to treat with the natives about a quit-claim. The Indians heard of their coming, and supposing them to be another company, who were aiming at the same purchase, sent them word to come no further, lest they should be involved in trouble. The committee, having advanced a considerable distance into their country, were unwilling to retrace their steps without effecting the object of their mission. One of them, Major Schuyler, wrote a letter to the commanding officer at Fort Niagara, explaining their intentions, and requesting his influence with the Indians in removing their apprehensions. One of the Indian messengers undertook to carry the letter to Fort Niagara, and bring back the answer. The committee remained where they were. In the mean time, Major Schuyler was taken sick, and sent towards Albany. The messenger returned, and being asked if he had got a letter in answer to the one he had taken, he told them (through the interpreter) that he had; but looking round, observed, 'I do not see the man to whom I promised to deliver it.' They informed him of the cause of the major's absence; but told him they were all engaged in the same business, had one heart, and that the letter was intended for them all, and wished he would deliver it. He refused. They consulted among themselves, and offered him fifty dollars as a reward for his services, and an inducement to deliver them the letter. He spurned at their proposal. They again consulted, and concluded, as they were sufficiently numerous to overpower him and the other Indians who were present, they would take it by force; but first requested the interpreter to explain to him the whole matter, the difficulty they were in, their loss of time, &c., and their determination to have the letter. As soon as this was communicated to the Indian, he sternly clenched the letter with one hand, drew his knife with the other, and solemnly declared, that if they

should get the letter by violence, he would not survive the disgrace, but would plunge the knife in his own breast. They desisted from their purpose, and reasoned with him again; but he was inflexible. They then asked him, if he was willing, after having gone so long a journey, to go a hundred miles further for the sake of delivering the letter to Major Schuyler. He answered, 'Yes, I do not value fatigue; but I will never be guilty of a breach of trust.' Accordingly he went, and had the satisfaction of completing his engagement. The letter was favorable to their views, and they entered into a treaty for the land."

"The first white settler who came to the town of New Milford, Conn., was John Noble, from Westfield, Mass., who came here in the year 1707. He brought with him, at first, one of his daughters about eight years old. He first built him a hut under what is called Fort Hill, but afterwards removed and pitched in the present centre of the town. It deserves to be mentioned, to the credit of the natives, that Mr. Noble once left his little daughter, eight years old, alone with them, for the space of three or four weeks, while he was necessarily absent from the town, and on his return he found she had been well treated, and taken exceedingly good care of."

SHREWDNESS.

"As Gov. Joseph Dudley, of Massachusetts, observed an able-bodied Indian, half naked, come and look on, as a pastime, to see his men work, he asked him why he did not work, *and get some clothes to cover himself.* The Indian answered by asking him, '*why he did not work.*' The governor, pointing with his finger to his head, said, '*I work head work*, and so have no need to work with my hands as you should.' The governor told him he wanted a calf killed, and that if he would go and do it, he would give him a shilling. He accepted the offer, and went immediately and killed the calf, and then went sauntering about as before. The governor, on observing what he had done, asked him why he did not dress the calf before he left it. The Indian answered, '*No, no, Coponoh*, (governor,) that was not in the bargain. I was to have a shil-

ling for killing him. Am he no dead, Coponoh?' The governor, seeing himself outwitted, told him to dress it, and he would give him another shilling."

This Indian having several times outwitted the governor, he, falling in with him some time after, asked him by what means he had cheated and deceived him so many times. He answered, pointing with his finger to his head, "*Heaa work, Coponoh, head work!*"

"A sachem being on a visit at the house of Sir William Johnson, told him one morning a dream which he had had the preceding night. This was no other than that Sir William had given him a rich suit of military clothes. Sir William, knowing that it was an Indian custom to give to a friend whatever present he claimed in this manner, gave him the clothes. Some time after, the sachem was at his house again. Sir William observed to him that he also had had a dream. The sachem asked him what. He answered, he dreamed that the sachem had given him a tract of land. The sachem replied, 'You have the land, but we no dream again.'"

"An honest Indian deacon of Natick, being asked the reason why, when their young men were educated in English families, and became acquainted with their habits and manners, on returning to their tribe they immediately became idle, indolent drunkards; the deacon replied, '*Tucks will be tucks, for all old hen be hatch em.*'"

"Among those who were so fortunate as to escape from the scene of slaughter which occurred at Pawtuxet River, R. I., in 1676, were several Cape Indians. One of these artful fellows, named Amos, finding further resistance impossible, took from his pouch a black pigment, and coloring his face so as to resemble the blackened visages of the enemy, and pretending to join them in the fight, watched an opportunity and fled into the woods and escaped. Another, who had broken through the enemy, being closely pursued by a single Indian, betook himself to a large rock for a cover; soon perceiving that his enemy had gained the opposite side, and lay with his gun ready to discharge upon him, should he leave the place, he artfully raised his hat upon a pole, and immediately his enemy pierced it with a ball; the Cape Indian, instantly raising himself,

shot his enemy dead. A third, who had escaped, and was pursued in a similar manner, covered himself behind a mass of earth, turned up with the roots of a tree; seeing this, his antagonist halted, and prepared to shoot the Cape Indian, the moment that he should resume his flight; but the latter, by perforating his breastwork, made a convenient loophole, and shot his enemy before he discovered the artifice."

"A white trader sold a quantity of powder to an Indian, and imposed upon him by making him believe it was a grain which grew like wheat, by sowing it upon the ground. He was greatly elated by the prospect, not only of raising his own powder, but of being able to supply others, and thereby becoming immensely rich. Having prepared his ground with great care, he sowed his powder with the utmost exactness in the spring. Month after month passed away, but his powder did not even sprout, and winter came before he was satisfied that he had been deceived. He said nothing; but some time after, when the trader had forgotten the trick, the same Indian succeeded in getting credit of him to a large amount. The time set for payment having expired, he sought out the Indian at his residence, and demanded payment for his goods. The Indian heard his demand with great complaisance; then looking him shrewdly in the eye, said, '*Me pay you when my powder grow.*' This was enough. The guilty white man quickly retraced his steps."

"'I am glad,' said the Rev. Dr. Y——s, to the chief of the Little Ottowas, 'that you do not drink whiskey. But it grieves me to find that your *people* use so much of it.' 'Ah, yes,' replied the Indian—and he fixed an arch and impressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it—'we Indians *use* a great deal of whiskey, but we do not *make* it.'"

"When Gen. Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log. He was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move still further. The request was repeated till the general got to the end of the log. The Indian said, 'Move further.' To which the general replied, 'I can move no further.' 'Just so it is with us,' said the chief,

'you have moved us back to the waters, and then ask us to move further.'

"'A Delaware Indian,' says Heckewelder, 'once shot a huge bear, and broke its back bone. The animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him in these words: 'Harkee, bear; you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper, like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your stomach. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior. But you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct.'"

MAGNANIMITY.

Annawon, the last and bravest of Philip's chieftains, having on the evening of the 28th of August, 1676, fallen into the hands of Capt. Church, he "asked *Annawon* what he had for supper; 'for,' said he, 'I am come down to sup with you.' *Annawon* replied, 'Taubut,' with a majestic voice, and, looking around upon his women, ordered them to hasten and provide Capt. Church and his company some supper. He asked Capt. Church 'whether he would eat cow beef or horse beef.' He said he would prefer cow beef. It was soon ready, of which, by the aid of some salt he carried in his pocket, he made a very good meal."

"When supper was ended, Capt. Church set his men to watch, telling them that if they would let him sleep two hours, they should sleep all the rest of the night; but after lying half an hour, and feeling no disposition to sleep from the momentous cares upon his mind, he looked to see if his watch were at their posts; but they were all fast asleep. *Annawon* felt no more like sleeping than Church, and they lay for some time looking one upon the

other. Church spoke not to Annawon, because he could not speak Indian, and thought Annawon could not speak English; but it now appeared that he could, from a conversation they held together. Church had laid down with Annawon to prevent his escape, of which, however, he did not seem much afraid, for after they had lain a considerable time, Annawon got up and walked away out of sight. Being gone some time, Church 'began to suspect some ill design.' He therefore gathered all the guns close to himself, and lay as close as possible under young Annawon's side, that if a shot should be made at him it must endanger the life of young Annawon also. After lying a while in great suspense, he saw by the light of the moon Annawon coming with something in his hands. When he had got to Capt. Church, he knelt down before him, and after presenting him what he had brought, spoke in English as follows: 'Great captain, you have killed Philip and conquered his country. For I believe that I and my company are the last that war against the English; so I suppose the war is ended by your means, and therefore these things belong unto you.' He then took out of his pack a beautifully wrought belt, which belonged to Philip. It was nine inches in breadth, and of such length as, when put about the shoulders of Capt. Church, reached to his ankles. This was considered at that time of great value, being embroidered all over with money, that is, wampampeag, of various colors, curiously wrought into figures of birds, beasts, and flowers. A second belt, of no less exquisite workmanship, was next presented, which had belonged to Philip. This that chief used to ornament his head with; from the back part of which flowed two flags, which decorated his back. A third was a smaller one, with a star upon the end of it, which he wore upon his breast. All three were edged with red hair, which Annawon said was got in the country of the Mohawks. He next took from his pack two horns of glazed powder, and a red cloth blanket. These, it appears, were all of the effects of the great chief. He told Capt. Church that those were Philip's royalties, which he was wont to adorn himself with when he sat in state, and that he was happy in having an opportunity to present them to him."

"A hunter, in his wanderings for game, fell among the back settlements of Virginia, and by reason of the inclemency of the weather, was induced to seek refuge at the house of a planter, whom he met at his door. Admission was refused him. Being both hungry and thirsty, he asked for a morsel of bread and a cup of cold water, but was answered in every case, 'No, you shall have nothing here. *Get you gone, you Indian dog!*' It happened, in process of time, that this same planter lost himself in the woods, and after a fatiguing day's travel, he came to an Indian's cabin, into which he was welcomed. On inquiring the way, and the distance to the white settlements, being told by the Indian that he could not go in the night, and being kindly offered lodging and victuals, he gladly refreshed and reposed himself in the Indian's cabin. In the morning, he conducted him through the wilderness, agreeably to his promise the night before, until they came in sight of the habitations of the whites. As he was about to take his leave of the planter, he looked him full in the face, and asked him if he did not know him. Horror-struck at finding himself thus in the power of a man he had so inhumanly treated, and dumb with shame on thinking of the manner in which it was requited, he began at length to make excuses, and beg a thousand pardons, when the Indian interrupted him, and said, 'When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog.' He then dismissed him to return to his friends."

"A young Indian, of the Pawnee nation, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, at the age of twenty-one, by his heroic deeds had acquired the distinction of being called 'The Bravest of the Brave.' The savage practice of torturing and burning to death, existed in this nation. An unfortunate female of the Paduca nation, taken in war, was destined to this horrible death. Her fatal hour had arrived—the trembling victim, far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake—the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain, to witness the awful scene. But, when the fagots were about to be kindled, and the spectators were in the height of expectation, this young warrior, who sat composed among the chiefs—hav-

ing before prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions—sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosened the victim, seized her arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the devoted captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their respective villages.

"The released captive was accompanied through the wilderness towards her home, till she was out of danger. He then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the rest of the journey, and they parted."

These, then, are some traits of Indian character found in savage life, and they must be admitted to be *lovely and of good report.* But they are not *holiness*—that holiness, without which, *no man shall see the Lord*; for they often exist where other parts of the character are directly opposed to the requirements of the gospel.

CHAPTER XI.

INTEREST MANIFESTED IN THE WELFARE OF THE INDIANS, AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THEM.

The following incident, which occurred in March, 1623, is related by Mr. Edward Winslow.

"News came to Plymouth, that Massasoit was dangerously sick, and that there was a Dutch ship driven upon the shore near his house. Now it being the manner of the Indians, when any, especially when persons of note are sick, for all who profess friendship to them, to visit them in their extremity, either in person, or by sending others, therefore it was thought meet, that as we had ever professed friendship, we should manifest it, by observing this, their laudable custom, and the rather because we desired

to have some conference with the Dutch. The governor laid this service upon me, and having furnished me with some cordials to administer to Massasoit, I, in company with Mr. Hamden and Hobomack, set out, and lodged the first night at Namasket, where we had friendly entertainment.

"The next day, about one o'clock, we came to a ferry in Corbitant's country, where, upon discharge of my gun, divers Indians came to us from a house not far distant. They told us that Massasoit was dead, that he was buried that day, and that the Dutch would be gone before we could reach there, they having hove off their ship already. This news greatly damped our spirits, and Hobomack was so disheartened, that he desired we might return with all speed. But considering that Massasoit being dead, Corbitant would most likely succeed him, that we were not above three miles from Mattapoiset, his dwelling place, and that this would be a favorable time to enter into more friendly terms with him, on condition Mr. Hamden and Hobomack would accompany me, I resolved to proceed, though I perceived that it would be attended with danger, in respect to our personal safety.

"In the way, Hobomack manifested a troubled spirit, breaking out in the following language, 'Neen womasu sagimus, neen womasu sagimus, &c. My loving sachem! my loving sachem! many have I known, but never any like thee.' And turning to me, he said, 'Whilst I live, I shall never see his like amongst the Indians; he was no liar; he was not bloody and cruel, like other Indians. In anger and passion he was soon reclaimed, easy to be reconciled toward those who had offended him, ruled by reason, not scorning the advice of mean men; governing his men better with few strokes, than others did with many; truly loving where he loved; yea, he feared the English had not a faithful friend left among the Indians,' &c., continuing a long speech, with such signs of lamentation and unfeigned sorrow, as would have affected the hardest heart.

"At length, we came to Mattapoiset; but Corbitant was not at home, he having gone to Pokanoket to visit Massasoit. The squaw sachem gave us friendly entertainment. Here we inquired again concerning Massasoit; they thought

him to be dead, but did not certainly know. Whereupon I hired one to go with all expedition to Pokanoket, that we might know whether he was living or not. About half an hour before sunset, the messenger returned, and told us that he was not yet dead, though there was no hope we should find him living. Upon this intelligence we were much revived, and set forward with all speed. It was late at night when we arrived.

"When we came to the house, we found it so full of men, that we could scarcely get in, though they used their best endeavors to make way for us. We found them in the midst of their charms for him, making such a noise as greatly affected those of us who were well, and therefore was not likely to benefit him who was sick. About him were six or eight women, who chafed his limbs to keep heat in him. When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the English, were come to see him. Having understanding left, though his sight was wholly gone, he asked who was come. They told him Winslow. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him, he put forth his hand, and I took it. He then inquired, 'Keen Winslow?' which is to say, 'Art thou Winslow?' I answered, 'Ahhe,' that is, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'Matta neen wouckanet namen, Winslow,' that is to say, 'O Winslow, I shall never see thee again.' I then called Hobomack, and desired him to tell Massasoit, that the governor, hearing of his sickness, was sorry, and though by reason of much business he could not come himself, yet he sent me with such things as he thought most likely to do him good in his extremity, and that if he would like to partake of it, I would give it to him. He desired that I would. I then took some conserve on the point of my knife, and gave it to him, but could scarce get it through his teeth. When it had dissolved in his mouth, he swallowed the juice of it. When those who were about him saw this, they rejoiced greatly, saying that he had not swallowed any thing for two days before. His mouth was exceedingly furred, and his tongue much swollen. I washed his mouth, and scraped his tongue, after which I gave him more of the conserve, which he swallowed with more readiness. He then desired to drink. I

dissolved some of the conserve in water, and gave it to him. Within half an hour, there was a visible change in him. Presently his sight began to come. I gave him more, and told him of an accident we had met with, in breaking a bottle of drink the governor had sent him, assuring him, that if he would send any of his men to Patuxet, (Plymouth,) I would send for more. I also told him that I would send for chickens to make him some broth, and for other things, which I knew were good for him, and that I would stay till the messenger returned, if he desired. This he received very kindly, and appointed some, who were ready to go by two o'clock in the morning, against which time I made ready a letter.

"He requested that, the day following, I would take my gun, and kill him some fowl, and make him some pottage, such as he had eaten at Plymouth; which I promised to do. His appetite returning before morning, he desired me to make him some broth without fowl before I went out to hunt. I was now quite at a loss what to do. I, however, caused a woman to pound some corn, put it into some water, and place it over the fire. When the day broke, we went out to seek herbs; but it being early in the season, we could find none except strawberry leaves. I gathered a handful of them, with some sassafras root, and put them into the porridge. It being boiled, I strained it through my handkerchief, and gave him, at least, a pint, which he liked very well. After this, his sight mended more and more, and he took some rest. We now felt constrained to thank God for giving his blessing to such raw and ignorant means. It now appeared evident that he would recover, and all of them acknowledged us as the instruments of his preservation.

"That morning he caused me to spend in going from one to another of those who were sick in town, requesting me to wash their mouths also, and to give to each of them some of the same that I gave him. This pains I willingly took.

"The messengers, which had been sent to Plymouth, had by this time returned, but Massasoit, finding himself so much better, would not have the chickens killed, but kept them that they might produce more. Many, whilst

we were there, came to see him, some of them, according to their account, came not less than an hundred miles. Upon his recovery, he said, 'Now I see that the English are my friends, and love me, and, whilst I live, I will never forget this kindness which they have shown me.' While we were there, we were better entertained than any other strangers.

"As we were about to come away, he called Hobomack to him, and revealed to him a plot the Massachusetts had formed to destroy the English. He told him that several other tribes were confederate with them, that he, in his sickness, had been earnestly solicited to join them, but had refused, and that he had not suffered any of his people to unite with them. He advised us to kill the men of Massachusetts, who were the authors of this intended mischief. When we took leave of him, he returned many thanks to the governor, and expressed much gratitude to us for our labor of love. So did all who were about him."

"In 1622, when the people of Plymouth were in great distress for want of rain, they set apart a day to seek God by solemn prayer, entreating him to appear in their behalf. An Indian, taking notice that during the former part of the day there was a very clear and hot sunshine, and that in the evening the rain fell in a sweet, soaking shower, was so much affected with the power the English had with their God, that he resolved from that day not to rest till he knew this great God. To this end he immediately forsook the Indians, and clave to the English; and notwithstanding all the enticements, flatteries and frowns of his countrymen, he could never be induced to forsake his christian friends, but died among them, leaving some good evidence that his soul went to rest."

Squanto, who for some years had had familiar intercourse with the English, fell sick and died. "Not long before his death he desired the governor of Plymouth, who was present, to pray that he might go to the place where dwelt the Englishman's God."

"An Indian of the Pequot tribe, called Waquash, a captain who served in the wars against the English, when he saw their fort taken, and so many hundreds of the Indians killed in an hour's time, was smitten with the

terrors of the Lord, and greatly affected to think of the greatness of the Englishman's God. This impression so followed him, that he could have no rest till he came to a knowledge of the God of the English. He was so importunate in seeking him, that he caused the English, among whom he afterwards came, to spend more than half the night in conversing with him. Afterwards, coming to live with the English at Connecticut, he would often sadly smite upon his breast, and complain of his naughty heart, adding, Waquash no know God, Waquash no know Jesus Christ. But afterwards it pleased the Lord so to move upon his heart, that he fully reformed his life, confessing his dearest sins, lust and revenge, and in many ways testifying that he had truly forsaken them. He afterwards, like the woman of Samaria, went among the Indians proclaiming Christ; warning them to flee from the wrath to come, by breaking off their sins. Some of them were so filled with rage, that they gave him poison, which he took without suspicion. When they wished him to send for the powaws, who are their physicians and priests, he told them that 'if Jesus Christ say that Waquash shall live, then Waquash live; but if Jesus Christ say Waquash shall die, then Waquash is willing to die.' He bequeathed his only child to the English. He died, as was charitably believed, a martyr for Christ, rejoicing in the hope that his child would know more of Christ than its poor father did."

"While settlements and churches were forming in various parts of Connecticut, some pains were taken to christianize the Indians. The Rev. Mr. Fitch was particularly desired by the government to teach Uncas and his family christianity. A large Bible, printed in the Indian language, was provided and given to the Mohegan sachems, that they might read the scriptures. Catechisms were prepared by Mr. Eliot and others, and distributed among the Indians. Mr. Stone and Mr. Newton were employed by the colony to teach the Indians in Hartford, Windsor, Farmington, and vicinity, and one John Minor was employed as an interpreter, and was taken into Mr. Stone's family, that he might be further instructed and prepared for that service. The Rev. Mr. Pierson, it seems,

learned the Indian language, and preached to the Connecticut Indians. Several Indians, in one town and another, became christians, and were baptized and admitted to full communion in the English churches.

"The gospel, however, had by far the most happy effect upon the Quinibaug, or Plainfield Indians. They ever lived peacefully with the English, and about the year 1745, in time of the great awakening and reformation in New England, they were greatly affected with the truths of the gospel, professed christianity, and gave the clearest evidence of real conversion to God. They were filled with the knowledge of salvation, and expressed it to admiration. They were entirely reformed. They became temperate, held religious meetings, and numbers formed themselves into a church state, and had the sacraments administered to them."

"Some of the Indians who were taken into English families in Massachusetts attained to some acquaintance with the principles of religion, and seemed to be affected with what they had been taught concerning their existence after death, and with the fears of the divine displeasure. John, the sagamore of Massachusetts, would sometimes praise the English and their God, saying, 'Much good men, much good God.'"

In the year 1633, the small pox prevailed among the Massachusetts Indians, and was attended with great mortality. "The English took many of their children, but most of them died. John, the sagamore, died, and most of his people; thirty of whom were buried in one day. He desired to be brought among the English, and promised that if he recovered, he would live with them and serve their God. He left one son, which he gave to Mr. Wilson, pastor of the church in Boston. He died in the persuasion that he should go to the Englishman's God. Several of them, in their sickness, confessed that the Englishman's God was a good God, and that if they recovered they would serve him. They were much affected to see that when their own people forsook them, the English came daily and ministered to them."

Several of the early ministers of New England distinguished themselves by their devoted and zealous labors in

behalf of the ignorant and degraded savages. Of these the most eminent were the Rev. John Eliot, and the May hews. Mr. Eliot came to New England in 1631, and was settled as teacher of the church in Roxbury, November 5, 1632. He is usually styled the *Apostle of the Indians.* "His heart was touched with the wretched condition of the Indians, and he became eagerly desirous of making them acquainted with the glad tidings of salvation. There were, at the time when he began his missionary exertions, near twenty tribes of Indians within the limits of the English planters. But they were very similar in manners, language, and religion. Having learned the barbarous dialect, he first preached to an assembly of Indians at Nonantum, in the present town of Newtown, October 28, 1646. After a short prayer, he explained the commandments, described the character and sufferings of Christ, the judgment day and its consequences, and exhorted them to receive Christ as their Savior, and to pray to God. After the sermon was finished, he desired them to ask any questions which might have occurred. One immediately inquired whether Jesus Christ could understand prayers in the Indian language. Another asked how all the world became full of people, if they were all once drowned. A third question was, how there could be the image of God, since it was forbidden by the commandment. He preached to them a second time, November 11th, and some of them wept while he was addressing them. An old man asked, with tears in his eyes, whether it was not too late for him to repent and turn unto God. Among the other inquiries were these: how it came to pass that sea water was salt, and river water fresh; how the English came to differ so much from the Indians in the knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, since they all had at first but one father; and why, if the water is larger than the earth, it does not overflow the earth. He was violently opposed by the sachems, and powaws, or priests, who were apprehensive of losing their authority, if a new religion was introduced. When he was alone with them in the wilderness, they threatened him with every evil, if he did not desist from his labors; but he was a man not to be shaken in his purpose by the fear of danger. He said to them, 'I am about the work

of the great God, and my God is with me; so that I neither fear you, nor all the sachems in the country; I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare.' With a body capable of enduring fatigue, and a mind firm as the mountain oaks, which surrounded his path, he went from place to place, relying for protection upon the great Head of the church, and declaring the salvation of the gospel to the children of darkness. His benevolent zeal prompted him to encounter with cheerfulness the most terrifying dangers, and to submit to the most incredible hardships. He says in a letter, 'I have not been dry, night or day, from the third day of the week unto the sixth; but so travelled, and at night pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps. I have considered the word of God, 2 Tim. ii. 3, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He made a missionary tour every fortnight, planted a number of churches, and visited all the Indians in Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, pursuing his way as far as Cape Cod. In 1651, an Indian town was built on a pleasant spot on Charles River, and called Natick. A house of worship was erected, and a form of government was established similar to that which is mentioned in Exodus xviii. 21.

"Mr. Eliot was convinced that in order to the most permanent success, it was necessary to introduce with christianity the arts of civilized life. He accordingly made every exertion to persuade the Indians to renounce their savage customs and habits, but he never could civilize those who went out in hunting parties; and those who lived near ponds and rivers, and were occupied in fishing, or cultivating the ground, though their condition was much improved, could never be made equally industrious with the English. The first Indian church established by the labors of Protestants in America, was formed at Natick, in 1660, after the manner of the congregational churches in New England. Those who wished to be organized into a christian body were strictly examined as to their faith and experience by a number of the neighboring ministers, and Mr. Eliot afterwards administered to them baptism and the Lord's supper. Other Indian churches

were planted in various parts of Massachusetts, and he frequently visited them, but his pastoral care was more particularly over that which he first established. He made every exertion to promote the welfare of the Indian tribes; he stimulated many servants of Jesus to engage in the missionary work, and although he mourned over the stupidity of many, who preferred darkness to light, yet he lived to see twenty-four of the copper-colored aborigines, fellow-preachers of the precious gospel of Christ. In 1661, he published the New Testament in the Indian language, and in a few years the whole Bible, and several other books, best adapted for the instruction of the natives."

The covenant agreed to by the members of the Indian church collected by Mr. Eliot at Natick, was in the following words: "We are lost in Adam, we and our fathers have been a long time lost in our sins, but now the mercy of God begins to find us out again; therefore, the grace of God helping us, we do give ourselves and our children to God: he shall rule us in all our affairs, not only in religion and the affairs of the church, but also in all our works and affairs in this world. God shall rule over us; the Lord is our judge, our lawgiver; the Lord is our king, he will save us. The wisdom which God hath taught us in his book, that shall guide us and direct us in the way. O Jehovah! teach us wisdom, to find out thy wisdom in the scriptures; let the grace of Christ help us; because Christ is the wisdom of God. Send thy Spirit into our hearts, and let it teach us: Lord, take us to be thy people, and let us take thee to be our God."

The first convert among the Indians who died, was a woman. Soon after Mr. Eliot commenced holding meetings among them, she, with her husband, attended. She was ever after a diligent hearer. She manifested a strong desire to come and dwell where the word of God was taught. That she might have this privilege, she brought corn for her family on her back, sixteen miles. She was industrious, and taught her children to be so. Ever after she embraced the gospel, her life was exemplary. She was the first female who proposed a question to Mr. Eliot at a religious meeting. Her question was this: whether,

when her husband prayed in his family, and her heart united in the desires he offered, this was praying to God aright or no. Mr. Eliot visited her several times in her last sickness, prayed and conversed with her. She told him she still loved God, though he made her sick. She said she was resolved to pray to him as long as she lived; that she believed God would pardon her sins, because she believed that Jesus Christ died for her, and that God was well pleased with *him*. She said, moreover, that she was willing to die, and that she believed she should go to heaven and live happily with God and Christ there. She called her children to her and said to them, "I shall now die, and when I am dead, your grandfather and grandmother, and uncles, &c., will send for you to come and live among them, and promise you great matters, and tell you what pleasant living it is among them; but do not believe them, and I charge you never hearken to them, nor live among them, for they pray not to God, nor keep the sabbath, but commit all manner of sins, and are not punished for it; but I charge you to live here, for here they pray to God, the word of God is taught, sins are suppressed and punished by laws; therefore I charge you live here all your days." She died soon after this.

Another convert, named Wamporas, sickened and died. He was one of their principal men. When Mr. Eliot called to see him in his last sickness, he said to him, "Four years and a quarter since, I came to your house, and brought some of our children to dwell with the English; now I die, I strongly entreat you, that you would strongly entreat Elder Heath, (with whom his son lived,) and the rest who have our children, that they may be taught to know God, so that they may teach their countrymen, because such an example would do great good among them." He said that he did not fear death; and turning to the Indians who were about him, he said, "I now shall die, but Jesus Christ calleth you that live to go to Natick, that there the Lord might rule over you; that you might make a church, and have the ordinance of God among you, believe in his word, and do as he commandeth you." The Indians were affected to tears. A little before he expired, he said to them, "Some delight to hear idle and foolish words, but I desire

to hear and speak only the words of God." He exhorted them to do so likewise. His last words were, "*Oh Lord, give me Jesus Christ!*" When his speech had failed, he lifted his hands to heaven, and continued to do so until his last breath. The Indians flocked around him to hear his dying words, and were greatly affected with his death.

"The church in Natick continued an Indian church many years after the decease of Mr. Eliot. Not only the ministers of the neighboring church, but some from a distance, whose zeal and benevolence led them to visit the spot, which resembled the garden of the Lord, rather than the rest of the wilderness, afforded them much assistance. Mr. Daniel Gookin preached to them a number of years, about the end of the seventeenth century. They had also an Indian pastor, named Daniel. Between the years 1700 and 1745, several missionaries were appointed, who resided in the town with the *praying* Indians. During that year, many went into the wars, and were scattered: their number has lessened ever since, and now (1802) hardly a pure Indian can be found in this plantation."

Rev. Thomas Mayhew, son of Mr. Thomas Mayhew, governor of Martha's Vineyard, distinguished himself by his benevolent and devoted labors among the Indians. "He accompanied his father to that island, where he became the minister of the English. He beheld with christian compassion the miserable Indians, who were ignorant of the true God; he studied their language, he conciliated their affections, and he taught them the truths of the gospel. Mr. Mayhew commenced his public instructions to the Indians, in 1646, the same year in which Mr. Eliot began his missionary exertions. Many obstacles were thrown in his way; but he persevered in his benevolent labors, visiting the natives in their different abodes, lodging in their smoky wigwams, and usually spending part of the night in relating to them portions of the scripture history. Before the close of the year 1650, a hundred Indians entered into a solemn covenant to obey the Most High God, imploring his mercy through the blood of Christ. In 1652, there were two hundred and eighty-two of the Indians who had embraced christianity, and among these, were eight powaws, or priests. He sailed for England in No-

vember, 1657, to communicate intelligence respecting these Indians to the Society for propagating the gospel, and to procure the means for more extensive usefulness; but the vessel was lost at sea, and he perished in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

"After his death, his father, as he was acquainted with the language of the Indians, and as he saw no prospect of procuring a stated minister for them, began himself, at the age of seventy, to preach to the natives, as well as to the English. Notwithstanding his advanced years, and his office of governor, he sometimes travelled on foot near twenty miles through the woods, in order to impart the knowledge of the gospel to those who sat in darkness He persuaded the natives at Gayhead to receive the gospel, which they had before opposed. When an Indian church was formed, August 22, 1670, the members of it desired him, though above fourscore, to become their pastor; but as he declined, they chose Hiacoomes. When Philip's war commenced in 1675, the Indians of Martha's Vine yard could count twenty times the number of the English, and the latter would probably have been extirpated, had not the christian religion been introduced; but now all was peace, Mr. Mayhew employed some of his converts as a guard.

"Rev. John Mayhew, son of Rev. Thomas Mayhew, was called to the ministry in 1673, among the English at Tisbury, in the middle of the island. About the same time he began to preach to the Indians. He taught them alternately in all their assemblies, every week, and assisted them in the management of their ecclesiastical concerns. For a number of years he received but five pounds annually for his services; but he was content, being more desirous of saving souls from death, than of accumulating wealth. He sought not glory of men, and willingly remained unknown, though he possessed talents which might have attracted applause. He died in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and in the sixteenth of his ministry, leaving an Indian church of one hundred communicants, and several well-instructed Indian teachers in different congregations."

The first Indian convert on the island was Hiacoomes.

His place of residence being near the English, they went to his wigwam and conversed with him. After this, he called at their houses, and attended their religious meetings. Mr. Mayhew invited him to his house every Lord's day, after divine service, and conversed with him freely. He soon began to give evidence that he was under the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Meeting with railing and abuse from a sagamore, or chief, who struck him with his hand upon the face, he returned no abuse, but said afterwards, 'I had one hand for injuries, and the other for God; while I did receive wrong with the one, the other laid the greater hold on God.' He was desirous to learn to read. The English gave him a primer, which he daily carried about with him. When scoffed at by the Indians, and reproached with forsaking their religion, and following the English, he made no reply, but afterwards told a friend of his, 'that he thought in his heart that the God in heaven did know and hear all the evil words that Pakeponesso spake.' The little knowledge of religious things he had gained, he endeavored to teach his neighbors. The Indians, on one occasion, being greatly affected with the providences of God, the chief man of one of their settlements, several miles distant, sent a messenger to Hiacoomes, to come and teach them 'what he knew and did in the ways of the Lord.' Being pleased with the opportunity, he went with the messenger. When he arrived at the place, he found many Indians assembled, among whom was a sagamore. They requested 'that he would show his heart to them, how it stood towards God, and what they must do.' He told them what he knew concerning God. He spake of the fall of man, and of the misery which had come upon the world in consequence of the apostasy. He told them that Christ had suffered and died to satisfy the wrath of God; and that the Holy Spirit teaches men the things of God. He assured them that he feared none but this great God; that he was sorry for his sins; that he desired to be redeemed by Jesus Christ, and to walk in God's commandments. He mentioned over a number of sins with which they were chargeable, such as having many gods, going to Powaws, and the rest.

Hiacoomes afterwards told Mr. Mayhew, that this was

the first time he ever saw the Indians sensible of their sins. The Holy Spirit was evidently present, to convince of sin.

Mr. Mayhew, after some years' acquaintance with Hiacoomes, says respecting him, "It pleased the Lord to give both light and courage to this poor Indian, for although formerly he had been a harmless man among them, yet, as themselves say, not at all accounted of, and therefore they often wondered that he who had nothing to say in their meetings formerly, is now become the teacher of them all. I must needs give this testimony of him—that he is a man of a sober spirit and good conversation, and as he hath, as I hope, received the Lord Jesus Christ in truth, so also I look upon him to be faithful, diligent, and constant in the work of the Lord, for the good of his own soul, and of his neighbors with him."

In the course of a few weeks after Mr. Mayhew had formed a church among the Indians, one of them coming to him on business, told him "that some of the Indians had lately kept a day of repentance, and that the text from which one of their number addressed them, was from the sixty-sixth Psalm, *He ruleth by his power forever, his eyes behold the nations, let not the rebellious exalt themselves.*" Mr. Mayhew asked him what end they had in view in keeping such a day. The Indian told him that their reasons were these. 1. They desired that God would slay the rebellion of their hearts. 2. That they might love God and one another. 3. That they might withstand the evil words and temptations of wicked men, and not be drawn back from God. 4. That they might be obedient to the good words and commands of their rulers. 5. That they might have their sins done away by the redemption of Jesus Christ; and lastly, that they might walk in Christ's ways.

Several other ministers, beside Mr. Eliot and the Mayhews, learnt the language of the Indians, and in their own tongue taught them the wonderful works of God. Among these were the Rev. Messrs. Bourne, Cotton, and Treat.

Mr. Bourne was a missionary among the Indians at Marshpee. He prosecuted his labors with ardor, and his efforts were crowned with success. A church constituted

of those converted by his instrumentality was collected, and he was ordained their pastor in 1670. He manifested great regard for the *temporal* interests of the Indians. That they might have a territory where they could make a permanent settlement, he, at his own expense, obtained a deed of Marshpee.

Mr. Cotton, for about three years, preached to the English, and also to the Indians on Martha's Vineyard. He rendered great assistance to Gov. Mayhew in his benevolent efforts to impart the knowledge of salvation to the savages. He afterwards became pastor of the church at Plymouth, where he remained about thirty years. While there, he frequently preached to several congregations of Indians who lived in the neighborhood. He revised and corrected Eliot's Indian Bible, previous to its publication.

Mr. Treat was the first minister of Eastham. "He devoted to the Indians in his neighborhood much of his time and attention. Through his zeal and labors, many of the savages were brought into a state of civilization and order, and not a few of them were converted to the christian faith."

"In 1685, when an account of the praying Indians in the colony of Plymouth was transmitted to England, it was found that they amounted to five hundred men and women within the limits of Mr. Treat's parish, beside boys and girls, who were supposed to be more than three times that number."

Dr. Hawes, speaking of the happy results of the labors of those who early sought to guide the feet of the poor Indians in the way of life, says, that "in 1700 there were thirty Indian churches in New England, under the pastoral care of the same number of Indian preachers."

How ample the encouragement here afforded to seek the good of the aborigines of our country! Like *causes* will, doubtless, still effect like *results*. Let us then do what in us lies, to have the rays of the gospel shine in upon the dark minds of the sons of the forest. Let us give cheerfully of our substance for the support of missions among them. Let us offer our fervent supplications to Him whose hand alone can remove the vail that covers their hearts, and bring them forth from nature's darkness

into his own marvellous light. And should Providence call us to it, let us devote our time and our talents, yea, our life even, to the promotion of their temporal and eternal welfare.

Should the gospel be brought home to their hearts "with a convincing power and light," how happy would be the result! What a change would be effected in their character and condition! The tiger would become a lamb Revenge would be turned to meekness, savage cruelty to sympathy and kindness. No more should we hear of wars and rumors of wars among them. No more would they deal in treachery and lies. They would cease to indulge in sottish idleness, and would cultivate habits of industry. They would no longer destroy themselves and their offspring by living in intemperance and other destructive vices. No more would they suffer, as they now often do, from hunger and want. No more would they spend the days and years of their fleeting life without God and without hope, and rush into eternity ignorant of the tremendous doom that awaits them.

CHAPTER XII.

ESTIMATE PLACED UPON THE INSTITUTIONS OF RELIGION BY THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Among the institutions of religion, a *preached gospel* stands pre-eminent. The *living word*, from the lips of the *living minister*, is a means of effecting vast results. It enlightens the conscience, controls the passions, checks the growth of evil habits, lays a restraint upon vice, prevents crime, promotes order, advances intellectual improvement and temporal prosperity, and, what is more, it is the grand means by which the saints are edified, comforted, quickened and perfected, and by which the impenitent are convinced of sin, and converted to God.

The gospel is indebted to no community in the land, admitting the expense at which it is supported to be what

it may. Like the ark in the house of Obed-edom, it more than compensates those who entertain it.

But the effects resulting from the absence of the gospel from a community are most disastrous. The Bible is unread, the Sabbath is profaned, the religious instruction of the rising generation is neglected, family government is laid aside, the young become headstrong, and to a shocking degree without parental or natural affection: these things, with ignorance, intemperance, idleness, iniquity and crime, make up the sad catalogue of evils.

Of such importance does the Lord Jesus Christ deem the preaching of the word, that in every age he has raised up an order of men to attend upon *this very thing;* men *called of God, as was Aaron;* men who have been *moved by the Holy Ghost* to take this office upon themselves.

In accordance with these sentiments were those of our forefathers. No truth is more evident from their history than that they regarded the stated ministration of the gospel as a matter of the utmost importance. This is seen *in their early and self-denying efforts to secure and retain the gospel ministry.*

In several instances, a minister was one of the first settlers of a colony, and was elected their pastor, unless he had been such previous to their removal.

A colony from England arrived at Naumkeag, now Salem, June 29th, 1629. In the company were four ministers, the Rev. Francis Higginson, and Messrs. Skelton, Bright, and Smith. Felt, in his Annals of Salem, says, "In order to secure the primary object of their emigration, our fathers took measures for the regular establishment of the church and ministry among them. July 20th was set apart by Mr. Endicott for choice of the pastor and teacher. Of the services on that interesting day, Mr. Charles Gott writes to Gov. Bradford. of Plymouth. He thus expresses himself: 'The 20th of July, it pleased God to move the heart of our governor to set it apart for a solemn day of humiliation for the choice of a pastor and teacher; the former part of the day being spent in praise and teaching; the latter part was spent about the election, which was after this manner: the persons thought of were demanded concerning their callings. They

acknowledged that there was a two-fold calling, the one an inward calling, when the Lord moved the heart of a man to take that calling upon him, and filled him with gifts for the same: the second was from the people; when a company of believers were joined together in covenant, to walk together in all the ways of God, every member is to have a free voice in the choice of their officers. These two servants clearing all things by their answers, we saw no reason but that we might freely give our voices for their election after this trial. Their choice was after this manner: every fit person wrote in a note his name whom the Lord moved him to think was fit for a pastor, and so likewise whom they would have for a teacher; so the most voices were for Mr. Skelton to be pastor, and Mr. Higginson to be teacher; and they accepting the choice, Mr. Higginson, with *three or four more of the gravest members* of the church, laid their hands on Mr. Skelton, using prayers therewith. This being done, then there was imposition of hands on Mr. Higginson. Now, good sir, I hope that you, and the rest of God's people with you, will say that here was a right foundation laid, and that these two blessed servants of the Lord came in at the door, and not at the window.'"

The West Barnstable church, which has been stated to be "the *first independent Congregational church* of that name in the world," was organized in 1616, in England. "The foundation of this church was laid in the following manner: after solemn fasting and prayer, each made open confession of his faith in Jesus Christ; and then, standing up together, they joined hands and solemnly covenanted with each other, in the presence of Almighty God, to walk together in all his ways, ordinances, &c. On account of the violence of the persecution with which this church was assailed, their pastor continued with them only eight years, and then fled to Virginia, in this country, where he soon after died. The church then chose as their second pastor, Rev. John Lathrop. In 1632, Mr. Lathrop and the little band to whom he ministered, when assembled for worship in a private building, were surprised by their persecutors, and only eighteen of their number escaped, while forty-two were apprehended and cast into prison. After

being confined for two years, all were released upon bail, excepting Mr. Lathrop, for whom no favor could be obtained. At length, however, on condition of leaving the country, he obtained his freedom. In 1634, with thirty-four of his church and congregation, all that he could collect, he came to New England, and settled at Scituate. At that time the churches at Plymouth, Duxbury, and Marshfield were all that existed in the country. In 1639, with a majority of his people, and twenty-two male members of his church, he removed to Barnstable and commenced its settlement.

"A large rock is said to lie near the place around which this colony used to hold their public religious meetings. On that venerable and consecrated rock is believed to have been preached the first gospel sermon in this town; and here the ordinances were first administered." *

The early history of the colony which settled *New Haven* is in point.

"On the 26th of July, 1637, (says Barber,) Mr. Davenport, Mr. Samuel Eaton, Theophilus Eaton, and Edward Hopkins, Esqrs. Mr. Thomas Gregson, and many others of good characters and fortunes, arrived at Boston. Mr. Davenport had been a celebrated minister in the city of London, and was a distinguished character for piety, learning, and good conduct. Many of his congregation, on account of the esteem they had for his person and ministry, followed him into New England.

"On the 30th of March, 1638, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Pruden, Mr. Samuel Eaton, and Theophilus Eaton, Esq., with the people of their company, sailed from Boston for Quinnipiac, now New Haven. In about a fortnight they arrived at their destined port. On the 18th of April, they kept their first Sabbath in the place. The people assembled under a large spreading oak, and Mr. Davenport preached to them from Matthew vi. 1. He insisted on the temptations of the wilderness, made such observations, and gave such directions and exhortations as were pertinent to the then present state of his hearers. He left this remark, that he enjoyed a good day."

* Boston Recorder.

Of the formation of a church, and the election of officers, Bacon gives the following account:

"With what solemnities the formal constituting of the church, by seven men appointed for that purpose, was attended, is not upon those records which have come down to us. We know, however, what were the forms generally observed on similar occasions, at the same period; and, presuming that the same forms were observed here, we may easily imagine something of the transactions of that day. At an early hour, probably not far from eight o'clock in the morning, the congregation assembled. Tradition says, that the assembly was under the same broad oak, under which they had kept their first Sabbath. After public exercises of preaching and prayer, 'about the space of four or five hours,' those who are first to unite in the church covenant, the seven pillars of the house of wisdom, stand forth before the congregation, and the elders and delegates from neighboring churches,—for, probably, such were present from the churches on the river. In the first place, that all present may be satisfied respecting the personal piety of the men who are to begin the church, all the seven successively make a declaration of their religious experience, what has been the history of their minds, and what have been the influences and effects of God's grace upon them. Next, that they may make it clear that their confidence in Christ rests upon Christ as revealed in the Word, they, either severally or jointly, make profession of their faith, declaring those great and leading doctrines which they receive as the substance of the gospel. If, on any points, further explanations are desired, questions are proposed by the representatives of neighboring churches, till all be satisfied. Then they unitedly express their assent to a written form of covenant, in nearly the same words in which the covenant of this church is now expressed; after which, they receive from the representatives of the neighboring churches the right hand of fellowship, recognizing them as a church of Christ, invested with all the powers and privileges which Christ has given to his churches.

"The election and ordination of officers followed very soon after the organization of the church. Mr. Daven-

port, who was, perhaps, even more than any other man, the leader of the enterprise, was chosen pastor. The office of teacher, and that of ruling elder, appear to have been left vacant for a season. Mr. Samuel Eaton, who is sometimes spoken of as having been a colleague with Mr. Davenport, appears not to have sustained that relation after the church was duly gathered. The first deacons were Robert Newman and Matthew Gilbert, who were both in the original foundation of the church. Mr. Davenport, like nearly all the ministers who emigrated to this country in that age, had been regularly ordained to the ministry in the church of England, by the laying on of the hands of the bishop. Yet that ordination was not considered as giving him office or power in this church, any more than a man's having been a magistrate in England would give him power to administer justice in this jurisdiction. Accordingly, he was ordained, or solemnly inducted into office—Mr. Hooker and Mr. Stone, elders of the church in Hartford, being present, as tradition says, to assist in the solemnity.

We have another instance in the colony which settled at Nutfield, (afterwards Londonderry, N. H.) Rev. Mr. Parker, in his century sermon, gives the following particulars:—

"The first settlers of this town were the descendants of a colony which emigrated from Argyleshire, in Scotland, and settled in the north of Ireland, in the province of Ulster, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Influenced by the representations of one Holmes, a young man, son of a clergyman, who had been in New England, his father, with three other Presbyterian ministers—James M'Gregore, William Cornwell, and William Boyd—with a large number of their congregations, resolved on a removal. Having converted their substance into money, they immediately embarked, in five ships, for America. About one hundred families arrived at Boston, August 4, 1718. Twenty families more, in one of the vessels, landed at Casco Bay, now Portland. Among this latter number were the families who commenced this settlement.

"On disembarking in this new country, in which they were to seek a residence for themselves and their descend-

ants, they assembled on the shore, and united in solemn acts of devotion, and with peculiar sensations sang the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm.

"This company of emigrants immediately petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts for a tract of land suitable for a township. The Court readily granted their request, and gave them leave to select a settlement, six miles square, in any of the unappropriated lands to the eastward. After exploring the country along the eastern shore, and finding no place that suited them, sixteen of the families, hearing of this tract of land, then called Nutfield, and finding that it was not appropriated, determined here to take up their grant. They accordingly, as soon as the spring opened, left Casco Bay, and arrived at Haverhill on the second day of April, 1719. Leaving here their families, the men immediately came up, examined the spot on which they were about to commence their settlement, and built a few huts. Three remaining to guard their tents, the rest returned to Haverhill to bring on their families.

"This company had no sooner selected a spot for a township, than, in order to secure the full enjoyment of gospel ordinances, which was one principal object of their removal, and also to promote their settlement, they presented a call to the Rev. James M'Gregore to become their pastor. He was then at Dracut, where he had passed the winter after his arrival.

"On meeting them for the first time after they had left their native isle, in this then dreary and uncultivated spot, he made an affectionate and impressive address in view of their undertaking; reminding them of their gracious preservation while crossing the deep, and exhorting them to renewed confidence in God, and devotedness to his service. The next day, April 12, he delivered, under a large oak, the first discourse ever preached in this town, from the prophecy of Isaiah, xxxii. 2,—*A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"

Settlements which began without a minister, soon obtained one, and made provision for his maintenance. A few instances may serve as a specimen of many others.

"The town of Woburn, Mass., was settled in 1642. It was granted to seven men, 'of good and honest report,' on condition that they, within two years, erected houses there, and proceeded to build a town. As soon as they had a competent number to support a minister, they considered themselves as 'surely seated, and not before, it being as unnatural for a right New England man to live without an able ministry, as for a blacksmith to work his iron without a fire.' This people, therefore, like others, laid their foundation stone, with earnestly seeking the blessing of heaven in several days of fasting and prayer. They then took the advice of the most orthodox and able christians, especially the ministers of the gospel, not rashly running into a church state before they had a prospect of obtaining a pastor to feed them with the bread of life. They chose to continue as they were, in fellowship with other churches, enjoying their christian watch, till they had the ordinances administered among them. But they soon obtained 'Mr. Thomas Carter, of Watertown, a reverend, godly man, apt to teach the sound and wholesome truths of Christ,' to preach for them. They then formed into a church on the 24th of the sixth month, after Mr. Symes, of Charlestown, 'had continued in preaching and prayer about the space of four or five hours.'

"After public worship, the persons intending to be formed into a church, stood forth, one by one, before the congregation and ministers present, 'and confessed what the Lord had done for their souls, by his spirit, under the preaching of the gospel, and the events of his providence,' that all for themselves might know their faith in Christ; the ministers or messengers present, asking such questions as they thought proper, and, when satisfied, giving them the right hand of fellowship. Seven were thus formed into a church, who in ten years had increased to seventy-four.

"On the 22d of the ninth month, Mr. Carter was, by a council, ordained their pastor, 'after he had exercised, in prayer and preaching, the greater part of the day.'"

Thus, in the course of the first year after this settlement commenced, a minister was ordained among them, and as it was their purpose not to have a minister until they could

"support" him, we may conclude that they gave him a comfortable maintenance.

In 1654, twenty-one planters commenced a settlement at Northampton. "March 18th, 1657, the people employed an agent 'to obtain a minister.' They had been settled in this spot but three years, and were already solicitous to obtain a regular ministration of the ordinances of the gospel."

During the year 1658, Mr. Eleazer Mather was settled over them in the gospel ministry. They voted him "a salary of eighty pounds for one year. Forty acres of land were given him at the same time, and forty acres more, to be for the use of the ministry forever. Thus, within four years from the first attempt to settle this town, the inhabitants settled a minister, gave him twenty-five pounds sterling for preaching with them half a year, and, at the commencement of the ensuing year, voted him a salary of eighty pounds sterling. At the same time, they gave him forty acres of land, and a house which cost one hundred pounds sterling, and forty acres more for the use of the ministry."

The first family moved into Penacook, now Concord, N. H., in 1727. "June 25, 1729, the planters appointed a committee to 'call and agree with some suitable person to be the minister of Penacook.' They also voted, 'that the minister of said town shall be paid by the community one hundred pounds per annum;' and further, 'that one hundred pounds be allowed and paid out of the company's treasury to the first minister, as an encouragement for settling and taking the pastoral charge among them.' On the 14th October following, they voted, 'that every proprietor or intended settler shall forthwith pay, or cause to be paid, to the company's treasurer, the sum of twenty shillings, towards the support of an ORTHODOX MINISTER, to preach at Penacook.' Probably, in accordance with this vote, the Rev. Mr. Walker was employed; for 31st March, 1730, the committee, above named, were directed to 'agree with the Rev. TIMOTHY WALKER, in order to his carrying on the work of the ministry in Penacook the ensuing year, and to treat with him in order to his settlement.'

"In September, the Committee of the Great and General Court, who still extended their supervision over the new plantation, *ordered* the proprietors to choose a minister for the town, and, in case of his acceptance, to agree upon a time for his ordination. They promptly met the order. In the same decisive and unanimous spirit that had characterized all their measures, on the 14th October, 1730, they voted, 'That we will have a minister,' and 'that the Rev. Timothy Walker shall be our minister.' His salary was fixed at one hundred pounds a year, to be increased forty shillings annually, till it amounted to one hundred and twenty pounds. The use of the parsonage was also granted, and one hundred pounds given to enable him to build a house, besides the lot which fell to the right of the first minister. It was provided, that 'if Mr. Walker, by reason of extreme old age, shall be disabled from carrying on the whole work of the ministry, he shall abate so much of his salary as shall be rational.'

"To the unanimous call of the people, Mr. Walker returned an affirmative answer. On the 18th November, 1730, the ordination took place. In the 'convenient house,' which they had erected for the public worship of God, were assembled about thirty settlers, with their families; before them was the venerable council, and the man of their choice, ready to be invested with the sacred office. The remoteness of the scene from the old settlements; the sacrifices which the new settlers had made, the perils to which they would be exposed, the terrible apprehensions they felt of attacks from the Indians, together with the hope that the church, about to be planted in the wilderness, would one day spread wide its branches, and be a fruitful vine in the garden of the Lord, gave an unusual tenderness and solemnity to the occasion. The Rev. John Barnard, of Andover, North Parish, preached from Proverbs ix. 1, 2, 3. *Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars; she hath killed her beasts, she hath mingled her wine, she hath also furnished her table; she hath sent forth her maidens.* From this text he raised the doctrine, 'That the *churches* of Christ are of his forming, their *provision* of his *making*, and their *ministers* of his *appointing* and *sending* to them.' The ser-

mon, throughout, breathes a spirit of warm devotion; is full of evangelical doctrine, and of appropriate practical remarks. To the pastor elect, he says, 'We have great cause to bless the *glorious Head* of all spiritual and divine influences, that he has given you *a spirit of self-denial*, and inclined you to consecrate and devote yourself to his service *in this remote part of the wilderness*, and, with joy and pleasure we behold your settlement just arrived at its consummation. The *great* JESUS is now about to introduce you into an *office* which, as the *honor* of it will call for your humble and thankful adorations, so the *difficulties* thereof will require your constant and entire dependence upon Him, from whom you have your mission.'

"To those, who were 'a coming into a church state,' he says, in language of simple and touching eloquence, 'You have proposed worldly *conveniences* and *accommodations* in your engaging in the settlement of this remote plantation. This *end* is good and warrantable in its *place*; but religion and the advancement of CHRIST'S kingdom are of infinitely greater weight, and what we hope you will have a principal regard unto. What you ought in a special manner to aim at, is the enlargement of CHRIST'S kingdom; this will be your glory and your defence, and if *this* be your main design, will not the glorious JESUS say with respect to you, as he said unto his ancient people, who followed him into the wilderness, '*I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown. Israel was holiness to the Lord.*' Jer. ii. 2.

"'There is this *peculiar circumstance* in your settlement, that it is in a place where Satan, some years ago, had his seat, and the Devil was wont to be invocated by forsaken salvages, a place which was the rendezvous and head-quarters of our Indian enemies. Our Lord JESUS CHRIST has driven out the heathen and made room for you, that he might have a seed to serve Him in this place, where he has been much dishonored in time past. Be then concerned to answer this just expectation; be solicitous that you who are becoming his flock, may be his glory, that you may be for a *name* and praise unto Him.'

"Immediately after sermon, before the ordination was performed, the church was organized. Eight male members, including Mr. Walker, came forward, adopted and subscribed the COVENANT, in which they did 'solemnly devote and dedicate themselves to the Lord Jehovah, who is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' and did 'promise, by divine grace, to endeavor to observe all things whatsoever God in his word has commanded.'

"After the church was formed, the charge of ordination was given to Mr. Walker by the Rev. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, of Andover, South Parish, commencing in this solemn manner:

'In the *Name* and *Fear* of GOD, Amen.

'*Dear* SIR—We have seen, and do approve of your call to the evangelical ministry, and to the pastoral office in this church of CHRIST, as also your acceptance of the same.

'And therefore now, as ministers and ambassadors of CHRIST, and in the name of Him our great LORD and MASTER, we do constitute and *ordain you to be a Minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and the Pastor of the church or flock in this place*, in particular.'

"After the Charge, the Rev. JOHN BROWN, of Haverhill, gave to the Pastor and the Church the Right Hand of Fellowship, according to the established mode in Congregational churches."*

The early settlers of New England retained their ministers many years.

The settlement of a minister was with them a matter of very serious moment. They were not therefore hasty in this affair, but, on the contrary, proceeded with great deliberation. After they had employed a man to preach among them, they waited until a sufficient opportunity had been afforded him to "give them a taste of his gifts," before they presented him a call. Nor did they take this important step until they had sought divine direction by observing a day of fasting and prayer, and had obtained the advice of neighboring ministers and others. When the candidate was ordained over them, it was their expec-

* Rev. Mr. Bouton's Centennial Discourses.

tation that he would remain their pastor during life; and in this they were seldom disappointed.

From among the numerous instances left on record, showing the permanency of the settled ministry in those times, the following have been selected.

Rev. Solomon Stoddard was ordained at Northampton, Mass., in 1672. He remained pastor of the church nearly sixty years. He died, Feb. 11, 1729, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

"A council was convened at Westfield, on the last Wednesday of June, 1679, the church organized, and Mr. Taylor was ordained pastor. Mr. T. was a man eminently devoted to the work of the ministry. He died, June 29, 1729, in the fiftieth year of his ministry."

"In 1694, an ecclesiastical society was constituted in East Hartford, Con., and early in 1703, the Rev. Samuel Woodbridge, their first settled clergyman, was ordained. The church and people here were united during the life and ministry of Mr. Woodbridge, who labored with them forty-three years. He died, June 9, 1746, aged sixty-three. The Rev Eliphalet Williams, D. D., his successor, was ordained, March 30, 1748. For more than fifty years he was a settled minister in this town.

"The first minister of Longmeadow, Mass., was Rev. Stephen Williams, who was ordained here in 1716. He was a son of Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, and was carried captive with his father to Canada. He died in 1782, in the ninetieth year of his age, and sixty-sixth of his ministry. Mr. Williams was succeeded by Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, who was settled in 1785. Mr. Storrs died, Oct. 3, 1819," in the thirty-fourth year of his ministry.

"A church was organized in Medfield in 1651, consisting of eight members; Rev. John Wilson, Jun. was installed pastor the same year. Mr. Wilson was born in England, and graduated in the first class in Harvard College. He continued in the pastoral office more than forty years, and died in 1691. After a period of nearly six years, in which thirty-two candidates were employed, Joseph Baxter was settled, and sustained the pastoral office more than forty-eight years. Mr. Baxter commenced his

ministerial labors at the age of eighteen, and in consequence of his youth, his settlement was delayed almost three years."

"Rev. Nathan Buckman was settled at Medway in December, 1724, and continued the pastoral relation to this church more than *seventy* years."

"Rev. Habijah Weld, minister of Attleborough, was distinguished for his usefulness in the ministry, and highly respected as a man, both at home and abroad. He united, to an uncommon degree, the affections of his people for a period of fifty-five years, during which he was their pastor. He was ordained in 1727, and died in 1782, in the eightieth year of his age."

"It appears that the first church in Billerica was gathered in 1663, and the Rev. Samuel Whiting was ordained in the same year. Mr. Whiting died in 1713, having preached in this place more than fifty years."

Rev. Samuel Moody was ordained at York, Me., in 1700. He was a godly man and a successful minister. He died, Nov. 13, 1747, aged seventy-two, having been pastor of the church forty-seven years.

Rev. Jeremiah Wise was settled at Berwick in 1707. He was a man of learning and eminent piety. He continued their minister more than forty-eight years.

In 1713, Kittery was divided into two parishes. In the new one, at Sturgeon Creek, a church was gathered, and, in 1715, Mr. John Rogers was ordained their pastor. He remained their minister fifty-two years.

Mr. Samuel Dudley was settled at Exeter, N. H., in 1650. He died in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and in the thirty-third of his ministry.

The first minister settled in Concord, was the Rev. Timothy Walker. His ordination took place in 1730. He died in 1782, having been pastor of the church fifty-two years.

Mr. David M'Gregore was ordained pastor of the church in Londonderry, West Parish, in 1737. He died in the fortieth year of his ministry. — Mr. William Davidson was settled over the church in the East Parish of this town in 1740. He died in 1791, aged eighty-one; having been their pastor more than half a century.

In 1734, Mr. John Wilson was ordained at Chester. He died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and in the forty-sixth of his ministry.

The church in Amherst was embodied in 1741. In September of the same year, Mr. Daniel Wilkins was ordained their pastor. He died in the seventy-third year of his age, and in the forty-second of his ministry.

These instances may suffice to show that the early settlers of New England retained their ministers long.

Our ancestors were strict in the sanctification of the Sabbath, and punctual in their attendance upon the services of the sanctuary.

"They observed the Sabbath with great seriousness. They prepared for its approach by a seasonable adjustment of their temporal affairs; they welcomed its arrival with joy, and spent all its hours in the public and private duties of religion. A sacred stillness reigned in their habitations, and throughout their villages and towns, well befitting the day of God, and well calculated to raise the affections and thoughts to the eternal rest of heaven."

If we except a few circumstances growing out of their peculiar situation, the following description of a Sabbath, as observed by the people of New Haven, may be regarded as a specimen of the manner in which the Lord's day was generally kept in New England previous to the revolutionary war. "Let us go back for a moment," says the writer, Rev. Mr. Bacon, "to one of those ancient Sabbaths. You see in the morning no motion, save as the herds go forth to their pasture in the common grounds, each herd accompanied by two or three armed herdsmen. At the appointed hour, the drum having been beaten both for the first time and the second, the whole population, from the dwellings of the town, and from the farms on the other side of the river, come together in the place of prayer. The sentinel is placed in the turret, those who are to keep ward go forth, pacing, two by two, the still green lanes. In the mean time, we take our places in the assembly. In this rude, unfinished structure is devotion true and pure,—worship more solemn for the lack of outward pomp. Through a long course of exercises, which would weary out the men of our degenerate days, these hearers sit or

stand with most exemplary attention. They love the word that comes from the lips of their pastor. They love the order of this house. For the privilege of uniting in these forms of worship, of hearing the gospel thus preached, of living under this religious constitution, and of thus extending in the world the kingdom which is righteousness, and peace, and joy, they undertook the work of planting this wilderness. To them each sermon, every prayer, every tranquil sabbath is more precious for all that it cost them. It is not strange, then, that their attention is awake through these long services, till, as the day declines, they retire to their dwellings, and close the sabbath with family worship and the catechising of their children."

There was in those days an almost universal attendance upon the services of God's house on the sabbath. Few, very few, unless circumstances beyond their control required that they should remain at home, absented themselves. *Four fifths* of the people, it is believed, uniformly attended public worship. A family or an individual, who habitually absented themselves from the house of God, could rarely be found. Dr. Dwight, speaking of the inhabitants of Northampton, says, "Probably no people were ever more punctual in their attendance upon public worship than they were for one hundred and fifty years from the first settlement of the place. Fourteen hundred and sixty persons were once counted in the church on a sabbath afternoon; amounting to five sixths of the inhabitants."

It is interesting to notice the pains-taking there was among the early settlers to enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary. "Rev. Mr. Burnham was ordained in Berlin, Con., about the year 1712. At this time there were but fourteen families in the place, and the church consisted of ten members, seven males and three females. Previous to the settlement of Mr. Burnham, these families attended meeting at Farmington, and the women walked from ten to twelve miles, and carried their infants in their arms. In 1695, the settlers of East Windsor formed themselves into an ecclesiastical society, and Mr. Timothy Edwards was ordained their minister. Previous to this, the inhabitants

for fifteen years passed the river in boats, in order to attend worship on the west side."

Our forefathers paid particular attention to family religion.

"The duty of maintaining family religion," says Dr. Hawes, "was once universally acknowledged in New England, and seriously practised in nearly all the families in the land. Every day, the scriptures were read, and God worshipped; and not a child or a servant was suffered to grow up without being instructed in the principles of religion, and taught to reverence the day, the word, and the name of God. Our fathers adopted the maxim that 'families are the nurseries of the church and the commonwealth; ruin families, and you ruin all.' They aimed, therefore, to engage the presence and blessing of God to abide in their families. With their own hearts set upon heaven, they were earnestly desirous that their children might be prepared to follow them to the world of glory For this purpose, they constantly maintained family religion and family government. They sought for their children, as they did for themselves, *first*, the kingdom of God and his righteousness. The influence of this principle was prominent in the family, in the school, and in all their domestic and social arrangements. In the great work of training the young for the service and glory of God, parents and magistrates, pastors and churches co-operated with mutual zeal and fidelity."

An interesting instance illustrating the manner in which family religion was maintained in the early days of New England, is found in the Life of the excellent Theophilus Eaton, first governor of New Haven colony.

"As in his government of the commonwealth, so in the government of his family, he was prudent, serious, happy to a wonder; and although he sometimes had a large family, consisting of no less than thirty persons, yet he managed them with such an even temper, that observers have affirmed that they never saw a house ordered with more wisdom. He kept an honorable and hospitable table; but one thing that made the entertainment thereof the better, was the continual presence of his aged mother,

by feeding of whom with an exemplary piety till she died, he insured his own prosperity as long as he lived. His children and servants he mightily encouraged in the study of the scriptures, and countenanced their addresses to himself with any of their inquiries; but when he saw any of them sinfully negligent about the concerns either of their general or particular callings, he would admonish them with such a penetrating efficacy, that they could scarce forbear falling down at his feet with tears. A word from him was enough to steer them!

"So exemplary was he as a christian, that one who had been a servant to him could say, many years after, 'Whatever difficulty in my daily walk I now meet with, still something that I either saw or heard in my blessed master Eaton's conversation, helps me through it all; I have reason to bless God that ever I knew him!' It was his custom, when he first rose in the morning, to repair to his study: a study well perfumed with the meditations and supplications of a holy soul. After this, calling his family together, he would read a portion of scripture, and, after some devout and useful reflections upon it, he would make a prayer, not long, but extraordinarily pertinent and reverent; and in the evening, some of the same exercises were again attended. On Saturday morning he would take notice of the approaching sabbath in his prayer, and ask grace to be remembering of it, and preparing for it; and when the evening arrived, he, besides this, not only repeated a sermon, but also instructed his family by putting questions referring to points in religion, which would oblige them to study for an answer; and if their answer were at any time insufficient, he would wisely and gently enlighten their understandings; all which he concluded by singing a psalm. When the Lord's day came, he called his family together at the time for the ringing of the first bell, and repeated a sermon, whereunto he added a fervent prayer, especially tending to the sanctification of the day. At noon he sung a psalm; and at night he retired an hour into his closet, advising those in his house to improve the same time for the good of their own souls. He then called his family together again, and in an obliging manner conferred with them about the things with which they

had been entertained in the house of God, closing with a prayer for the blessing of God upon them all. For solemn days of humiliation, or of thanksgiving, he took the same course, and endeavored to make the members of his family understand the meaning of the services.

"His eldest son he maintained at the college until he proceeded master of arts; and he was indeed the son of his vows, and a son of great hopes. But a severe catarrh diverted this young gentleman from the work of the ministry, whereto his father had once devoted him; and a malignant fever then raging in those parts of the country, carried off him with his wife within two or three days of one another. This was counted one of the severest trials that ever befell his father in the days of the years of his pilgrimage; but he bore it with a patience and composure of spirit truly admirable. His dying son looked earnestly on him, and said, 'Sir, what shall we do?' Whereto, with a well-ordered countenance, he replied, 'Look up to God.' And when he passed by his daughter drowned in tears on this occasion, he said to her, 'Remember the sixth commandment—hurt not yourself with immoderate grief; remember Job, who said, The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. You may mark what note the Spirit of God put upon it; in all this, Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly: God accounts it a charging of him foolishly, when we don't submit to his will patiently.' Accordingly, he now governed himself as one who had attained unto the rule of weeping as if he wept not."*

Another example of family religion is given in the Life of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Northampton.

"As he rose very early himself, he was wont to have his family up betimes in the morning, after which, before entering on the business of the day, he attended on family prayers; when a chapter in the Bible was read, commonly by candle-light, in the winter, upon which, he asked his children questions, according to their age and capacity, and took occasion to explain some passages in it, or enforce any duty recommended, as he thought proper. He

* Mather's Magnalia.

was careful and thorough in the government of his children, and, as a consequence of this, they reverenced, esteemed, and loved him. He took the utmost care to begin his government of them when they were very young. When they first discovered any degree of self-will and stubbornness, he would attend to them, until he had thoroughly subdued them, and brought them to submit. Such prudent discipline, exercised with the greatest calmness, being repeated once or twice, was generally sufficient for that child, and effectually established his parental authority, and produced a cheerful obedience ever after.

"He kept a watchful eye over his children, that he might admonish them of the *first* wrong step, and direct them in the right way. He took opportunities to converse with them singly, and closely, about the concerns of their souls, and to give them warnings, exhortations, and directions, as he saw them severally need. The salvation of his children was his chief and constant desire, and aim, and effort concerning them. In the evening, after tea, he customarily sat in the parlor, with his family, for an hour, unbending from the severity of study, entering freely into the feelings and concerns of his children, and relaxing into cheerful and animated conversation, accompanied frequently with sprightly remarks, sallies of wit and humor. But, before retiring to his study, he usually gave the conversation, by degrees, a more serious turn, addressing his children, with great tenderness and earnestness, on the subject of their salvation; when the thought that they were still strangers to religion, would often affect him so powerfully as to oblige him to withdraw, in order to conceal his emotions. He took much pains to instruct his children in the principles and duties of religion, in which he made use of the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism,' not merely by taking care that they learned it by heart, but by leading them into an understanding of the doctrines therein taught, by asking them questions on each answer, and explaining it to them. His usual time to attend to this, was on the evening before the sabbath. And, as he believed that the sabbath, or holy time, began at sunset, on the evening preceding the first day of the week, he ordered his family to finish all their secular business by that time, or before;

when all were called together, a psalm was sung, and prayer offered, as an introduction to the sanctification of the sabbath. This care and exactness effectually prevented that intruding on holy time, by attending to secular business, which is too common, even in families where the evening before the sabbath is professedly observed.

"He was utterly opposed to every thing like unseasonable hours, on the part of young people, in their visiting and amusements, which he regarded as a dangerous step towards corrupting them, and bringing them to ruin. And he thought the excuse offered by many parents for tolerating this practice in their children,—*that it is the custom, and that the children of other people are allowed thus to practise, and therefore it is difficult, and even impossible, to restrain theirs*,—was insufficient and frivolous, and manifested a great degree of stupidity, on the supposition that the practice was hurtful, and pernicious to their souls. And, when his children grew up, he found no difficulty in restraining them from this improper and mischievous practice; but they cheerfully complied with the will of their parents. He allowed none of his children to be absent from home after nine o'clock at night, when they went abroad to see their friends and companions; neither were they allowed to sit up much after that time, in his own house, when any of their friends came to visit them. If any gentleman desired to address either of his daughters, after the requisite introduction and preliminaries, he was allowed all proper opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the manners and disposition of the young lady, but must not intrude on the customary hours of rest and sleep, nor on the religion and order of the family."*

Actions, then, (the most unequivocal of all testimony,) afford ample proof of the attachment of our ancestors to the institutions of religion. These fully declare their affectionate regard for a preached gospel—for a stated ministry—for the holy sabbath—for the privileges of the sanctuary—for the religion of the family. Nor was their attachment a fickle, half-expiring flame. Neither did it burn

* Edwards' Works, (Dwight's edition,) vol. i. page 597.

brightly, for a season, and then go out in darkness. It was lasting as life. It terminated only with their earthly existence, and, when they left the world, one of the last and strongest desires which lingered in their hearts was, that their posterity might inherit the privileges they had enjoyed. Shall we *praise* them in this? Who can forbear to rise up and call them blessed? Shall we *imitate* them? Ah, this is the most difficult of all! And yet it is not easy to see how we can do otherwise, and be guiltless. To treat with neglect and indifference what they cherished with the warmest emotions, and, after struggling with many difficulties, handed down to those who should come after them, is to betray no unimportant trust. It is to make returns for blessings received, which no one, it would seem, in his sober moments, would be willing to have placed to his account.

But should there be a general return unto the ways of our fathers, should every settlement, and every township, however new or however old, manifest an eager desire to procure an enlightened and pious minister—make provision for his maintenance—seek to retain him long—cherish a sacred regard for the holy sabbath—be punctual in their attendance upon the services of the sanctuary—and promote, by every means in their power, the highest welfare of the rising generation; should every community do this, what a check would be put upon the growth of vice! What a remedy would be found for that fastidious, restless spirit which is abroad in the land! How favorable would it be to high attainments in the christian life! How changed would be the prospects of multitudes ready to perish! How speedily would those disorders, which now disturb our American Zion, be removed! How would it pour oil upon the raging sea!

CHAPTER XIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the year 1614, Capt. John Smith, with two ships, visited our shores, and traded with the Indians. After his return to London, he drew a plan of the country, and called it New England. This was the origin of the name.

Thomas Hunt commanded one of the ships under Capt. Smith. When Smith sailed for England, he left Hunt to procure a cargo, and proceed to Spain. He most inhumanly decoyed twenty Indians on board, at Patuxet, one of whom was named Squanto, and seven at Nauset, carried them to Malaga, and sold them at twenty pounds a man. Smith indignantly reprobated the base conduct of Hunt. Many of these helpless captives, it seems, were rescued from slavery by the benevolent interposition of some of the monks in Malaga.

One birth, and one death, occurred on board the Mayflower, while on her passage. The child that was born, was named Oceanus. The name of the one who died, was William Button, a youth.

Before leaving the Mayflower, our forefathers drew up and signed the following instrument.

'In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, &c.

"Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the christian faith, and the honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and, by virtue hereof, do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and officers, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which, we promise all due submis-

sion and obedience. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign Lord King James, of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620.

John Carver,
William Bradford,
Edward Winslow,
William Brewster,
Isaac Allerton,
Miles Standish,
John Alden,
Samuel Fuller,
Christopher Martin,
William Mullins,
William White,
Richard Warren,
John Howland,
Stephen Hopkins,
Edward Tilly,
John Tilly,
Francis Cook,
Thomas Rogers,
Thomas Tinker,
John Ridgdale,
Edward Fuller,
John Turner,
Francis Eaton,
James Chilton,
John Crackston,
John Billington,
Moses Fletcher,
John Goodman,
Degory Priest,
Thomas Williams,
Gilbert Winslow,
Edward Margeson,
Peter Brown,
Richard Britterige,
George Soule,
Richard Clarke,
Richard Gardiner,
John Allerton,
Thomas English,
Edward Dorey,
Edward Leister."

It has been stated by Chief Justice Shaw, "that the *first written constitution of government*, that can be found in the history of civilized nations, was formed by the pilgrims in the cabin of the Mayflower, before they set their feet upon the shores of America."

Some of the discoveries, made by the first company which left the Mayflower in search of a place of settlement, are noticed by Mourt in his journal. "We found," says he, "a little path to certain heaps of sand, one whereof was covered with old mats, and had a wooden thing like a mortar, covered over the top of it, and an earthen pot laid in a little hole, at the end thereof. We, musing what it

might be, digged and found a bow, and, as we thought, an arrow; but they were rotten. We supposed that there were many other things; but because we deemed them graves, we put in the bow again, and made it up as it was, and left the rest untouched, because we thought it would be odious to them to ransack their sepulchres. We went on further, and found where a house had been. Also we found a great kettle, which had been some ship's kettle, and brought out of Europe. There was also a heap of sand, made like the former, but it was newly done; we might see how they paddled it with their hands, which we digged up, and in it we found a little old basket, full of fair Indian corn; and, digging further, we found a fine great new basket, full of very fair corn, of this year, with some six and thirty goodly ears, some yellow, and some red, and others mixed with blue, which was a very goodly sight. The basket was round and narrow at the top. It held about three or four bushels, and was very handsomely and cunningly made.

"As we wandered, we came to a tree, where a young sprit was bowed down over a bow, and some acorns strewed underneath. Stephen Hopkins said, it had been to catch some deer. So, as we were looking at it, William Bradford being in the rear, when he came, looking also upon it, and as he went about, it gave a sudden jerk up, and he was immediately caught by the leg. It was a very pretty device, made with a rope of their own making, and having a noose as artificially made as any roper in England can make, and as like ours as can be."

In his account of their second expedition, he says, "We marched to the place where we had found the corn formerly, which place we called Corn-hill; and digged and found the rest, of which we were very glad. We also digged in a place a little further off, and found a bottle of oil. We went to another place, which we had seen before, and digged and found more corn, and a bag of beans. Whilst some of us were digging up this, some others found another heap of corn, which they digged up also; so as we had in all about ten bushels, which will serve us sufficiently for seed. And sure it was God's good providence that we found this corn, for else we knew not how we should have done; for we

knew not how we should find or meet with any of the Indians, except it be to do us mischief.

"When we had marched five or six miles in the woods, and could find no signs of any people, we returned another way, and, as we came into the plain ground, we found a place like a grave, but it was much bigger and longer than any we had yet seen. It was also covered with boards; so as we mused what it should be, and resolved to dig it up: where we found first a mat, and, under that, a fair bow, and then another mat, and under that, a board about three quarters long, finely carved and painted, with three tines, or broches, on the top, like a crown. Also, between the mats, we found bowls, trays, dishes, and such like trinkets. At length, we came to a fair new mat, and under that, two bundles, the one bigger, and the other less. We opened the greater, and found in it a great quantity of fine and perfect red powder, and in it the bones and skull of a man. The skull had fine yellow hair still on it, and some of the flesh unconsumed. There was bound up with it a knife, a packneedle, and two or three old iron things. It was bound up in a sailor's canvas cassock, and a pair of cloth breeches. The red powder was a kind of embalment, and yielded a strong, but no offensive smell. It was as fine as any flour. We opened the less bundle likewise, and found of the same powder in it, and the bones and head of a little child. About the legs and other parts of it, was bound strings and bracelets of fine white beads. There was also by it, a little bow, about three quarters, and some other odd knacks. We brought sundry of the prettiest things away with us, and covered the corpse up again. After this, we digged in sundry places, but found no more corn, nor any thing else but graves.

"Whilst we were thus ranging and searching, two of the sailors by chance espied two houses which had been lately dwelt in, but the people were gone. The houses were made with long young sapling trees, bended, and both ends stuck into the ground. They were made round, like unto an arbor, and covered down to the ground with thick and well-wrought mats, and the door was not over a yard high, made of a mat to open. The chimney was a wide open hole in the top, for which they had a mat to

cover it close when they pleased. One might stand and go upright in them. In the midst of them were four little trunches knocked into the ground, and small sticks laid over, on which they hung their pots, and what they had to seethe. Round about the fire they lay on mats, which are their beds. The houses were double matted; for as they were matted without, so were they within, with newer and fairer mats. In the houses we found wooden bowls, trays, and dishes, earthen pots, hand-baskets, made of crab-shells wrought together; also an English pail, or bucket. There were also baskets of sundry sorts, bigger, and some lesser, finer, and some coarser. Some were curiously wrought with black and white in pretty works, and sundry other of their household stuff. There was a company of deers' feet stuck up in the houses, harts' horns, and eagles' claws, and sundry such things there was."

In his relation of their third expedition for discovery, he says, "We lighted on a path, but saw no house, and followed a great way into the woods. At length we found where corn had been set, but not that year. Anon we found a great burying-place, one part whereof was encompassed with a large palisado, like a church-yard, with young spires four or five yards long, set as close one by another as they could, two or three feet in the ground. Within, it was full of graves, some bigger, and some less. Some were also paled about; and others had like an Indian house made over them, but not matted. Those graves were more sumptuous than those at Cornhill; yet we digged none of them up, only viewed them, and went our way. Without the palisado were graves also, but not so costly."

Before the end of November, while the Mayflower lay in Cape Cod harbor, Susanna, wife of William White, was delivered of a son, who was named Peregrine. He was the first English child born in New England. He died at Marshfield, July 20, 1704, aged 83 years and some months. In consequence of his being the first child born in New England, the Court, in 1667, granted him 200 acres of land in the town of Bridgewater.

John Howland survived all the rest of the passengers who came over in the Mayflower and settled at Plymouth. He died in 1672.

"The first marriage in the colony at Plymouth was solemnized on the 12th of May, 1621, between Mr. Edward Winslow and Mrs. Susanna White."

The church at Plymouth were without a minister, and consequently without the sacraments, nine years from the time of their arrival. Their first minister was Mr. Ralph Smith. He was settled in 1629.

The following is an account of the first settlement of Concord, Mass., which took place in the fall of 1635. The account is copied from Johnson's "*Wonder-working Providence.*"

"Upon some inquiry of the Indians who lived to the north-west of the bay, one Captaine Simon Willard, being acquainted with them, by reason of his trade, became a chiefe instrument in erecting this towne. The land they purchase of the Indians, and with much difficulties traveling through unknowne woods, and through watery swamps, they discover the fitnesse of the place, sometimes passing through the Thickets, where their hands are forced to make way for their bodies' passage, and their feete clambering over the crossed Trees, which when they missed they sunke into an uncertaine bottome in water, and wade up to the knees, tumbling sometimes higher and sometimes lower, wearied with this toile they at end of this, meete with a scorching plaine, yet not so plaine, but that the ragged Bushes scratch their legs fouly even to wearing their stockings to their bare skin in two or three houres; if they be not otherwise well defended with Bootes or Buskings their flesh will be torne: that some being forced to passe on without further provision have had the bloud trickle downe at every step, and in the time of Summer the Sun casts such a reflecting heate from the sweet Ferne, whose scent is very strong, so that some herewith have beene very nere fainting, although very able bodies to undergoe much travell, and this not to be indured for one day, but for many, and verily did not the Lord incourage their naturall parts with hopes of some new and strange discovery, expecting every houre to see some new and rare sight never seene before they were never able to hold out, and breake through;

"Yet farther to tell of the hard labours this people found in Planting this Wildernesse, after some dayes spent in search, toyling in the day time as formerly is said; like true Jacobites, they rest them one the rocks where the night takes them, their short repast is some small pittance of Bread, if it hold out, but as for Drinke they have plenty, the Countrey being well watered in all places that yet are found out, their farther hardship is to travell sometimes they know not whether, bewildered indeed without sight of Sun, their compasse miscarrying in crowding through the Bushes, they sadly search up and down for a known way, the Indians' paths being not above one foot broad so that a man may travell many days and never find one. But to be sure the directing Providence of Christ hath beene better unto them than many paths, as might here be inserted, did not hast call my Pen away to more weighty matters; yet by the way a touch thus, it befell with a servant maide who was travelling about three or four miles from one Town to another, loosing herself in the woods, had very diligent search made after her for the space of three dayes and could not possibly be found, then being given over as quite lost after three dayes and nights, the Lord was pleased to bring her feeble body to her own home in safety, to the great admiration of all who heard of it. This intricate worke no whit daunted these resolved servants of Christ to goe on with the worke in hand, but lying in the open aire, while the watery clouds poure down all the night season, and sometimes the driving snow dissolving on their backs, they keep their wet clothes warme with a continued fire, till the renewed morning give fresh opportunity of further travell; after they have thus found out a place of aboad, they burrow themselves in the Earth for their first shelter under some Hill-side, casting the earth aloft upon Timber; they make a smoaky fire against the earth at the highest side, and thus these poore servants of Christ provide shelter for themselves their Wives and little ones, keeping off the short showers from their Lodgings, but the long raines penetrate through, to their great disturbance in the night season; yet in these poore Wigwams they sing Psalmes, pray and praise their God till they can provide them houses, which ordinarily

was not wont to be with many of them, till the Earth, by the Lord's blessing brought forth bread to feed them, their Wives and little ones which with sore labors they attaine every one that can lift a howe to strike it into the earth, standing stoutly to their labors and teare up the Rootes and Bushes, which the first yeare beares them a very thin crop till the soard of the earth be rotten, and therefore they have been forced to cut their bread very thin a long season. But the Lord is pleased to provide for them great store of fish in the spring time, and especially Alewives about the bignesse of a Herring, many thousands of these they used to put under their Indian Corne, which they plant in Hills five foote asunder, and assuredly when the Lord created this Corne hee had a special eye to supply these his people's wants with it, for ordinarily five or six graines doth produce six hundred.

"As for flesh, they looked not for any in those times, (although now they have plenty,) unlease they could barter with the Indians for Venison or Rackoons, whose flesh is not much inferiour unto Lambes, the toile of a new plantation being like the labours of Hercules, never at an end, yet are none so barbarously bent, (under the Mattacusetts especially,) but with a new Plantation they ordinarily gather into Church-fellowship, so that Pastors and people suffer the inconveniences together, which is a great meanes to season the sore labours they undergoe, and verily the edge of their appetite was greater to spirituall duties at their first comming in time of wants than afterwards; many in new plantations have been forced to go barefoot and bareleg, till these latter dayes, and some in time of frost and Snow; yet were they then very healthy more than now they are: in this wildernesse-worke, men of Estates speed no better than others, and some much worse for want of being inured to such hard labour having laid out their estate upon Cattell at five and twenty pound a Cow, when they came to winter them with in-land Hay, and feed upon such wild fother as was never cut before, they could not hold out the winter, but ordinarily the first or second yeare after their coming up to a new plantation, many of their Cattell died, especially if they wanted Saltmarshes, and also those who supposed they should feed

upon Swine's flesh, were cut short, the Wolves commonly feasting themselves before them, who never leave neither flesh nor bones, if they be not scared away before they have made an end of their meale, as for those who laid out their estate upon Sheepe, they speed worst of any at the beginning (although some have sped the best of any now) for until the Land be often fed with Cattell, Sheepe cannot live: and therefore they never thrived until these latter dayes. Horse had then no better successe, which made many an honest gentleman travell a foot for a long time, and some have even perished with extreme heat in their travells; as also the want of English graine, Wheate, Barly and Rie, proved a sore affliction to some stomacks, who could not live upon Indian Bread and water, yet were they compelled to it till Cattell increase and the Plowes could but goe; instead of Apples and Peares they had Pomkins and Squashes, their lonesome condition was very grievous to some which was much aggravated by continual feare of the Indians approach whose cruelties were much spoken of.

"Thus this poore people populate this howling Desart, marching manfully on the Lord assisting through the greatest difficulties and sorest labours that ever any with such weak means have done."

"The *time* of the settlement of the colonies," says Trumbull, "appears to have been very providential, and an important step towards the liberty and happiness of which they are now, as states, in possession. Had the settlement commenced directly after the discovery of America, or at any period before the reformation, the planters would have been Roman Catholics. The ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and slavish principles of the Romish church, would have been transported into America; propagated, and probably fixed in the colonies. Had it been deferred to a later period than that in which it was accomplished, the French, probably, would have made the settlement, and annexed the country to the crown of France.

"At no other period could the country have been planted with men of their noble spirit, and sentiments of liberty and religion; nor with those who, with such care and pains, would have transmitted them to posterity."

"The town of Woburn was settled in 1642. As a specimen of the manner in which other towns were settled, we give a more particular account of this. The town was laid out four miles square, and granted to seven men "of good and honest report," on condition that they, within two years, erected houses there, and proceeded to build a town. These seven men had power to give and grant lands unto persons desirous of sitting down with them. Each one had meadow and upland granted him, according to his stock of cattle and capacity of cultivating the soil. The poorest man had six or seven acres of meadow, and twenty-five of upland; an eye being had to future settlers, for whom lands were reserved. No man was refused on account of his poverty, but, after receiving his portion of land, had assistance in building a house. But such as were of a turbulent spirit, were not allowed to 'enjoy a freehold, till they should mend their manners.' The seven men, to whom the town was granted, laid out the roads as might best accommodate the lands as to civil and religious privileges. Accordingly, those who received land nearest the meeting-house, had a less quantity at home, and more at a distance. In this manner, about sixty families first settled in Woburn."

The sentiment entertained by many, at the present day, that the English obtained the lands of the Indians by wrong, or without an equivalent, is evidently to be received with great limitation.

"In most cases," says Hoyt, "the first settled towns were purchased of the sachems residing at the places selected by the English. In many old towns, deeds given by them are now extant, containing considerations for the lands sold, though generally of little value. To prevent injustice, the purchasers were restricted by government. In Massachusetts, none were allowed to take deeds of the Indians, excepting under certain conditions; and Plymouth colony put similar checks upon their people. Gov. Winslow, in a letter dated Marshfield, May 1, 1676, makes the following statement. 'I think I can clearly say, that before the present troubles broke out, the English did not possess one foot of land in this colony but what was fairly obtained

by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors; nay, because some of our people are of a covetous disposition, and the Indians are in straits, easily prevailed with to part with their lands, we first made a law that none should purchase, or receive of gift any lands of the Indians, without the knowledge and allowance of the court, and a penalty of a fine of five pounds per acre, for all that should be so bought or obtained. And lest yet they should be straitened, we ordered that Mount Hope, Pocasset, and several other necks of land in the colony, because most suitable and convenient for them, should never be bought out of their hands. And our neighbors at Rehoboth and Swanzey, although they bought their lands fairly of this Philip and his father, and brother, yet because of their vicinity, that they might not trespass upon the Indians, did, at their own cost, set up a very substantial fence quite across that great neck, between the English and the Indians, and paid due damage, if at any time any unruly horse, or other beast, broke in and trespassed. And for divers years last past, (that all occasion of offence in that respect might be prevented,) the English agreed with Philip and his, for a certain sum yearly, to maintain the said fence, and thereby secure themselves. And if at any time they brought complaints before us, they had justice, impartial and speedily, so that our own people frequently complained that we erred on the other hand in showing them our favor."

"There is no hazard in asserting," says Bacon, "that the general course of the policy adopted by our fathers in respect to the Indians, was characterized by justice and kindness. The right of the Indians to the soil was admitted and respected. Patents and charters from the king were never considered good against the rights of the natives. Let any man demonstrate, if he can, that in Connecticut a single rood of land was ever acquired of the Indians, otherwise than by fair purchase, except what was conquered from the Pequots, in a war as righteous as ever was waged."

"The most ancient record in existence at New Haven, is, as it ought to be, the record of two treaties with the aboriginal proprietors,—by which the soil was purchased,

and the relations thenceforward to subsist between the Indians and the English, were distinctly defined."

"It is observable," says Winthrop, in March, 1642, "how the Lord doth honor his people, and justify their ways even before the heathen, when their proceedings are true and just, as appears by this instance. Those at New Haven, intending a plantation at Delaware, sent some men to purchase a large portion of land of the Indians there; but they refused to deal with them. It so fell out, that a Pequot sachem (being fled his country in our war with them, and having seated himself with his company upon that river ever since) was accidentally there at that time He, taking notice of the English, and their desire, persuaded the other sachem to deal with them, and told him, that howsoever they had killed his countrymen, and driven them out, yet they were honest men, and had just cause to do as they did, for the Pequots had done them wrong, and refused to give such reasonable satisfaction as was demanded of them. Whereupon the sachem entertained them, and let them have what land they desired."

Knowles, in his "Memoir of Roger Williams," remarks, 'It is pleasing to observe in the history of the New England colonists, that the duties of both parties (Indians and English) were, to so great an extent, fulfilled. The Indians, in most cases, received the white men with generous hospitality; they sold them land on easy terms, many tribes remained their firm friends, and some of the natives became converts to the christian faith. The colonists, on the other hand, purchased their lands from the Indians, for such a compensation as satisfied the natives, and was a fair equivalent at that time. The patents which they brought with them, were, in theory, unjust; for they implied, in terms, the absolute control of the English monarch over the ceded territory, and contained no recognition of the rights of the natives. But the christian integrity of the pilgrims corrected, in practice, the error or defect of the patents. An able writer says, 'It is beyond all question, that the early settlers at Plymouth, at Saybrook, and, as a general rule, all along the Atlantic coast, purchased the lands upon which they settled, and proceeded in their settlements with the consent of the natives. Nineteen twen-

tieths of the land in the Atlantic states, and nearly all the land settled by the whites in the western states, came into our possession as the result of amicable treaties.' 'The settlers usually gave as much for land as it was then worth, according to any fair and judicious estimate. An Indian would sell a square mile of land for a blanket and a jack-knife, and this would appear to many to be a fraudulent bargain. It would, however, by no means, deserve such an appellation. The knife, alone, would add more to the comfort of an Indian, and more to his wealth, than forty square miles of land, in the actual circumstances of the case.' We may add, that, at this day, a square mile of land might be bought in some parts of the United States for less than the first settlers paid the Indians for their lands. Indeed, as the writer just quoted says, 'There are millions of acres of land in the Carolinas, which would not at this moment be accepted as a gift, and yet much of this land will produce, with very little labor, one hundred and fifty bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre.' Vattell says, 'We cannot help praising the moderation of the English puritans, who first settled in New England, who, notwithstanding their being furnished with a charter from their sovereign, purchased of the Indians the lands they resolved to cultivate.'"

"On the 14th of November, 1638, at Quinnipiac, (New Haven, Conn.) Theophilus Eaton, Esq., Mr. Davenport, and other English planters, entered into an agreement with Momauguin, sachem of that part of the country, and his counsellors, respecting the lands. The articles of agreement are to this effect:

"That Momauguin is the sole sachem of Quinnipiac, and has absolute power to aliene and dispose of the same: that in consequence of the protection he had tasted, by the English, from the Pequots and Mohawks, he yielded up all his right, title and interest to all the land, rivers, ponds and trees, with all the liberties and purtenances belonging to the same, unto Theophilus Eaton, John Davenport and others, their heirs and assigns forever. He covenanted that neither he nor his Indians would terrify or disturb the English, or injure them in any of their interests; but that, in every respect, they would keep true faith with them.

"The English covenanted to protect Momauguin and his Indians when unreasonably assaulted and terrified by any of the other Indians; and that they should always have a sufficient quantity of land to plant upon, on the east side of the harbor, between that and Saybrook fort. They also covenanted that by way of free and thankful retribution, they give unto the said sachem and his company twelve coats of English cloth, twelve alchymy spoons, twelve hatchets, twelve hoes, two dozen of knives, twelve porringers, and four cases of French knives and scissors.

"This agreement was signed and legally executed by Momauguin and his council on the one part, and Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport on the other."

In December following they made another purchase of a large tract, ten miles in length and thirteen in breadth. This was bought of Montowese. For it they gave thirteen coats, and allowed the Indians ground to plant, and liberty to hunt within the lands.

The settlement of Milford, Con. was commenced in 1639. "The first purchase of land was made of the Indians on the 12th of February, which comprehended about two miles of what is now the centre of the town. The consideration was '6 coats, 10 blankets, 1 kettle, besides a number of hoes, knives, hatchets, and glasses.' The deed was signed by Ansantawae, the sagamore, by Arracowset, Anshuta, Manamatque, and others. Afterwards, at different times, other purchases were made. The tract lying west of the settlement on the Housatonic River was bought on the 20th of December, 1659, for the sum of £26, to be paid in goods. The Indian Neck was purchased on the 2d of January, 1659-60, for the consideration of £25. A reservation of 20 acres, in this tract, for planting ground, was sold by the Indians on the 12th of December, 1661, for six coats, two blankets, and two pair of breeches. A tract, commonly called the two-bit purchase, a mile and six score rods in breadth, was bought in 1700, for the consideration of £15 in pay, and 15*s.* in silver. And the tract called the one-bit purchase, a mile and six score rods in breadth, was purchased in 1702, for £5 in money, or otherwise £7 10*s.* in pay."

"The township of Northampton, Mass., was purchased

and conveyed to John Pyncheon, Esq. for the planters, by Wawhillowa, Nenessahalant, Nassicohee, and four others, (one of whom was a married woman) styled 'the chief and proper owners,' for one hundred fathom of wampum by tale, and ten coats, (besides some small gifts) in hand paid to the sachems and owners, and for also ploughing up sixteen acres of land on the east side of Connecticut River, the ensuing summer, viz. 1654. Of course, the purchase, though not dated, was made in 1653. These 'all bargained for themselves, and the other owners, by their consent.' All the aborigines of this country, men and women alike, are owners of the soil upon which they hunt, or dwell. In this grant, the Indian rights were completely secured; and the planters were obliged to purchase, and pay them to their satisfaction, before they could become proprietors. The original planters were twenty-one in number. The tract conveyed extended from South Hadley Falls to Hatfield, then a part of Hadley, about ten miles; and from the river westward, nine miles. The Indian name was Nonotuck.

"Capawonke, since called Little Pontius, a rich interva now within Hatfield, containing eight or nine hundred acres, was sold to these planters, July 20th, 1657, by Lampancho, for fifty shillings, at two payments, 'to his entire satisfaction.'

"In these two purchases you have a fair picture of Indian purchases in general. In the former, about ninety square miles were sold for one hundred fathom of wampum, and ten coats, together with a few trifles of no great value. Within this tract were near five thousand acres of rich interval; worth from three to four hundred thousand dollars at the present time. The whole tract furnished, in the year 1800, plentiful subsistence for four thousand, five hundred and fifteen inhabitants; most of them in easy circumstances, and several of them affluent. In the latter case, eight or nine hundred acres of rich interval, worth, at the present time, from fifty to seventy thousand dollars, were purchased for fifty shillings sterling; and, of course, for less than a penny an acre. Still, the price was fair and ample; more valuable to the Indian than any thing which he could get by keeping the land, or selling it to any other purchaser."

Cochichewick, now Andover, was purchased of Cutshamache, the sagamore of Massachusetts, for six pounds sterling, and a coat.

The following is a specimen of an Indian deed. It was given to the original proprietors of Haverhill, Mass. in the year 1642.

"Know all men by these presents, that wee, Passaquo and Sagga Hew with the consent of Passaconnaway; have sold unto the inhabitants of Pentuckett all the lands wee have in Pentuckett; that is, eyght myles in length from the little Rivver in Pentuckett Westward; six myles in length from the aforesaid Rivver northward; and six myles in length from the foresaid Rivver Eastward, with the Ileand and the Rivver that the Ileand stand in, as far in length as the land lyes by as formerly expressed: that is, fourteene myles in length; and wee, the said Passaquo and Sagga Hew with the consent of Passaconnaway have sold unto the said inhabitants all the right that wee or any of us have in the said ground and Ileand, and Rivver. And wee warrant it, against all or any other Indeans whatsoever, unto the said Inhabitants of Pentuckett, and to their heirs and assignes forever Dated the fifteenth day of november Ann Dom 1642.

"Witnes our hands and seales to this bargayne of sale the day and year above written (in the presents of us.) wee the said Passaquo and Sagga Hew have received in hand, for & in consideration of the same three pounds & ten shillings."

The following incident, related by Dr. Dwight, illustrates the value which the English themselves placed upon the lands they purchased of the Indians.

"One of the first planters of Springfield, Mass., was a tailor, and another a carpenter. The tailor had, for a small consideration, purchased of an Indian chief a tract of land in what is now West Springfield, forming a square of three miles on a side. The carpenter had constructed a clumsy wheel-barrow, for which the tailor offered to make him a suit of clothes, or convey to him the land. After some deliberation, he exchanged the wheel-barrow for the land. This tract contained the best settled part of West Springfield, many an acre of which might now be sold, for the

purposes of cultivation only, at the price of one hundred dollars. When a fourth part of a township," adds Dr. Dwight, "was sold by one Englishman to another for a wheel-barrow, it will be easily believed that it was of still less value to the aborigines. To an Englishman it was valuable as the future subject of cultivation, to an Indian as the haunt of game. The small prices paid by the first colonists for the lands in this country, are no evidence that the bargains were fraudulent or inequitable. To the Indian, without an English purchaser, the land was often worth nothing; and to the colonist its value was created by his labor. The censures, passed upon the colonists for their manner of purchasing, are therefore groundless. The price which they actually gave, small as it seems, was ordinarily, and, as far as I know, always a fair one, and perfectly satisfactory to the original proprietors."

In 1640, in consequence of a change of affairs in the mother country, emigration to New England ceased. It was estimated at the time, that about four thousand families, consisting of twenty-one thousand souls, had arrived in two hundred and ninety-eight ships, and settled in this new world. The expense of the removal of these four thousand families was estimated at one hundred and ninety-two thousand pounds sterling, which, including what they paid to the council of Plymouth, and afterwards to the sachems of the country, was a dear purchase of their lands

The first governor of Massachusetts was John Winthrop The following interesting particulars are related of him.

"Governor Winthrop was born at Groton, England, June 12th, 1587, and was bred to the law, though he had a strong inclination for divinity. So conspicuous were his merits, that he was made a justice of the peace at the age of eighteen. He was distinguished for his hospitality, his piety, and his integrity. Being chosen governor, before the colony embarked for America, he sold an estate of six or seven hundred pounds sterling *per annum;* and in the forty-third year of his age, he arrived at Salem, June 12th, 1630, and, within five days, travelled through the trackless woods to Charlestown. The same fall he passed over the

river to Boston, which became his permanent residence. He was an example to his people, not only of temperance and piety, but of frugality, denying himself those indulgences and elegances to which his fortune and office entitled him, that he might be an example to others, and have more liberal means of relieving the needy.

"On one occasion, Chickatabot, the sagamore of Naponsett, came to the governor, and desired to buy some English cloths for himself. The governor told him that English sagamores did not use to barter, but he called his tailor and gave him orders to make him a suit of clothes; whereupon he gave the governor two large skins of coat beaver, and after he and his men had dined, they departed, the sagamore saying, that he would come again after three days for his suit. Accordingly, he came, and the governor put him into a very good new suit, from head to foot. After this, he sat meat before him; but he would not eat till the governor had given thanks. After meat, he desired him to do the same, and then departed.

"October 4th, 1631, the governor being at his farm house, at Mistick, walked out after supper, and took a gun in his hand, supposing he might see a wolf, (for they came daily about the house and killed swine and calves.) When he was at the distance of half a mile, it grew suddenly dark, so that in going home, he mistook his path, and went till he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty; there he stayed, and having a piece of match in his pocket, (for he always carried about his match and compass) he made a good fire and warmed the house, and lay down upon some old mats which he found there. Thus he spent the night, sometimes walking by the fire, sometimes singing psalms, and sometimes getting wood, but could not sleep. It was a wearisome night, and a little before day it began to rain. In the morning he reached home in safety. His servant had been very anxious for him, and had walked about in the night, discharging guns, and hallooing, but the governor did not hear him.

"In January, 1632, the governor and some company with him went up by Charles River, about eight miles above Watertown; and named the first brook on the north side of the river, Beaver Brook, because the beavers had shorn

down great trees there, and made dams across the brook. Thence they went to a great rock upon which stood a high stone cleft asunder, so that four men might pass through it, which they called Adam's Chair, because the youngest of their company was Adam Winthrop. Thence they came to another brook, larger than the first, which they called Masters' Brook, because the eldest of their company was one John Masters. Thence they came to a high pointed rock, which they called Mount Feake, from one Robert Feake, who had married the governor's daughter-in-law.

"In February, the governor and some others went over Mistick River in Meadford, and going about two or three miles among the rocks, they came to a very large pond, having in the middle an island of about one acre, covered with trees of pine and birch; there were also many small rocks standing up here and there in it, from which they named it Spot Pond. About half a mile from this, they came to the top of a very high rock, from whence there is a fair prospect. This place they called Cheese Rock, because when they went to eat something, they had only cheese—the governor's man forgetting to put up some bread.

"In October of the same year, the governor, in company with Rev. Mr. Wilson and some others, made a visit to Plymouth. They took passage by water to Massagascus, and from thence went on foot to Plymouth, where they arrived in the evening. The governor of Plymouth, Mr. William Bradford, with Mr. Brewster, the elder, and some others, went forth and met them without the town, and conducted them to the governor's house, where they were kindly entertained, and feasted every day at several houses. On the Lord's day was a sacrament, in which they partook; and in the afternoon Mr. Roger Williams propounded a question, according to their custom: to which the pastor, Mr. Smith, spoke briefly, then Mr. Williams, and after him the governor of Plymouth spoke to the question; after him the elder, and some two or three more of the congregation. Then the elder desired Governor Winthrop and Mr. Wilson to speak to it, which they did. When this was ended, the deacon, Mr. Fuller, put the congregation in mind of their duty of contribution; upon which the governor

and all the rest went down to the deacon's seat and put into the bag, and then returned.

"On Wednesday, about five in the morning, the governor and his company came out of Plymouth; the governor of Plymouth with the pastor, elder, and others, accompanying them nearly half a mile out of town in the dark. Lieutenant Holmes, with two others, and the governor's man, came along with them to the great swamp, about ten miles. When they came to the great river, they were carried over by one Luddham, their guide, as they had been when they came, the stream being very strong and up to the hips; so the governor called that passage Luddham's ford. Then they came to a place called Hue's Cross: the governor being displeased with the name, as such things might give occasion to the papists to say that their religion was first planted in these parts, changed the name, and called it Hue's Folly. They came that evening to Massagascus, where they were bountifully entertained as before, with store of turkeys, geese, ducks, &c., and the next day came safe to Boston."

"It was the custom of Gov. Winthrop to send some of his family upon errands to the houses of the poor, about their meal-time, on purpose to spy whether they wanted; and if it was found that they were needy, he would make that the opportunity of sending supplies to them.

"In a hard and long winter, when wood was very scarce in Boston, a man gave him private information that a needy person in the neighborhood sometimes stole wood from his pile; upon which the governor, in a seeming anger, replied, *Does he so? I'll take a course with him; go, call that man to me; I'll warrant you, I'll cure him of stealing.* When the man came, the governor, considering that if he had stolen, it was more out of necessity than disposition, said to him, *Friend, it is a severe winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided with wood; wherefore I would have you supply yourself at my wood-pile, till this cold season be over.* And he then merrily asked his friends *whether he had not effectually cured this man of stealing his wood?*"

"On receiving a very bitter and provoking letter, he gave it back to the person who brought it, saying, 'I am

not willing to keep such an occasion of provocation by me.' The person, who wrote the letter, had occasion some time after to desire the governor to sell him one or two fat swine. The governor sent word to him to send for one, and accept it as a token of his good will. To this message the man returned the following answer, 'Your overcoming yourself has overcome me.'"

"The house of Gov. Winthrop was near the Old South Church, and almost opposite to the end of School street, in the place now occupied by the buildings called South Row It was of wood, two stories high, and surrounded by a garden and trees. The British demolished it in 1775."

"Having expended a large portion of his great estate for the advantage of the colony, having exhausted his strength in cares and labors in their service, he felt the decays of nature years before his decease. A cold, succeeded by a fever, put an end to his life and eminent services, March 26th, 1649, in the fifty-second year of his age. He anticipated the serious event with calm resignation to the will of God. He left five sons; one of them was afterwards governor of Connecticut."

"The first church erected at Boston was in 1632. Its roof was thatched, and its walls were of mud. It stood on the south side of State street."

The first meeting-house erected in Billerica was built about the year 1660. It was covered with thatch instead of shingles.

"In 1636, the general court of Massachusetts contemplated the erection of a public school at Newtown, and appropriated four hundred pounds for that purpose; which laid the foundation of Harvard College. In 1638, the Rev John Harvard, of Charlestown, endowed the public school with about eight hundred pounds. Thus endowed, the school was exalted to a college, and assumed the name of its principal benefactor, and *Newtown*, in compliment to the college, and in memory of the place where many of our fathers received their education, was denominated *Cambridge*."

The first printing press, established in New England, was set up at Cambridge, in 1639. Winthrop says, "that

the first thing which was printed was the freeman's oath—the next was an almanac, made for New England, by Mr. Pierce—the next was the Psalms newly turned to metre."

The first Bible published in New England was in the Indian language. It was prepared by Mr. Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, and printed at Cambridge, in 1664.

"In 1642, a gentleman of Virginia came to Boston with letters addressed to the ministers of New England, from many well-disposed people in the upper and newer parts of Virginia, 'bewailing their sad condition for want of the means of salvation, and earnestly entreating a supply of faithful ministers, whom, upon experience of their gifts and godliness, they might call to office.' These letters having been publicly read at Boston on a lecture-day, the elders of the churches in that neighborhood met, and having devoted a day to consultation and prayer in reference to so serious a proposal, agreed upon three settled ministers, who they thought might best be spared, each of them having a teaching colleague. The result was, that two ministers, Mr. Knolles, of Watertown, and Mr. Thompson, of Braintree, were, by their churches, dismissed to that work, and went forth upon the mission under the patronage of the General Court. To this mission—the first American home missionary undertaking—the Rev. Thomas James, of New Haven, was added. The mission was not unsuccessful; 'they found very loving and liberal entertainment, and were bestowed in several places, not by the governor, but by some well-disposed people who desired their company.' Their ministry there was greatly blessed, and greatly sought by the people; and though the government of that colony interfered to prevent their preaching, 'because they would not conform to the order of England,' 'the people resorted to them in private houses, to hear them as before.' Their preaching, even in this more private manner, was not tolerated. An order was made that those ministers who would not conform to the ceremonies of the Church of England, should, by such a day, depart from the country. Thus, their mission being brought to an end, they came back to New England.

"The year 1643 was made memorable in the history of New England, by the union of the colonies. On the 19th of May, articles of confederation were signed at Boston, by the commissioners of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Haven, and Plymouth, by which these four colonies formed a league under the name of *the United Colonies of New England*. The preface of the articles explains the objects of the confederation.

"'Whereas, we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end and aim, namely, to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberty of the gospel in purity and peace; and whereas, by our settling, by the wise providence of God, we are further dispersed upon the sea-coasts and rivers than was at first intended, so that we cannot, according to our desire, with convenience, communicate in one government and jurisdiction; and whereas, we live encompassed with people of several nations and strange languages, which may here after prove injurious to us or our posterity; and forasmuch as the natives have formerly committed sundry insolences and outrages upon several plantations of the English, and have of late combined themselves against us, and seeing, by reason of the sad distractions in England, (which they have heard of,) and by which they know we are hindered both from that humble way of seeking advice and reaping those comfortable fruits of protection which, at other times, we might well expect; we therefore do conceive it our bounden duty, without delay, to enter into a present consociation among ourselves, for mutual help and strength in all future concernment, that, as in nation and religion, so in other respects, we be and continue one.'

"By the articles, it was stipulated that two commissioners from each of the colonies should meet at Boston, Hartford, New Haven, and Plymouth, in successive years, and that this congress should determine questions of peace and war, and consult for the general welfare of the colonies. This league continued till the year 1686. It had a beneficial effect, and was probably the germ from which sprung the confederation, and the subsequent union of the states, under our present happy government." *

* Knowles' Memoir of Roger Williams.

There have been various opinions respecting the origin of the name *Yankee*. "Mr. Heckewelder thinks that the Indians, in endeavoring to pronounce the name *English*, could get that sound no nearer than these letters give it, *yengees*. This was perhaps the true origin of *Yankee*."

The name of each of the six New England States originated as follows:

MASSACHUSETTS derived its name, as is supposed, from the blue appearance of its hills; the word in the Indian language, according to Roger Williams, signifying *Blue Hills*.

"CONNECTICUT derives its name from the river by which it is intersected, called by the natives Quonectacut. This word, according to some, signifies *the long river;* it has, however, been stated by others, that the meaning of the word is *River of Pines*, in allusion to the forests of pines that formerly stood on its banks."

As early as 1644, the Island of Rhode Island, on account of a fancied resemblance to the Isle of Rhodes, was called by that name, and by an easy declension it was afterwards called Rhode Island. This is supposed to be the origin of the name of the state of RHODE ISLAND.

NEW HAMPSHIRE derived its name from the county of Hampshire in England, the residence of Mason, to whom a patent embracing a considerable part of the state was given.

The provincial name of MAINE, according to Williamson, was probably chosen in compliment to the queen of England, who had inherited a province of the same name in France.

VERMONT derived its name from the range of green mountains, which pass through it. *Verd* signifying green, and *mont*, mountain.

The name *Canada* is so singular in its origin that we venture to insert it here, believing that the reader will regard it as a pardonable digression. "Mr. Bozman, in his 'Introduction to a History of Maryland,' says that it is a traditional report that previous to the visiting of Newfoundland by Cartier, in 1534, some Spaniards visited that coast in search of gold; but its appearance discouraged them, and they quitted it in haste, crying out as they went on board their vessel, '*Aca nada, Aca nada;*' that

is, in English, '*there's nothing here.*' The Indians retained these words in their memories, and afterwards, when the French came to the country, they were saluted with the same words, and mistook them for the name of the country. And in time, the first letter was lost; hence the name *Canada.*"

In the year 1677, the whole state of Maine, then a province, was purchased by the Massachusetts colony of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, for the sum of *twelve hundred and fifty pounds.* It remained a part of Massachusetts until the year 1820, when it was formed into a separate state.

It may be interesting to the reader to learn something of the laws, regulations, and modes of punishment as they existed in the early days of New England. The following are specimens:

All parents to teach their children to read, and all masters to acquaint their families with the capital laws, on penalty of twenty shillings, and to catechise them once a week.

The selectmen may examine children and apprentices, and admonish parents and masters, if they find them ignorant, and with the consent of two magistrates, or the next county court, put them into better hands.

If any person's dress should be adjudged by the grand jury, or county court, above his rank, they are to be admonished for the first offence, to pay twenty shillings for the second, forty shillings for the third, and forty shillings for every offence afterwards.

Idleness was no small offence; common fowlers, tobacco takers, and all the persons who could give no good account how they spent their time, the constables were required to present to the next magistrate; and the selectmen of every town were required to oversee the families, and to distribute the children into classes, and to take care that they were employed in spinning and other labor, according to their age and condition.

Merchants not to retail under three gallons of wine or cider, and a quart of strong waters, (ardent spirit.)

None to buy lands of Indians, without leave from the general court, on forfeiture of the lands.

Whoever sells them any strong liquors, pays forty shillings a pint; a third to the informer.

Damage done to their corn to be recompensed by those whose cattle did it.

Josias Plaistowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias, and not Mr., as formerly he used to be.

Sergeant Perkins ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk.

Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence for the wood-work of Boston stocks, is fined five pounds, and ordered to sit one hour in the stocks.

Capt. Lovel admonished to take heed of light carriage.

Daniel Clarke, found to be an immoderate drinker, was fined forty shillings.

John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks.

There was a law which sentenced a man convicted of drunkenness to wear round his neck, for one year, a string to which was attached a board with a red D. marked upon it.

There was also a law forbidding the use of tobacco in company or before strangers.

"The colony of Connecticut expressed their disapprobation of the use of tobacco in an act of their general assembly, at Hartford, in 1647, wherein it was ordered, 'That no person under the age of twenty years that hath already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacco, until he shall have brought a certificate from under the hand of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in physic, that it is useful for him; and also that he hath received a license from the court for the same. All others who had addicted themselves to the use of tobacco were, by the same court, prohibited taking it in any

* They were very careful to give no titles where they were not due. In a list of one hundred freemen, you will not find above four or five distinguished by Mr., although they were men of some substance. Goodman and Goodwife were the common appellations.

company, or at their labors, or on their travels, unless they were ten miles, at least, from any house, or more than once a day, though not in company, on pain of a fine of *sixpence* for each time, to be proved by one substantial evidence. The constable, in each town, to make presentment of such transgressions to the particular court, and upon conviction the fine to be paid without gainsaying.' "

"In 1621, two culprits were arraigned before the civil compact of Plymouth for trial. These were Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, servants of Stephen Hopkins, who had fought a duel, with sword and dagger, in which both were wounded.

"They were sentenced to have their head and feet tied together, and to remain in that situation for twenty-four hours, without food or drink. Even this slight punishment for an offence so criminal was remitted by the governor, after one hour's endurance, in consequence of their pleadings and promises, and the earnest desire of their master."

"Nathaniel Basset and Joseph Prior were fined twenty shillings each, for disturbing the church in Duxbury, and, at the next town meeting or training day, both were to be bound to a post for two hours, in some public place, with a paper on their heads, on which their crime was to be written in capital letters. Miss J. Boulton, for slandering, was sentenced to sit in the stocks during the court's pleasure, and a paper, written with capital letters, to be made fast unto her, all the time of her sitting there, all of which was accordingly performed."

"In 1662, S. H., for carrying a grist of corn from mill on Sunday, fined twenty shillings, or to be whipped.

"W. F., for suffering him to take it from the mill, fined ten shillings.

"R. Smith, for lying concerning seeing a whale and other things, fined twenty shillings.

"William Randall, for telling a lie, fined ten shillings."

"In 1673, the first dancing school was opened in Boston, but was immediately prohibited by the general court.

"All denominations of money, current in the early periods of settlement, were quite inadequate to the purposes of the people's convenience or wants. Emigrants brought small amounts with them, and after the removals to this

country received a check about the year 1640, and many returned back, the legislature, in consequence of the extreme scarcity of a circulating medium, made corn, fish, and other products a tender at the rates prescribed by law; also provided for extending executions upon real estate, made *wampum* current in payment of all debts, not exceeding forty shillings; and established the rate of annual interest at eight per centum. The value of wampum was four black, and eight white beads for a penny."

When Columbus first discovered America, he concluded it to be the easterly part of *India;* accordingly, he called the inhabitants, he found here, *Indians.* This was the origin of the name, as applied to the aborigines of America.

"The principal tribes of Indians, which were settled in New England, were the *Pequots,* in Connecticut; *Narragansetts,* in Rhode Island; the *Wampanoags, Massachusetts, Nipnets* or *Nipmucks, Nashuas,* and *Stockbridge* Indians, in Massachusetts; the *Pigwacket,* or *Coos* Indians, in New Hampshire; and the *Tarrateens,* or *Abenaquis,* in the District of Maine."

Trumbull gives the following account of the manners and customs of the Indians.

"The Indians of New England were large, straight, well-proportioned men. Their bodies were firm and active, capable of enduring the greatest fatigues and hardships. Their passive courage was almost incredible When tortured in the most cruel manner, though flayed alive, though burnt with fire, cut or torn limb from limb, they would not groan, nor show any signs of distress. Nay, in some instances, they would glory over their tormentors, saying, that their hearts would never be soft until they were cold, and representing their torments as sweet as Englishman's sugar. When travelling, in summer or winter, they regarded neither heat nor cold.

"They were exceedingly light of foot, and would travel or run a very great distance in a day. Mr. Williams says, 'I have known them run between eighty and a hundred miles in a summer's day, and back again within two days.' As they were accustomed to the woods, they ran

nearly as well in them as on plain ground. They were exceedingly quick-sighted to discover their enemy or their game, and equally artful to conceal themselves Their features were tolerably regular. Their faces are generally full as broad as those of the English, but flatter; they have a small, dark-colored good eye, coarse black hair, and a fine set of teeth. The Indian children, when born, are nearly as white as the English children; but as they grow up, their skin grows darker, and becomes nearly of a copper color. The shapes, both of the men and women, especially the latter, are excellent. A crooked Indian is rarely if ever to be seen.

"The Indians, in general, were quick of apprehension, ingenious, and, when pleased, nothing could exceed their courtesy and friendship. Gravity and eloquence distinguished them in council, address and bravery in war. They were not more easily provoked than the English; but when once they had received an injury, it was never forgotten. In anger they were not, like the English, talkative and boisterous, but sullen and revengeful. Indeed, when they were exasperated, nothing could exceed their revenge and cruelty. When they have fallen into the power of an enemy, they have not been known to beg for life, nor even to accept it when offered them. They have seemed rather to court death. They were exceedingly improvident. If they had a supply for the present, they gave themselves no trouble for the future. The men declined all labor, and spent their time in hunting, fishing, shooting, and warlike exercises. They were excellent marksmen, and rarely missed their game whether running or flying.

"They imposed all the drudgery upon their women They gathered and brought home their wood; planted, dressed, and gathered in their corn. They carried home the venison, fish, and fowl, which the men took in hunting. When they travelled, the women carried the children, packs, and provisions. The Indian women submitted patiently to such treatment, considering it as the hard lot of the woman. This ungenerous usage of their haughty lords they repaid with smiles and good humor. They were strong and masculine, and as they were more inured

to exercise and hardship than the men, were even more firm and capable of enduring hardship than they.

"The clothing of the Indians in New England was the skins of wild beasts. The men threw a light mantle of skins over them, and wore a small flap, which was called Indian breeches. The women were much more modest. They wore a coat of skins girt about their loins, which reached down to their hams. They never put this off in company. If the husband chose to sell his wife's beaver petticoat, she could not be persuaded to part with it, until he had provided another of some sort.

"In the winter, their blanket of skins, which hung loose in the summer, was tied or wrapped more closely about them. The old men in the severe seasons also wore a sort of trowsers made of skins, and fastened to their girdles. They wore shoes without heels, which they called moccasons. These were made generally of moose hide, but sometimes of buck-skin. They were shaped entirely to the foot, gathered at the toes and round the ankles, and made fast with strings.

"Their ornaments were pendants in their ears and nose, carved of bone, shells, and stones. These were in the form of birds, beasts, and fishes. They also wore belts of wampumpeag upon their arms, over their shoulders, and about their loins. They cut their hair into various antic forms, and stuck it with feathers. They also, by incisions into which they conveyed a black or blue unchangeable ink, made on their cheeks, arms, and other parts of their bodies, the figures of moose, deer, bears, wolves, hawks, eagles, and all such living creatures as were most agreeable to their fancies. These pictures were indelible, and lasted during life. The sachems, on great days, when they designed to show themselves in the full splendor of majesty, not only covered themselves with mantles of moose or deer-skins, with various embroideries of white beads, and with paintings of different kinds, but they wore the skin of a bear, wild cat, or some terrible creature, upon their shoulders and arms. They had also necklaces of fish bones, and painting themselves in a frightful manner, made a most ferocious and horrible appearance. The warriors who, on public occasions, dressed themselves in the

most wild and terrific forms, were considered the best men.

"The Indian houses, or wigwams, were, at best, but poor smoky cells. They were constructed generally like arbors, of small young trees, bent and twisted together, and so curiously covered with mats or bark, that they were tolerably dry and warm. The Indians made their fire in the centre of the house, and there was an opening at the top, which emitted the smoke. For the convenience of wood and water, these huts were commonly erected in groves, near some river, brook, or living spring

"They lived in a poor, low manner: their food was coarse and simple, without any kind of seasoning: they had neither butter, cheese, nor milk: they drank nothing better than the water which ran in the brook, or spouted from the spring: they fed on the flesh and entrails of moose, deer, bears, and all kinds of wild beasts and fowls; on fish, and eels, and creeping things: they had good stomachs, and nothing came amiss. In the hunting and fishing seasons they had venison, moose, fat bears, raccoons, geese, turkeys, ducks, and fish of all kinds. In the summer they had green corn, beans, squashes, and the various fruits which the country naturally produced. In the winter they subsisted on corn, beans, fish, ground-nuts, acorns, and the very gleanings of the grove.

"They had no set meals, but, like other wild creatures, ate when they were hungry, and could find anything to satisfy the cravings of nature. Sometimes they had little or nothing for several days; but when they had provisions, they feasted. If they fasted for some time, they were sure at the next meal to make up for all they had lost before. Indian corn, beans, and squashes, were the only eatables for which the natives in New England labored. The earth was both their seat and their table. With trenchers, knives, and napkins, they had no acquaintance.

"Their household furniture was of small value. Their best bed was a mat or skin; they had neither chair nor stool. They ever sat upon the ground, commonly with their elbows upon their knees; this is the manner in which their great warriors and counsellors now sit, even in the most public treaties with the English. A few wooden and

stone vessels and instruments serve all the purposes of domestic life. They had no steel or iron instruments. Their knife was a sharp stone, shell, or kind of reed, which they sharpened in such a manner as to cut their hair, make their bows and arrows, and serve all the purposes of a knife. They made them axes of stone; these they shaped somewhat similar to our axes; but with this difference, that they were made with a neck instead of an eye, and fastened with a withe like a blacksmith's chisel. They had mortars, and stone pestles, and chisels; great numbers of these have been found in the country, and kept by the people as curiosities. They dressed their corn with a clam-shell, or with a stick made flat and sharp at one end. These were all the utensils they had, either for domestic use, or for husbandry.

"Their arts and manufactures were confined to a very narrow compass. Their only weapons were bows and arrows, the tomahawk, and the wooden sword, or spear. Their bows were of the common construction; their bow strings were made of the sinews of deer, or of Indian hemp. Their arrows were constructed of young elder sticks, or of other straight sticks and reeds; these were headed with a sharp flinty stone, or with bones. The arrow was cleft at one end, and the stone or bone was put in, and fastened with a small cord. The tomahawk was a stick of two or three feet in length, with a knob at one end. Sometimes it was a stone hatchet, or a stick with a piece of deer's horn at one end, in the form of a pickaxe. Their spear was a straight piece of wood, sharpened at one end, and hardened in the fire, or headed with bone or stone.

"With respect to navigation, they had made no improvements beyond the construction and management of the hollow trough, or canoe. They made their canoes of the chestnut, white wood, and pine trees. As these grew straight to a great length, and were exceedingly large as well as tall, they constructed some which would carry sixty or eighty men; these were first rates; but commonly they were not more than twenty feet in length, and two in breadth. The Pequots had many of these, in which they passed over to the islands, and warred against, and plundered, the islanders.

"The construction of these, with such miserable tools as the Indians possessed, was a great curiosity. The manner was this: when they had found a tree to their purpose, to fell it they made a fire at the root, and kept burning it, and cutting it with their stone axe until it fell; then they kindled a fire at such a distance from the butt as they chose, and burned it off again. By burning and working with their axe, and scraping with sharp stones and shells, they made it hollow and smooth. In the same manner they shaped the ends, and finished it to their wishes.

"They constructed nets, twenty and thirty feet in length, for fishing, especially for the purpose of catching sturgeon. These were wrought with cords of Indian hemp, twisted by the hands of the women. They had also hooks, made of flexible bones, which they used for fishing.

"With respect to religion and morals, the Indians in New England were in a most deplorable condition. They believed that there was a great Spirit, or God, whom they called Kitchtan. They imagined that he dwelt far away in the south-west, and that he was a good God. But they worshipped a great variety of gods. They paid homage to the fire and water, thunder and lightning, and to whatever they imagined was superior to themselves, or capable of doing them an injury. They paid their principal homage to Hobbamocho. They imagined that he was an evil spirit, and did them mischief; and so, from fear, they worshipped him, to keep him in good humor. They appeared to have no idea of a sabbath, and not to regard any particular day more than another. But in times of uncommon distress, by reason of pestilence, war, or famine, and upon occasion of great victories and triumph, and after the in-gathering of the fruits, they assembled in great numbers, for the celebration of their superstitious rites. The whole country, men, women and children, came together upon these solemnities. The manner of their devotion was, to kindle large fires in their wigwams, or more commonly in the open fields, and to sing and dance around them, in a wild and violent manner. Some times they would all shout aloud, with the most antic and hideous noises. They made rattles of shells, which they

shook, in a wild and violent manner, to fill up the confused noise. After the English settled in Connecticut, and they could purchase kettles of brass, they used to strain skins over them, and beat upon them, to augment their wretched music. They often continued these wild and tumultuous exercises for four or five hours, until they were worn down, and spent with fatigue. Their priests, or powows, led in these exercises. They were dressed in the most odd and surprising manner, with skins of odious and frightful creatures about their heads, faces, arms, and bodies. They painted themselves in the most ugly forms which could be devised. They sometimes sang, and then broke forth into strong invocations, with starts, and strange motions and passions. When these paused the other Indians groaned, making wild and doleful sounds. At these times they sacrificed their skins, Indian money, and the best of their treasures. These were taken by the powow, and all cast into the fires and consumed together. After the English came into the country, and they had hatchets and kettles, they sacrificed these in the same manner. The English were also persuaded that they sometimes sacrificed their children, as well as their most valuable commodities. The people of Milford, Conn., observing an Indian child, nearly at one of these times of their devotion, dressed in an extraordinary manner, with all kinds of Indian finery, had the curiosity to inquire what could be the reason. The Indians answered that it was to be sacrificed, and the people supposed that it was given to the devil. So deluded were these unhappy people, that they believed these barbarous sacrifices to be absolutely necessary. They imagined that unless they appeased and conciliated their gods in this manner, they would neither suffer them to have peace, nor harvests, fish, venison, fat bears, nor turkeys, but would visit them with a general destruction.

"With respect to morals, they were indeed miserably depraved. They were insidious and revengeful almost without a parallel, and they wallowed in all the filth of wantonness. Great pains were taken with the Narragansett and Connecticut Indians to civilize them, and teach them christianity; but the sachems rejected the gospel

with indignation and contempt. They would not suffer it to be preached to their subjects. Indeed, both made it a public interest to oppose its propagation among them. Their policy, religion, and manners were directly opposed to its pure doctrines and morals.

"The Indian government, generally, was absolute monarchy. The will of the sachem was his law. The lives and interests of his subjects were at his disposal. But in all important affairs he consulted his counsellors. When they had given their opinions, they deferred the decision of every matter to him. Whatever his decisions were, they applauded his wisdom, and without hesitation obeyed his commands. In council, the deportment of the sachems was grave and majestic to admiration. They appeared to be men of great discernment and policy. Their speeches were cautious and politic. The conduct of their counsellors and servants was profoundly respectful and submissive. The revenues of the crown consisted in the contributions of the people. They carried corn, and the first fruits of their harvest of all kinds, beans, squashes, roots, berries and nuts, and presented them to their sachem. They made him presents of flesh, fish, fowl, moose, bear, deer, beaver, and other skins. When they brought their tribute, the sachem went out to meet them, and by good words, and some small gifts, expressed his gratitude.

"The Indians had no kind of coin; but they had a sort of money, which they called wampum, or wampumpeag. It consisted of small beads, most curiously wrought out of shells, and perforated in the centre, so that they might be strung on belts, in chains and bracelets. There were several sorts. The Indians in New England made black, blue, and white wampum. The white beads were wrought out of the inside of the great conchs, and the purple out of the inside of the muscle shell. They were made perfectly smooth, and the perforation was done in the neatest manner. Indeed, considering that the Indians had neither knife, drill, nor any steel or iron instrument, the workmanship is admirable. After the English settlements in Connecticut, the Indians strung these beads on belts of cloth, in a very curious manner. The squaws made caps of cloth, rising to a peak over the top of the head, and the fore part

was beautified with wampum, curiously wrought upon them."

"The Indians were at a loss to know what could induce the English to leave England and come to America. The most probable conjecture they could form was, that the English wanted fuel at home, and came over for the sake of the wood. When they had burnt up the wood near their settlement, they removed to a new place for the sake of fuel."

The evils of an Indian war are thus described by Belknap.

"The Indians were seldom or never seen before they did execution. They appeared not in the open field, nor gave proofs of a truly masculine courage; but did their exploits by surprise, chiefly in the morning, keeping themselves hid behind logs and bushes, near the paths in the woods, or the fences contiguous to the doors of the houses; and their lurking holes could be known only by the report of their guns, which was indeed feeble, as they were sparing of their ammunition, and as near as possible to their object before they fired. They rarely assaulted a house unless they knew there would be but little resistance, and it has been afterward known that they have lain in ambush for days together, watching the motions of the people at their work, without daring to discover themselves. One of their chiefs, who had got a woman's riding-hood among his plunder, would put it on, in an evening, and walk into the streets of Portsmouth, looking into the windows of houses, and listening to the conversation of the people.

"Their cruelty was chiefly exercised upon children, and such aged, infirm, or corpulent persons, as could not bear the hardships of a journey through the wilderness. If they took a woman, far advanced in pregnancy, their knives were plunged into her bowels. An infant, when it became troublesome, had its brains dashed out against the next tree or stone. Sometimes, to torment the wretched mother, they would whip and beat the child till almost dead, or hold it under water till its breath was just gone, and then throw it to her, to comfort and quiet it. If the mother could not readily still its weeping, the hatchet was buried

in its skull. A captive, wearied with a burden laid on his shoulders, was often sent to rest the same way. If any one proved refractory, or was known to have been instrumental of the death of an Indian, or related to one who had been so, he was tortured with a lingering punishment, generally at the stake, whilst the other captives were insulted with the sight of his miseries. Sometimes a fire would be kindled, and a threatening given out against one or more, though there was no intention of sacrificing them, only to make sport with their terrors. The young Indians often signalized their cruelty in treating captives inhumanly, out of sight of the elder, and when inquiry was made into the matter, the insulted captive must either be silent, or put the best face on it, to prevent worse treatment for the future. If a captive appeared sad and dejected, he was sure to meet with insult; but if he could sing and dance and laugh with his masters, he was caressed as a brother. They had a strong aversion to negroes, and generally killed them when they fell into their hands.

"Famine was a common attendant on these doleful captivities. The Indians, when they caught any game, devoured it all at one sitting, and then girding themselves round the waist, travelled without sustenance till chance threw more in their way. The captives, unused to such canine repasts and abstinences, could not support the surfeit of the one, nor the cravings of the other. A change of masters, though it sometimes proved a relief from misery, yet rendered the prospect of a return to their homes more distant. If an Indian had lost a relative, a prisoner bought for a gun, a hatchet, or a few skins, must supply the place of the deceased, and be the father, brother, or son of the purchaser; and those who could accommodate themselves to such barbarous adoption, were treated with the same kindness as the persons in whose place they were substituted. A sale among the French in Canada was the most happy event to a captive, especially if he became a servant in the family; though sometimes, even there, a prison was their lot, till opportunity presented for their redemption; whilst the priests employed every seducing art to pervert them to the popish religion, and induce them to abandon their country. These circumstances, joined with

the more obvious hardships of travelling half naked and barefoot through pathless deserts, over craggy mountains and deep swamps, through frost, rain, and snow, exposed by day and night to the inclemency of the weather, and in summer to the venomous stings of those numberless insects with which the woods abound; the restless anxiety of mind, the retrospect of past scenes of pleasure, the remembrance of distant friends, the bereavements experienced at the beginning, or during the progress of captivity, and the daily apprehension of death, either by famine or the savage enemy; these were the horrors of an Indian captivity.

"On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that there have been instances of justice, generosity, and tenderness, during these wars, which would have done honor to a civilized people. A kindness shown to an Indian was remembered as long as an injury; and persons have had their lives spared for acts of humanity done to the ancestors of those Indians into whose hands they have fallen. They would sometimes 'carry children on their arms and shoulders, feed their prisoners with the best of their provision, and pinch themselves rather than their captives should want food.' When sick or wounded, they would afford them proper means for their recovery, which they were very well able to do by their knowledge of simples. In thus preserving the lives and health of their prisoners, they doubtless had a view of gain. But the most remarkably favorable circumstance in an Indian captivity, was their decent behavior to women. I have never read, nor heard, nor could find by inquiry, that any woman who fell into their hands, was ever treated with the least immodesty; but testimonies to the contrary are very frequent. Whether this negative virtue is to be ascribed to a natural frigidity of constitution, let philosophers inquire; the fact is certain, and it was a most happy circumstance for our female captives, that in the midst of all their distresses, they had no reason to fear, from a savage foe, the perpetration of a crime which has too frequently disgraced not only the personal, but the national character of those who make large pretensions to civilization and humanity."

The two following incidents are taken from Abbot's His-

tory of Andover. "In 1698, the Indians took Col. Dudley Bradstreet and family, and carried them about fifty rods from his house, when they halted and dismissed their prisoners without offering them the least injury; a singular instance of mercy in a people who had always shown themselves to be cruel, and to have no mercy. The tradition is, that one Watternummon, an Indian who lived at Newbury, and is supposed to have had a particular regard to Col. Bradstreet, undertook to conduct the Indians to his house upon these conditions, that they should neither kill nor captivate any of his family. They took Abiel Stevens, a lad, who feigned himself lame, and kept behind; the Indians hastened, expecting to be pursued; he turned and ran, and escaped, though fired upon by the Indian who took him."

"Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, possessed, probably, more influence than any other clergyman in the province, during a period of thirty years. Here he was regarded with a reverence, which will scarcely be rendered to any other man. The very savages are said to have felt towards him a peculiar awe. Once, when he was riding from Northampton to Hatfield, and passing a place called Dewey's hole, an ambush of savages lined the road. It is said, that a Frenchman, directing his gun towards him, was warned, by one of the Indians, who some time before had been among the English, not to fire, because 'that man was Englishman's GOD.' A similar adventure is reported to have befallen him, while meditating in an orchard, immediately behind the church in Deerfield, a sermon which he was about to preach. These stories, told in Canada, are traditionally asserted to have been brought back by English captives. It was customary for the Canadian savages, after they had returned from their excursions, to report their adventures, by way of triumph, to the captives taken in the English colonies."

"In the year 1689, the garrison house of Dominicus Jordan, son of Rev. Robert Jordan, at Spurwink, Me., was violently assailed by the savages, which he defended with bravery and success. To intimidate him, an Indian called to him loudly, 'We are ten hundred in number.' 'I don't care,' replied Jordan, 'if you are ten thousand.'

A few years afterwards, perhaps at the commencement of the third Indian war, several Indians, visiting his house, were received with familiarity, common in time of peace, when one inflicted a mortal blow upon his head, exclaiming, '*There, Dominicus! now kill 'em ten thousand Indian!*' The family were all made prisoners, and carried to Canada."

In 1726, a block-house, for the defence of the plantation, was commenced in Penacook, now Concord, N. H. "During the winter of this year, only two or three persons resided in the house. The snow was very deep, the cold unusually severe, and their provisions were insufficient to support them through the season. The Indians saw their situation, and, as soon as possible, journeyed to Haverhill. They there called on the proprietors, and represented to them the situation of the family, very seriously observing that *they would soon come upon the town*, unless they were assisted! A sleigh with stores soon after arrived at Penacook, and rescued them from starvation."

"At the courts in Barnstable county, formerly," says one, "we often heard from our aged friends, and from the Vineyard gentlemen, amusing anecdotes of Indian rulers. The following warrant is recollected, which was issued by one of those magistrates directed to an Indian constable, and will not suffer in comparison with our more verbose forms.

I Hihoudi,
You Peter Waterman,
Jeremy Wicket;
Quick you take him,
Fast you hold him,
Straight you bring him,
Before me, Hihoudi."

"In the eastern part of the town of Norwich, Con.," says Barber, "is a plain called *Sachem's Plain*. This spot is rendered memorable by the battle between Uncas and Miantonimoh, the sachem of the Narragansetts. The army of Miantonimoh was routed, he taken prisoner, and afterwards executed and buried here.

"Miantonimoh, without consulting the English accord-

ing to agreement, without proclaiming war, or giving Uncas the least information, raised an army of nine hundred or a thousand men, and marched against him. Uncas' spies discovered the army at some distance, and gave him intelligence. He was unprepared; but rallying between four and five hundred of his bravest men, he told them they must by no means suffer Miantonimoh to come into their town, but must go and fight him on his way. Having marched three or four miles, the armies met upon a large plain. When they had advanced within fair bow-shot of each other, Uncas had recourse to a stratagem, with which he had previously acquainted his warriors. He desired a parley, and both armies halted in the face of each other. Uncas, gallantly advancing in the front of his men, addressed Miantonimoh to this effect, 'You have a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me. It is a great pity that such brave warriors should be killed in a private quarrel between us only. Come like a man, as you profess to be, and let us fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; but if I kill you, your men shall be mine.' Miantonimoh replied, 'My men came to fight, and they shall fight.' Uncas falling instantly upon the ground, his men discharged a shower of arrows upon the Narragansetts, and, without a moment's interval, rushing upon them in a furious manner, with their hideous Indian yell, put them immediately to flight. The Mohegans pursued the enemy with the same fury and eagerness with which they commenced the action. The Narragansetts were driven down rocks and precipices, and chased like a doe by the huntsman. Among others, Miantonimoh was exceedingly pressed. Some of Uncas' bravest men, who were most light of foot, coming up with him, twitched him back, impeding his flight, that Uncas might take him. Uncas was a stout man, and rushing forward, like a lion greedy of his prey, seized him by the shoulder. He knew Uncas, and saw that he was now in the power of the man whom he hated, and by all means attempted to destroy; but he sat down sullen, and spake not a word. Uncas gave the Indian whoop, and called up his men, who were behind, to his assistance. The victory was complete. About thirty of the Narragansetts were slain, and a much greater

number wounded. Among the latter, was a brother of Miantonimoh, and two sons of Canonicus, a chief sachem among the Narragansett Indians. The brother of Miantonimoh was not only wounded, but armed with a coat of mail, both which retarded his flight. Two of Miantonimoh's captains, who formerly were Uncas' men, but had treacherously deserted him, discovering his situation, took him, and carried him to Uncas, hoping in this way to reconcile themselves to their sachem. But Uncas and his men slew them. Miantonimoh made no request either for himself or his men, but continued in the same sullen, speechless mood. Uncas therefore demanded of him, why he would not speak. Said he, 'Had you taken me, I should have besought you for my life.' Uncas for the present spared his life, though he would not ask it, and returned with great triumph to Mohegan, carrying the Narragansett sachem as an illustrious trophy of his victory."

"Uncas conducted Miantonimoh to Hartford. Here his mouth was opened, and he plead most earnestly to be left in the custody of the English, probably expecting better treatment from them than from Uncas. He was accordingly kept under guard at Hartford, till the meeting of the commissioners at Boston. After an examination of the case, the commissioners resolved, 'That as it was evident that Uncas could not be safe while Miantonimoh lived, but that, either by secret treachery, or open force, his life would be continually in danger, he might justly put such a false and blood-thirsty enemy to death.' They determined that it should be done out of the English jurisdiction. They advised Uncas, that no torture or cruelty, but all mercy and moderation, be exercised in the manner of his execution.

"Immediately upon the return of the commissioners of Connecticut and New Haven, Uncas, with a competent number of his most trusty men, was ordered to repair forthwith to Hartford. He was made acquainted with the determination of the commissioners, and receiving his prisoner, marched with him to the spot where he had been taken. At the instant they arrived on the ground, one of Uncas' men, who marched behind Miantonimoh, split his head with a hatchet, killing him at a single stroke. He

was probably unacquainted with his fate, and knew not by what means he fell. Uncas cut out a large piece of his shoulder, and ate it in savage triumph. He said, 'it was the sweetest meat he ever ate, it made his heart strong.'

"The Mohegans, by the order of Uncas, buried him at the place of his execution, and erected a great heap or pillar upon his grave. This memorable event gave the place the name of Sachem's Plain. Two Englishmen were sent with Uncas, to witness that the execution was done, and to prevent all torture and cruelty in the manner of its performance."

"In the south part of East Windsor, where Podunk River crosses the road to Hartford, was an Indian burying ground. A few years since, a number of skeletons were discovered, by digging from one to four feet. These skeletons were found lying on one side, knees drawn up to the breast, arms folded, *with their heads to the south.* A covering of bark seems to have been laid over them, with some few remains of blankets; in one instance a small brass kettle and hatchet were found in good preservation; the remains of a gun barrel and lock, a number of glass bottles, one of which was found half filled with some sort of liquid. These articles were probably obtained from the Dutch, either by present or trade. There were also found a pair of shears, a pistol, lead pipes, strings of wampum, small brass rings, glass beads; a female skeleton, with a brass comb; the hair was in a state of preservation wherever it came in contact with the comb. After the Podunks had removed from these parts, in one instance they were known to have brought a dead child from towards Norwich, and interred it in this burying place.

"At Bissell's ferry, near the mouth of Scantic River, is a well which is supposed to have been made before any English settlements were attempted in Connecticut. The lower part of the well is walled by stones hewn in a circular manner, and the manner in which they are laid together is believed to be entirely different from that in which any Englishman would lay them. There remains no tradition respecting the time or the persons by whom this well was constructed."

"The great burying place of the Indian tribes in East Haven and vicinity is on the north end of the hill on which the fort stands, which anciently, in allusion to this place, was called *Grave Hill*. Some of the graves have been levelled by the plough, but many of them are yet visible. In the year 1822, I examined three of these graves. At the depth of about three feet and a half, the sandstone appears, on which the bodies were laid, without any appearance of a wrapper or enclosure. They all lay in the direction of south-west and north-east, the head towards the west. Of two of them the arms lay by the side; the other had the arms across the body, after the manner of the white people. The large bones and teeth were in a sound state. The thigh bones of one measured nineteen inches in length, the leg bone eighteen, and the arm, from the elbow to the shoulder, thirteen. By measuring the skeleton as it lay, it was concluded to be that of a man six and a half feet high. No article of any description appeared with the bones. It is said that about fifty or sixty years ago, some of these graves were opened, and a number of Indian implements of the kitchen, and of war, were found in them. Few Indians have been buried there within a century past." *

The following account of some remains found in the town of Fall River, Mass., is from the pen of John Stark, Esq., and was published in the American Magazine, in 1837. "About three years since, in digging down a hill near the village, a large mass of earth slid off, leaving in the bank, and partially uncovered, a human skull, which on examination was found to belong to a body buried in a sitting posture; the head being about one foot below what had been for many years the surface of the ground. The surrounding earth was carefully removed, and the body found to be enveloped in a covering of coarse bark, of a dark color. Within this envelope were found the remains of another of coarse cloth, made of fine bark, and about the texture of a Manilla coffee bag. On the breast was a plate of brass, thirteen inches long, six broad at the upper end, and five at the lower. This plate appears to have

* Rev. Mr. Dodd's History of East Haven.

been cast, and is from one eighth to three thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness. It is so much corroded, that whether or not any thing was engraved upon it, has not yet been ascertained. It is oval in form, the edges being irregular, apparently made so by corrosion.

"Below the breast-plate, and entirely encircling the body, was a belt composed of brass tubes, each four and a half inches in length, and three sixteenths of an inch in diameter, arranged longitudinally, and close together; the length of a tube being the width of the belt. The tubes are of thin brass, cast upon hollow reeds, and were fastened together by pieces of sinew. This belt was so placed as to protect the lower parts of the body below the breast-plate. The arrows are of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape, with a round hole cut through near the base. The shaft was fastened to the head by inserting the latter in an opening at the end of the wood, and then tying it with a sinew through the round hole—a mode of constructing the weapon never practised by the Indians, not even with their arrows of thin shell. Parts of the shaft still remain on some of them. When first discovered, the arrows were in a sort of quiver of bark, which fell in pieces when exposed to the air.

"The skull is much decayed; but the teeth are sound, and apparently those of a young man. The pelvis is much decayed, and the smaller bones of the lower extremities are gone. The integuments of the right knee, for four or five inches above and below, are in good preservation, apparently the size and shape of life, although quite black.

"Considerable flesh is still preserved on the hands and arms, but none on the shoulders and elbows. On the back, under the belt, and for two inches above and below, the skin and flesh are in good preservation, and have the appearance of being tanned. The chest is much compressed; but the upper viscera are probably entire. The arms are bent up, not crossed; so that the hands turned inward touch the shoulders. The stature is about five and a half feet. Much of the exterior envelope was decayed, and the inner one appeared to be preserved only where it had been in contact with the brass.

"The preservation of this body may be the result of some embalming process; and this hypothesis is strengthened by the fact that the skin has the appearance of having been tanned, or it may be the accidental result of the action of the salts of the brass during oxydation; and this latter hypothesis is supported by the fact that the skin and flesh have been preserved only where they have been in contact with, or quite near, the brass: or we may account for the preservation of the whole, by supposing the presence of *saltpetre* in the soil at the time of the deposit. In either way, the preservation of the remains is fully accounted for, and upon known chemical principles. That the body was not one of the Indians, we think needs no argument. We rather incline to the belief that the remains belonged to one of the crew of a Phenician vessel.

"The spot where they were found is on the sea-coast, and in the immediate neighborhood of "Dighton Rock," famed for its hieroglyphic inscription, of which no sufficient explanation has yet been given, and near which rock brazen vessels have been found. If this latter hypothesis be adopted, a part of it is, that these mariners—the unwilling and unfortunate discoverers of a new world—lived some time after they landed; and having written their names, perhaps their epitaphs, upon the rock at Dighton, died, and were buried by the natives."

The following letters were written by an Indian sachem of the Penacook tribe to the governor of Massachusetts.

May 15th, 1685.

Honour governor my friend,

You my friend I desire your worship and your power, because I hope you can do som great matters this one. I am poor and naked, and I have no men at my place because I afraid allwayes Mohogs he will kill me every day and night. If your worship when please pray help me you no let Mohogs kill me at my place at Malamake river called Panukkog and Nattukkog I will submit your wor ship and your power. And now I want powder and such alminishon shott and guns because I have forth at my hom and I plant theare.

This all Indian hand, but pray you do consider your humble servant

JOHN HOGKINS.

(Signed by fourteen others.)

May 15th 1685.

Honour Mr. Governor,

Now this day I com your house, I want se you, and I bring my hand at before you I want shake hand to you if your worship when please then you receve my hand, then shake your hand and my hand. You my friend because I remember at old time, when live my grant father and grant mother then Englishmen come this country then my grant father and Englishmen they make a good govenant, they friend allwayes, my grant-father leving at place called Malamake rever, other name chef Natukkog and Panukkog that one rever great many names, and I bring you this few skins at this first time I will give you my friend. This all Indian hand.

JOHN HAWKINS, Sagamor

(Signed by fourteen others.)

Please your worship,

I will intreat you matther you my friend, now this if my Indian he do you long pray you no put your law because some my Indins fooll some men much love drunk then he no know what he do, may be he do mischif when he drunk if so pray you must let me know what he done because I will ponis him what he have done you, you my friend if you desire my business then sent me I will help you if I can.

Mr. JOHN HOGKINS.

Another from the same.

Mr. Mason,

Pray I want speake you a few words if your worship when please because I come parfas (on purpose) I will speake this governor but he go away so he say at last night, and so far I understand this governor his power that vour power now, so he speake his own mouth. Pray if

you take what I want pray com to me, because I want go hom this day.

Your humble servant,

JONN HOGKINS, Indian Sagmor.

May 16th, 1685

The Indians having done some mischief in New England in 1704, the inhabitants of Lancaster became alarmed, "and the alarm was the means of the untimely death of the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, their worthy pastor. Several of the inhabitants who belonged to the garrison were wearied by hard travelling the day before, in pursuit of the enemy. This caused this good man, out of pity and compassion, to watch that night himself: accordingly he went into the box, which lay over the flanker, where he staid till late in the night; but being cold, (as was supposed,) he was coming down to warm himself, when one between sleeping and waking, or surprised through excess of fear, fired upon him, as he was coming out of the watch-house, where no man could rationally expect the coming of an enemy.

"Mr. Gardiner, although he was shot through the back, came to the door and bade them open it, for he was wounded. No sooner did he enter, but he fainted away. As he came to himself, he asked who it was that shot him, and when they told him, he prayed to God to forgive him, and forgave him himself, believing that he did it not on purpose; and with a composed frame of spirit, desired them that bewailed him not to weep, but pray for him and his flock. He comforted his sorrowful spouse, and expired within an hour."

The father of Oliver Peabody, who resided at Andover, Mass., "in one of his excursions into New Hampshire, met with an adventure which has connected his name with the geography of the country, and which, for that reason, as well as for its singularity, may perhaps with propriety be mentioned here. He was passing the night in the cabin of an Indian, situated on the side of a mountain, in the neighborhood of Saco River. The inmates of this rude dwelling were awakened in the course of the night by a loud noise, and had scarcely time to make their escape, before the hut was swept away by a torrent of water rush-

ing impetuously down the hill. On reconnoitering the ground, they found that this torrent had burst out suddenly from a spot where there was no spring before. It has continued flowing ever since, and forms the branch of the Saco which bears the name of Peabody's River."

"The death of James Carr, of Pembroke, N. H., who was killed by the enemy early in 1748, was attended with a singular instance of canine attachment and fidelity. He, with two others, was ploughing on the west bank of the river, within the present township of Bow. Towards night, some Indians, who, concealed in a thicket of bushes, had been watching them all day, rushed upon them; his two companions were taken; but in attempting to run to the river, Carr was shot, and fell dead on his back, with his arms somewhat extended. As the savages ran up to scalp him, his dog, a large and fierce animal, instantly attacked them, but was stunned by the blow of a tomahawk, and left for dead. The people in garrison at Pembroke heard the firing, but it being near night, did not venture on an immediate pursuit, from the apprehension of falling into an ambuscade. After the departure of the enemy the dog revived, guarded the corpse of his master through the night, and was found next morning with his nose laid in its open hand; nor would the faithful animal permit any one to remove or even touch the body, till after the use of much flattery and some force."

As early as 1650, Rev. John Brock began to preach on the Isle of Shoals. The following story is related of him by Mather. "Mr. Brock brought the people into an agreement that, exclusive of the Lord's day, they would spend one day every month together in the worship of our Lord Jesus Christ. On a certain day, which by their agreement belonged unto the exercises of religion, the fishermen came to Mr. Brock, and asked him if they might *put by their meeting*, and go a fishing, because they had lost many days by reason of foul weather. He, seeing that without his consent, they resolved upon doing what they had asked of him, replied, *If you will go away, I say unto you, catch fish, if you can! But as for you that will tarry, and worship the Lord Jesus Christ this day, I will pray*

unto him for you, that you may take fish till you are weary. Thirty men went away from the meeting, and *five* tarried. The *thirty* which went away, with all their skill could catch but *four* fishes; the five who tarried, went forth afterwards, and they took *five hundred.* The fishermen after this readily attended whatever meetings Mr. Brock appointed them."

"In the year 1766, a Mr. Page planted himself in Lancaster, N. H. For several years after he came to this spot, he carried all his bread-corn to Charlestown, (one hundred and twenty-four miles,) to be ground. For a considerable time he lived with his family in absolute solitude. There was not a single road in the neighboring region. All his communication with the world was either through the wilderness, or down the channel of the Connecticut, and this he was obliged to enter below *the fifteen mile falls*, and at the distance of twenty miles from his house. When any member of his family was sick, he had neither physician nor nurse, except what the house itself contained."

"In February, 1717, occurred the greatest fall of snow recorded in the annals of New England—almost burying under the frozen mass the small log houses of the new plantations. So effectually were even the most travelled roads blocked, that the magistrates and ministers of Boston, who had come out of the town on the first day of the storm, to attend the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Brattle, at Cambridge, were unable to return for some days. In some portion of the streets of Boston, the snow was six feet in depth, and on the thousand hills of New Hampshire it lay in immense bodies."

The first newspaper published in New England appeared in Boston in 1704. It was printed on half a sheet of pot paper.

Rev. Samuel Moody, who was ordained in York, Me., in 1700, once preached a sermon based on the following sentiment: *When you know not what to do, you must not do you know not what.*

"Mr. Job Strong having accepted proposals of settlement in the ministry from a church in Portsmouth, N. H.,

invited Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Northampton, Mass., to preach the sermon at his ordination, which was appointed for the 28th of June. Mary, the fourth daughter of Mr. Edwards, then a young lady of fifteen, went before her father to Portsmouth, to visit some of the friends of the family in that place. From her I learned the following anecdote.—The Rev. Mr. Moody, of York, a gentleman of unquestioned talents and piety, but perfectly unique in his manners, had agreed, in case of Mr. Edwards' failure, to be his substitute in preaching the sermon. On the morning of the appointed day, Mr. Edwards not having arrived, the council delayed the ordination as long as they well could, and then proceeded to the church, where Mr. Moody had been regularly appointed to make the introductory prayer, which is the prayer immediately before the sermon. That gentleman, knowing that a numerous and highly respectable audience had been drawn together by a strong desire to hear Mr. Edwards, rose up to pray under the not very pleasant impression that he must stand in his place, and offered a prayer which was wholly characteristic of himself, and in some degree, also, of the times in which he lived. In that part of it in which it was proper for him to allude to the exercises of the day, he besought the Lord that they might be suitably humbled under the frown of his providence in not being permitted to hear, on that occasion, a discourse, as they had all fondly expected, from 'that eminent servant of God, the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Northampton;' and proceeded to thank God for having raised him up to be such a burning and shining light, for his uncommon piety, for his great excellence as a preacher, for the remarkable success which had attended his ministry in other congregations as well as his own, for the superior talents and wisdom with which he was endowed as a writer, and for the great amount of good which his works had already done, and still promised to do, to the church and to the world. He then prayed that God would spare his life, and endow him with still higher gifts and graces, and render him still more eminent and useful than he had been, and concluded this part of his prayer by supplicating the divine blessing on the daughter of Mr. Edwards, (then in the house,) who, though a very amiable

and worthy young lady, was still, as they had reason to believe, without the grace of God, and in an unconverted state; that God would bring her to repentance, and forgive her sins, and not suffer the peculiar privileges which she enjoyed, to be the means of a more aggravated condemnation. Mr. Edwards, who travelled on horseback, and had been unexpectedly detained on the road, arrived at the church a short time after the commencement of the exercises, and entered the door just after Mr. Moody began his prayer. Being remarkably still in all his movements, and particularly in the house of God, he ascended the stairs, and entered the pulpit so silently, that Mr. Moody did not hear him; and of course was necessitated, before a very numerous audience, to listen to the very high character given of himself by Mr. Moody. As soon as the prayer was closed, Mr. Moody turned round and saw Mr. Edwards behind him; and, without leaving his place, gave him his right hand, and addressed him as follows: 'Brother Edwards, we are all of us much rejoiced to see you here to-day, and nobody, probably, as much so as myself; but I wish that you might have got in a little sooner, or a little later, or else that I might have heard you when you came in, and known that you were here. I didn't intend to flatter you to your face; but there's one thing I'll tell you: they say that your wife is a going to heaven by a shorter road than yourself.' Mr. Edwards bowed, and after reading the psalm, went on with the sermon."—*Edwards' Works, (Dwight's edition,) p.* 283.

The two following incidents were communicated by the Rev. Jotham Sewall, of Chesterville, Me. As they were received too late to be inserted in the fifth chapter, they are placed here. One similar to the last of these incidents, has indeed been already cited; but as this contains several interesting particulars, not found in that it is here inserted entire.

"In the year 1745, an armament was fitted out from Boston, as the centre of the movement, against Louisburg, a fortified place on the island of Cape Breton, made so strong by the French that it was called the *American Gibraltar.* From that place the French vexed the fisheries

of our fathers, and put them to trouble, so that they determined to send an expedition against it, and take it, if possible. Divine Providence seemed to favor the enterprise. The winter so broke up in January that the people ploughed their ground, and got things in such readiness that the women and young people could finish their planting after the men were gone to Cape Breton. There were some British ships of war on the West India coast, that were ordered to ascertain if any service was needed in New England. They came on in season to convoy the transports, with soldiers and provisions, on the afore-mentioned expedition. They landed at Cape Breton, April 30th, 1745. On their approach the French evacuated a redoubt, and fled to the city of Louisburg. The place was besieged from that time till the 17th of June, when it was taken. Our troops had no tents or barracks,—only bark camps. There was no rain of any consequence during the siege; but the next day after the city was taken, a rain began which lasted ten days! It was thought if it had come on before, in such a manner, it would have raised the siege.

"Rev. Samuel Moody, of York, Me., was the chaplain in that expedition. His son Joseph supplied his place in York while he was gone. They frequently heard from Louisburg that the place was not taken, and appointed a day of fasting and prayer in York. Neighboring ministers came and assisted. Joseph Moody offered one of the prayers, and was quite lengthy. He first went on a long time, using all the arguments he could think of, that the Lord would prosper the enterprise; then turned his prayer into thanksgiving that the place was given up—it was ours—and praised God a long time for such unmerited mercy. He closed by confessing that we were not better than those who possessed the land before us, and that it would be righteous if the land should spue out its inhabitants a second time. When the army got back from Cape Breton, and compared dates, it was found that on the very day of the fast the city was taken, and the capitulation closed while he was praying. When the peace was concluded between France and England, about two years after, Louisburg was ceded back to France,—so the land

spued out its inhabitants a second time, according to Mr Moody's prayer.

"In 1746, the next year after the capitulation of the city, a fleet and army was fitted out in France to take vengeance on the Colonies for their daring enterprise; and so confident were the French of success, that the admiral bore a *broom* at his mast-head, intending *to sweep all before him!* England had enough to do that year to quell the Scotch rebellion, so that no help could be expected from that quarter. The expedition was heard of in this country some time before it arrived, and the people were panic struck; for it was said that the armament consisted of eight thousand troops, and arms for four thousand Indians. What could our weak-handed colonists do against such an armed force? But they betook themselves to fasting and prayer, and cried to Heaven for help. On one of those days, Father Moody, (who went chaplain the year before) in praying against that fleet, made use of the scripture expressions employed against Sennacherib, 'Put a hook in his nose, and a bridle in his lips—turn him back again by the way that he came, that he shall not shoot an arrow here, nor cast up a bank, or a trench; but by the way that he came, cause him to return.' By and by, the old gentleman waxed warm, raised his hands and his voice, and cried out, 'Good Lord, if there is no other way of defeating the enterprise, send a storm upon them, and sink them in the deep.' It was afterwards ascertained that not far from that time a tremendous tempest burst upon that fleet, and scattered and foundered numbers of them. A remnant of them got into Chebucto, (the Indian name for the harbor of Halifax.) The commander-in-chief was so disheartened, supposing all the rest were lost, that he put an end to his own life. The second in command did the same. The third in command was not competent to so great an undertaking. A mortal sickness prevailed among the troops, and a great number of them laid their bones in Chebucto. They finally packed up all, and went back to France without striking a blow! 'Perhaps,' says a historian, 'never was an enterprise more signally defeated, without human aid, than that was.'"—"I have written too hastily," adds the venerable writer, "by

lamp-light, at the age of eighty-one, for such a communication."

"New Hampshire," says Bacon, "less favored in its origin than the other New England colonies, was in 1684 subject to a royal governor, a creature of King James II., practising in the four towns of New Hampshire, the same violations of right and liberty, which his master was practising on a grander scale in England. To such a governor the pastor of Portsmouth, Rev. Joshua Moody, had become greatly obnoxious, by the fearless freedom of his preaching, and by his resoluteness in maintaining a strictly congregational church discipline. A member of his church was strongly suspected of having taken a false oath, in a matter relating to the seizure and escape of a vessel. The man thus charged with perjury was able, in some way, to pacify the governor and collector; but in the church the supposed offence was made a subject of investigation. Mr. Moody, as pastor, requested of Cranfield, the governor, copies of the evidence which had been taken in the case by the government. The governor not only refused this request, but declared that the man, having been forgiven by him, should not be called to account by any body else, and threatened the pastor with vengeance if he dared to proceed in the matter. But Mr. Moody did not believe that the right of a christian church to inspect the conduct of its own members, or the duty of a church to execute discipline upon offenders, depended on the will of governors or kings; and to him the wrath of Cranfield was a small matter in comparison with the reproaches of his own conscience or the displeasure of God. Having consulted his church, he preached a sermon on the sin of perjury, and then the offender was tried, found guilty, and at last, by God's blessing upon the ordinance of church discipline, brought to repentance and a public confession. The governor, indignant at this manly proceeding, had yet no way to execute his threat of vengeance, but by some indirect method. He accordingly made an order that all the ministers within the province should admit all persons of suitable age, and not vicious in their lives, to the Lord's supper, and their children to baptism, and that if any person should desire to have these sacraments administered

according to the liturgy of the Church of England, his desire should be complied with. The minister who should refuse obedience to this order was to incur the same penalties as if he were in England, and a minister there of the established church. Cranfield's next step was, without any loss of time, to send a written message to Mr. Moody, by the hands of the sheriff, signifying that he and two of his friends intended to partake of the Lord's supper the next Sunday, and requiring that it be administered to them according to the liturgy. To this demand Mr. Moody returned the prompt denial which was expected; and the consequence was, that for the double offence of refusing to conform to the order of the liturgy, and of refusing to profane the Lord's supper by administering it to such men as Cranfield and his minions, he was prosecuted, convicted, and imprisoned. For thirteen weeks he remained in close confinement; and he was then released only under a strict charge to preach no more in that province, and a threat of further imprisonment if he should."

Mather says, that a person who lived with Rev. Mr. Brock, (minister on the Isles of Shoals) at the time Mr. Moody was in prison, observed one morning that he appeared very sorrowful. He asked him the reason of it. Mr. Brock replied, "I am very much troubled for my dear brother Moody, who is imprisoned by Cranfield; but I will this day seek to the Lord on his behalf, and I believe my God will hear me." On the very same day, Mr. Moody, by a kind interposition of Providence, was delivered out of his imprisonment.

"In the summer of 1676, there was a great drought in New England, which was extremely severe at Mohegan, and in the neighboring country. In August, the corn dried up; the fruit and leaves fell off as in autumn, and some trees appeared to be dead. The Indians came from Mohegan to Norwich, and lamented that they had no rain, and that their powows could get none in their way of worship; they desired Mr. Fitch, the minister of Norwich, that he would seek to God for rain. He appointed a fast day for that purpose. The day proved clear, but at sunset, at the close of service, some clouds arose. The next

day was cloudy. Uncas went to the house of Mr. Fitch, with many Indians, and lamented the great want of rain. 'If God shall send you rain,' said Mr. Fitch, 'will you not attribute it to your powows?' He answered, 'No; for we have done our utmost, but all in vain.' 'If you will declare it before all these Indians,' replied the minister, 'you shall see what God will do for us;' remarking at the same time, their repeated and unfailing reception of rain in answer to fasting and prayer. Uncas then 'made a great speech' to the Indians, confessing that if God should then send rain, it could not be ascribed to their powowing, but must be acknowledged to be an answer to the Englishman's prayer. On that very day the clouds became more extended, and the day following there was such a copious rain, that their river rose more than two feet in height."

Bacon gives the following description of the first house erected for public worship in New Haven, and of the circumstances under which the people assembled on the sabbath:

"The first house for public worship erected in New England was commenced in 1639. The order that such a house should be built forthwith, was passed in the town meeting on the 25th of November. The cost of the building was to be £500, and to raise that sum, a tax of 1 1-2 per cent. was levied, all to be paid before the following May. The house was fifty feet square. It had a tower, surmounted with a turret.

"The internal arrangements of the house, so far as a knowledge of them can be gathered from the records, or inferred from what we know of the primitive meeting-houses, are easily described. Immediately before the pulpit, and facing the congregation, was an elevated seat for the ruling elder; and before that, somewhat lower, was a seat for the deacons, behind the communion table. On the floor of the house there were neither pews nor slips, but plain seats. On each side of what we may call the centre aisle, were nine, of sufficient length to accommodate five or six persons. On each side of the pulpit, at the end, were five cross seats, and another shorter than

the five. Along each wall of the house, between the cross seats and the side door, were four seats, and beyond the side door, six. The men and women were seated separately, on opposite sides of the house, and every one, according to his office or his age, or his rank in society, had his place assigned by a committee appointed for that purpose. The children and young people, at the first seating, seem to have been left to find their own places, away from their parents, in that part of the house which was not occupied with seats prepared at the town's expense. If this was the case, it cannot be wondered at, that within five or six years after the first seating, and so on, as long as the practice continued, the regulation of the boys in the meeting-house, and the ways and means of suppressing disorders among them, were frequent subjects of discussion and enactment in the town meetings. A congregation ought always to present itself in the house of God by families. The separating of the heads of the family from each other, and the children from both, in the house of God, was a serious and mischievous mistake.

"In such a temple, the fathers of New Haven maintained the worship and ordinances of God for about thirty years. During all that time, they never met for worship, even in the most tranquil times, without a complete military guard. As early as 1640, we find upon the records an order, 'that every man that is appointed to watch, whether masters or servants, shall come every Lord's day to the meeting completely armed; and all others, also, are to bring their swords; no man exempted save Mr. Eaton, our pastor, Mr. James, Mr. Samuel Eaton, and the two deacons.' And from time to time, the number of men that were to bear arms on the sabbath days, and other days of public assembly, the time at which they should appear at the meeting-house, and the places which they should occupy, were made the subjects of particular regulation. Seats were placed on each side of the front door, for the soldiers. A sentinel was stationed in the turret. Armed watchmen paced the streets, while the people were assembled for worship. And whenever rumors came of conspiracies among the Indians at a distance, or there seemed to be any special occasion of alarm, the sabbath guards and

sentries at once became more vigilant, and the house of God bristled with augmented preparations for defence. For example, in March, 1653, there being apprehensions of an Indian invasion, and a town meeting being held, that nothing needful in such circumstances might be neglected, we find it ordered, among other particulars, 'that the door of the meeting-house, next the soldiers' seat, be kept clear from women and children sitting there; that if there be occasion for the soldiers to go suddenly forth, they may have a free passage.' Of the six pieces of artillery belonging to the town, three were stationed always by the water side, and three by the meeting-house. Twice before each assembly, the drum was beaten in the turret, and along the principal streets; and when the congregation came together, it presented the appearance of an assembly in a garrison."

With regard to their method of conducting the services of the sanctuary, the same writer says, "Their mode of conducting public worship was not materially unlike our method at this day. Every sabbath they came together at the beat of drum, about nine o'clock, or before. The pastor began with solemn prayer, continuing about a quarter of an hour. The teacher then read and expounded a chapter. Then a psalm was sung, the lines being given out by the ruling elder. After that, the pastor delivered his sermon, not written out in full, but from notes enlarged upon in speaking. In this church, at an early period, it was customary for the congregation to rise while the preacher read his text. This was a token of reverence for the word of God. After the sermon, the teacher concluded with prayer and a blessing.

"Once a month, as now, the Lord's supper was celebrated at the close of the morning service, in precisely the same forms which we observe,—the pastor, teacher, and ruling elder sitting together at the communion table. One of the ministers performed the first part of the service, and the other the last—the order in which they officiated being reversed at each communion.

"The assembly convened again for the exercises of the afternoon at about two o'clock; and the pastor having commenced as in the morning with prayer, and a psalm

having been sung as before, another prayer was offered by the teacher, who then preached, as the pastor did in the morning, and prayed again.

"Then, if there was any occasion, baptism was administered by either pastor or teacher; the officiating minister commonly accompanying the ordinance with exhortation to the church and to the parents.

"Next in the order of services was the contribution, made every Lord's day to the treasury of the church One of the deacons, rising in his place, said, 'Brethren of the congregation, now there is time left for contribution; wherefore as God hath prospered you, so offer freely.' The ministers, whenever there was any extraordinary occasion, were wont to accompany the call with some earnest exhortation out of the scriptures, urging to liberality. The contribution was received, not by passing a box from seat to seat, but first the magistrates and principal gentlemen, then the elders, and then the congregation generally, came up to the deacons' seat by one way, and returned orderly to their own seats by another way. Each individual contributed either money, or a written promise to pay some certain amount, or any thing else that was convenient and proper. Money and subscriptions were placed in the contribution box,—other offerings were laid down before the deacons. It may be that some of the ancient silver cups, now used in our monthly communion, were given in this way.

"After the contribution, the assembly being not yet dismissed, if there were any members to be admitted into the church, or any to be propounded for admission, or if there were cases of offence and discipline to be acted upon by the church, such things were attended to; and then another psalm was sang, if the day was not too far spent, and the pastor closed the services with prayer and a blessing."

"In the year 1662," says Neal, "the spirit of the church ran very high in England against the Presbyterians and Independents; the bishops would come to no terms with them, but by an act of uniformity which took place on St. Bartholomew's day, about two thousand ministers were turned out of their benefices without the least provision

for themselves or families; they were afterwards banished five miles out of every corporation in England, and several at last died in prison for exercising their ministry in private, contrary to law; but some of them, being willing to get out of the storm, removed to New England. Among these, the most considerable were,

Rev. James Allen,	who settled at	Boston,
Rev. John Baily,	"	Watertown,
Rev. Mr. Barnet,	"	New London,
Rev. James Brown,	"	Swanzey,
Rev. Thomas Gilbert,	"	Topsfield,
Rev. Thomas Baily,	"	Watertown,
Rev. James Keith,	"	Bridgewater,
Rev. Samuel Lee,	"	Bristol,
Rev. Charles Morton,	"	Charlestown,
Rev. Charles Nicolet,	"	Salem,
Rev. John Oxenbridge,	"	Boston,
Rev. Thomas Thornton,	"	Yarmouth,
Rev. Thomas Walley,	"	Barnstable,
Rev. William Woodroffe,	"	Lancaster,

who all spent the remainder of their lives in the country, except one or two, who returned to England.

"We might add to these the learned Dr. John Owen, who had been dean of Christ Church, and vice-chancellor of the university of Oxford, under the protectorship of Cromwell. He was universally respected as a gentleman, a scholar, and a divine, and was better versed in oriental and Jewish learning than most of his age; after the Bartholomew-act took place, whereby he was silenced with the rest of his brethren, he was invited to the chair of professor of divinity in one of the universities of Holland, but refused it. He was afterwards invited to the presidency of Harvard College, in New England, and was shipping his effects for that country, when he was forbidden to leave the kingdom, by express orders from King Charles himself."

An accident occurred at New Haven, in the year 1665, which speaks loudly in praise of that colony. It is thus related by Bacon.

"In the year 1665, on the day of the anniversary thanksgiving, a contribution was 'given in' for 'the saints that were in want in England.' This was at the time when, in that country, so many ministers, ejected from their places of settlement, were, by a succession of enactments, studiously cut off from all means of obtaining bread for themselves, and their wives and children. The contribution was made, as almost all payments of debts or of taxes were made at that period, in grain and other commodities; there being no money in circulation, and no banks by which credit could be converted into currency. It was paid over to the deacons in the February following. We, to whom it is so easy, in the present state of commerce, to remit the value of any contribution to almost any part of the world, cannot easily imagine the circuitous process by which that contribution reached the 'poor saints' whom it was intended to relieve. By the deacons the articles contributed were probably first exchanged, to some extent, for other commodities more suitable for exportation. Then the amount was sent to Barbadoes, with which island the merchants of this place had intercourse, and was exchanged for sugars, which were thence sent to England, to the care of four individuals, two of whom were Mr. Hooke and Mr. Newman, the former teacher and ruling elder of the church in New Haven. In 1671, Mr. Hooke, in a letter to the church, said, 'Mr. Caryl, Mr. Barker, Mr. Newman, and myself, have received sugars from Barbadoes to the value of about £90, and have disposed of it to several poor ministers and ministers' widows. And this fruit of your bounty is very thankfully received and acknowledged by us. And the good 'Lord make all grace to abound towards you, &c.—2 Cor. ix. 8—12.'"

Copy of a letter to William Goffe, one of the Regicides, from his Wife, in 1662.

"My dearest Heart,

I have been exceedingly refreshed with your choice and precious letter of May 29th, 1662. Those scriptures you mention, through mercy, with many others, are a great support and comfort to me in this day of my great affliction. Through grace I do experience the Lord's

presence, in supporting and providing for me and mine, in this evil day. The preservation of yourself and my dear father, next to the light of God's countenance, is the choicest mercy that I enjoy. For to hear of your welfare, gives, as it were, new life to me. Oh! what am I, poor worm, that the great God of heaven and earth should continue such mercies to me and mine, as I at this day enjoy! Many others have lost their dear yoke-fellows, and are out of all hopes to see them in this life; but that is not my condition, as yet, blessed be his holy name, for he hath made me hope in his word, Zech. x. 9th; *And I will sow them among the people, and they shall remember me in far countries, and they shall live with their children, and turn again.* Persecution begins to be high here; the bishops' courts are up as high as ever. But we have the promises of a faithful God to live upon, and he hath said, *To you it is given not only to believe, but to suffer.* He hath also promised to lay no more upon his poor people than he will give strength to bear. O my heart! I do, with my whole soul bless the Lord for his unspeakable goodness to you and your dear friend, in that he hath been pleased to appear so eminently for your preservation. He brings to the grave, and raises up again. O, that the daily experience we have of his goodness may make us trust him for the future. We have seen that word in the 5th of Job, in some measure made good unto you. Read the 12th verse, from the 11th to the end of the chapter; there is much comfort to those in our condition; as also in Psalm 91st. O my dear, let us henceforth make the Lord our refuge and our trust, and then he shall cover thee with his feathers, and be a sanctuary to thee, wheresoever he shall cast thee. I mention these scriptures because I have found comfort in them, and I hope thou wilt do so too. I shall now give you an account of your family as far as I dare. Through mercy I and your little ones are in rea sonable health, only Betty and Nan are weakly, and I fear will be lame a little. The others are very lusty. I am yet with my aunt, but how soon she may be forced to give up housekeeping, I know not, (for she is warned by the bishops' court,) and we shall be dispersed; but I hope the Lord will provide for us as he hath done hitherto. O, my

dear, let our trust be in the Lord alone. I do heartily wish myself with thee, but that I fear it may be a means to discover thee, as it was to ——, and therefore I shall forbear attempting any such thing for the present, hoping that the Lord will, in his own time, return thee to us again; for he hath the hearts of all in his hands, and can change them in a moment. I rejoice to hear that you are so willing to be at the Lord's disposal; indeed, we are not our own, for we are bought with a price, with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus; and therefore let us comfort ourselves with this, though we should never meet in this world again, yet I hope, through grace, we shall meet in heaven, and so ever be with the Lord, and it will not be in the power of men to part us. My dear, I know you are confident of my affection, yet, give me leave to tell thee, thou art as dear to me as a husband can be to a wife, and if I knew anything I could do to make thee happy, I should do it, if the Lord would permit, though to the loss of my life. As for news, I shall forbear writing any, for I know not much, and you may hear it from better hands. My dear, my aunt, and many others are very kind to me, so that through mercy I have no want of food and raiment, though in a mean way. The Lord is pleased to suit my mind to my condition, and to give me strength, in some measure, to take pains with my children, which I look upon as a great mercy. I know not whether I may have another opportunity to send to thee this season or not, which makes me the longer now; for I shall not send but by those I pledge to be faithful, and I being in the country, I may not hear of every opportunity; and though it is an unspeakable comfort for me to hear of thy welfare, yet I earnestly beg of thee not to send too often for fear of the worst; for they are very vigilant here to find out persons. But this is my comfort, that it is not in the power of men to act their own will. And now, my dear, with a thousand tears, I take my leave of thee, and recommend thee to the great Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, who, I hope, will keep thee, and my dear friend with thee, from all your enemies, both spiritual and temporal, and in his own time return you with safety to your family. Which is the daily prayer of your affectionate and obedient wife till death,"

"Many friends here desire to be remembered to you. It will not be convenient to name them. I am sure you have a stock of prayers going up for you here, which you and I reap the benefit of. My humble duty presented to you know who.

"Frederick, and the rest of thy dear babes that can speak, present their humble duty to thee, talk much of thee, and long to see thee.

"My humble duty to my dear father, and tell him I pray for him with my whole heart; but I am so bad a scribe I dare not write to him. Pray be private and careful who you trust."

"Goffe," says Bacon, "was the son-in-law of Whalley, and having distinguished himself in the army, in which he rose to the rank of major-general, he became a member of Cromwell's house of lords, and was one of the principal supporters of the Cromwell dynasty. So eminent was he, that it was thought by some that he might, in time, become the head of the empire."

"Whalley was closely connected with Cromwell by kindred as well as by the tie of a common political interest. He was the colonel of that regiment of cavalry in the parliament's army in which Richard Baxter was chaplain, and between him and the author of the Saint's Rest there was an intimate friendship, not only while Baxter continued in the army, but afterwards, when Whalley had become, under the protectorate of his cousin Cromwell, one of the chief officers of the empire. To him, in token of their continued friendship, Baxter dedicated one of his works, in an epistle which is among the most beautiful examples of that kind of composition. Alluding to the honors which then clustered upon the head of the veteran warrior, he said, 'Think not that your greatest trials are now over. Prosperity hath its peculiar temptations, by which it hath foiled many that stood unshaken in the storms of adversity. The tempter who hath had you on the waves, will now assault you in the calm, and hath his last game to play on the mountain, till nature cause you to descend. Stand this charge, and you win the day.'"

"How beautiful the prediction, but how short-sighted!"

"Sir Edmund Andross, being appointed the first governor-general over New England, arrived in Boston in December, 1686. From this place he wrote to the colony of Connecticut to resign their charter, but without success. 'The Assembly met, as usual, in October, and the government continued according to charter until the last of the month. About this time, Sir Edmund, with his suite, and more than sixty regular troops, came to Hartford when the Assembly were sitting, and demanded the charter, and declared the government under it to be dissolved. The Assembly were extremely reluctant and slow with respect to any resolve to surrender the charter, or with respect to any motion to bring it forth. The tradition is, that Gov. Treat strongly represented the great expense and hardships of the colonists in planting the country, the blood and treasure which they had expended in defending it, both against the savages and foreigners, to what hardships he himself had been exposed for that purpose, and that it was like giving up his life, now to surrender the patent and privileges so dearly bought, and so long enjoyed. The important affair was debated and kept in suspense until the evening, when the charter was brought and laid upon the table where the Assembly were sitting. By this time, great numbers of people were assembled, and men sufficiently bold to enterprise whatever might be necessary or expedient. The lights were instantly extinguished, and one Capt. Wadsworth, of Hartford, in the most silent and secret manner, carried off the charter, and secreted it in a large hollow tree, fronting the house of Hon. Samuel Wyllys, then one of the magistrates of the colony. The people all appeared peaceable and orderly. The candles were officiously relighted, but the patent was gone, and no discovery could be made of it, or of the person who carried it away.'"

"The venerable tree, which concealed the charter of the rights of Connecticut, stands at the foot of Wyllys' hill. The first inhabitant of that name found it standing in the height of its glory. Age seems to have curtailed its branches; yet it is not exceeded in the height of its coloring or richness of its foliage. The trunk measures twenty-one feet in circumference, and nearly seven in

diameter. The cavity, which was the asylum of the charter, was near the roots, and large enough to admit a child. Within the space of eight years the cavity has closed, as if it had fulfilled the divine purpose for which it had been reared."

"The Rev. Mr. Bulkley, first minister of Colchester, Con., was famous in his day as a casuist and sage counsellor. A church in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions, which they were unable to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Bulkley for his services, with a request that he would send it to them in writing. The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice with much deliberation committed to writing. It so happened that Mr. Bulkley had a farm in the extreme part of the town, upon which he intrusted a tenant; in superscribing two letters, the one for the church was directed to the tenant, and the one intended for the tenant to the church. The church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The moderator read as follows: *You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull.* This mystical advice puzzled the church at first; but an interpreter among the more discerning ones was soon found, who said, Brethren, this is the very advice we most need; the direction to repair the fences, is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep out strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a particular manner set a watchful guard over the *Devil*, the old black bull, who has done so much hurt of late. All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Bulkley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all the animosities subsided, and harmony was restored to the long-afflicted church. What the subject of the letter sent to the tenant was, and what good effect it had upon him, the story does not tell."

Believing that a few anecdotes respecting the wild beasts which annoyed the early settlers of New England

would be interesting to the reader, we give the following:—

Dr. Long, in his Historical Sketches of Warner, N. H., says, "It may not be uninteresting to relate a rencounter Thomas Annis, Esq., had with a bear. One day, late in March, the snow being deep, he mounted his snow-shoes, and in company with Abner Watkins, and their dogs, set off towards the Mink Hills for a hunt, armed with an axe and gun. In the neighborhood of the hills, the dogs were perceived to be very much excited with something in a ledge of rocks. Annis left his companion, Watkins, and ascended a crag twenty or thirty feet to where the dogs were, having no other weapon with him but his staff, which was pointed with iron. After exploring a little, he concluded there was no game there of more consequence than a hedgehog, or some other small animal, and being fatigued, laid down on the snow on his back to rest, reclining his head upon the place he had been examining; he had but just laid down when he heard a snuffing under his ear; he started up, and turning round, found an old bear pressing her head up through the old leaves and snow which filled the mouth of her den; he thrust his spear-pointed staff at the bear's brisket, and thus held the bear, which was pressing towards him, at his staff's length distance, and called to his companion, Watkins, to come up with the axe and kill the bear, which, after some little time, was effected. After the action was over, Annis complained of Watkins' dilatoriness, but Watkins excused himself by saying that he could not get his gun off; that he had snapped, snapped, snapped, several times. 'Where did you take sight?' said Annis, knowing that he was directly between him and the bear. 'I took sight between your legs,' said Watkins.

"An affecting instance of a child falling a prey to a bear," says Belknap, "happened at Moultonborough, N. H., in the month of August, 1784. A boy of eight years old, son of Mr. Leach, was sent to a pasture, towards the close of the day, to put out a horse, and bring home the cows. His father, being in a neighboring field, heard a cry of distress, and running to the fence, saw his child lying on the ground, and a bear standing by him.

He seized a stake and crept along, with a view to get between the bear and the child. The bear took the child by the throat, and drew him into the bushes. The father pursued till he came up, and aiming a stroke at the bear, the stake broke in his hand, and the bear, leaving his prey, turned upon the parent, who, in the anguish of his soul, was obliged to retreat, and call for help. Before any sufficient help could be obtained, the night was so far advanced that a search was impracticable. The night was passed by the family in the utmost distress. The neighbors assembled, and at break of day renewed the pursuit. The child's hat and the bridle, which he had dropped, were found, and they tracked his blood about forty rods, when they discovered the mangled corpse. The throat was torn, and one thigh devoured. Whilst they were standing around the body, the bear rose from behind a log. Three guns were fired at him at the same instant, which despatched him, and a fire was immediately kindled, in which he was consumed. This was a male bear about three years old."

"In the year 1731, a man being at work in a meadow, at a new plantation on Suncook River, his son, being about eight years old, was sent to call him home to dinner. On their return, there being two paths through the woods, the son going first, took one, and the father the other. At dinner, the child was missing, and after waiting some time, the father went to seek him in the path which it was supposed he had taken. To his inexpressible surprise, a bear started up from among the bushes, with the bleeding corpse in his teeth."

"Andrew Beckwith," says Rev. Mr. Arnold, "came from Lyme, Con. to this town, (Alstead, N. H.) in 1767. A remarkable providence interposed for the preservation of his son Richard. When an infant, his mother went to the woods to gather a few berries. She placed her little child on the ground; and while she wandered some distance, and was about returning, she saw a huge bear come up to the tender babe. And, O! it is hardly possible to conceive the throbbing of a fond mother's heart, while she beheld the voracious animal smelling and passing around her darling child. What could be done? But

while she stood in awful suspense, petrified with fear and doubt, to her exceeding joy the bear retired, and left the boy unhurt and unconscious of his danger. He is now (1826) living in town, and is a deacon in the first Congregational church."

"The following account of the industry of a bear (copied from the Connecticut Journal of July 5, 1766) was taken from a man who was an active and eye witness to part of the scene, which happened at Bethany.

"He says that on the morning of the 8th of April (1766) last, his brother missed a three-weeks-old calf, which was housed the night before in a small building. It appeared that the bear tried to get under the sill of the door by removing two or three bushels of dirt, but some stones hindered his passage that way; upon this disappointment he changed his measures, and worked against the door with so much strength that he drew six tenpenny nails out of the wooden hinges and catch of the latch. It is supposed he did this, by putting his paws under the door, and prying and pushing, by which means he got in, and carried off the best of two calves, a great part of which was found in a swamp about half a mile from the house. It was observed that the track of the bear was plain, but no appearance of his dragging the calf along the ground, so that he must have carried it on his back. While people were looking for the calf, a favorite old dog, called Beaver, suddenly left his master, and returned wounded—supposed in an engagement with the bear. On a morning about a fortnight afterwards, the bear was discovered eating a lamb about a mile and a half from the other place. After he was scared from thence by dogs, it is said he was three times driven from a flock of sheep about four miles from the last place. He then destroyed a hive of bees at another place. About four days after this performance, he returned to the dwelling-house near which he seized the calf, and at night unnailed the wooden bars which defended the window of a milk room, got in, and feasted on a tray of milk, turned another over and spilt it, then took up a punch bowl, containing about three quarts of cream, carefully carried it through the window, nearly fifteen feet from the house, without spilling; and after he had drank

or lapped it, genteelly turned the bowl bottom upwards, as if he had drank a dish of tea for breakfast, and left it whole. The noise occasioned by the bear's returning out of the window, (which, to be sure, must have been greater than that occasioned by getting in,) awoke the man and his wife, who got up to discover the cause. They soon found where the robber got in; and both together putting their heads out a window under which the bear happened to be, he rose up like a lion rampant, and struck at them with his paws. The woman screamed, the man shuddered, got his gun, and loaded it. The bear was then mounted on the rails of a fence. The man shot, the bear roared, and made off. The man then sent an express for his brother, (the author of this story,) who soon appeared with a good gun and his young dog Drover. After hunting awhile, they discovered the bear lying in a swamp Drover, who had never seen a bear before, made towards him with a kind of half-courage, as if unwilling to be thought a coward, yet prudently determining to do nothing rashly. It was now remarked that brave old Beaver, instead of running at the bear, attacked Drover, and prevented him from showing how much he dared to do This uncommon and seemingly strange behavior of Beaver was reasonably imputed to a natural jealousy, lest Drover should have the honor of disabling Bruin, which Beaver seemed sensible he had done before, and therefore claimed and strove to maintain the respect due to his merit. Drover's master then fired, the bear groaned hideously, and both dogs fell on him, who at last forced him to take shelter in a tree. There he was suffered to remain until daylight, when another shot brought him to the ground. His carcass weighed one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and it appeared that six bullets had been shot through at three charges. Let it here be supposed that he was wounded once for killing the calf, once for eating the lamb, and once for destroying the bee-hive. For lapping the milk, oversetting the rest, stealing the cream, and damaging a garden, he was worried by the dogs—several punishments for different crimes, all of which the same bear was judged guilty of, and thus suffered for. His body was quartered,

and partly eaten at Bethany, and the remainder brought to New Haven as a rarity."

"In the year 1739, Gen. Putnam removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford; having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

"The first years on a new farm are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building a house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by a drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havock was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years, infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters; but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot: upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

"The wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two by rotation were to be constantly in pursuit It was known that having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut River, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned; and by ten o'clock the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful attempts were made to force her from the

den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night,) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern, and shoot the wolf; the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise; but he knowing that wild animals are intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened around his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered, head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

"The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it proceeds obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten feet more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone; and the entrance in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

"Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent; which he slowly mounted on

his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Started at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sudden growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growl of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding his torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf assumed a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At this critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned by the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope, (still tied round his legs,) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together."—*Humphreys' Life of Putnam.*

"John Burroughs," says Rev. Mr. Arnold, "came to this place (Alstead) from Tolland, Con., in May, 1767. The old gentleman still lives, (1826,) and is the earliest settler that continues to the present time. He is able to relate many interesting events that transpired during some of the first years after he came to the place. He informs the writer that one of the great evils in those days was the multitude of wild beasts, especially bears and wolves, which were so numerous as to devour their swine and sheep, and sometimes to assail their larger cattle. At one time, as he was called to Walpole for medical assistance for his family, he saw, but a few rods distant, a large panther, which he drove from him by a stern look and a

sudden yell. At another time he returned from Walpole in a terrible thunder storm and a powerful rain, which his physician would not encounter in the night. In an unexpected manner he found himself inclosed in the bushy top of a large tree that had fallen in his way. By reason of the extreme darkness, neither he nor his horse could keep the path, which was, however, none of the best. After many attempts to extricate himself and his horse, and groping along in the dark, he was compelled to lodge there for the night. 'And,' said he, with the smile of second childhood, 'I laid my hand over my ear to keep out the rain, and slept sweetly till morning.'"

"Gen. Winslow," says Thacher, "was remarkable for his skill in horsemanship. He imported a valuable horse from England, and it was among his greatest delights to be mounted on his favorite animal. On a certain occasion, a number of gentlemen of this town (Plymouth) formed a party with Gen. Winslow, for a pleasure excursion to Saquish, in Plymouth harbor, and to return to dine in town. While there, Winslow fell asleep; the other gentlemen silently withdrew, and pursued their journey. When he awoke and found himself deserted, he mounted, and daringly plunging his steed into the channel, swam him across, and landed on Plymouth beach, a distance estimated at something more than half a mile, from whence he rode into town, making the whole distance but six miles, while his companions were riding fourteen miles. On their arrival, they were astounded to find the general seated at the tavern, prepared to greet them."

"The identical granite rock upon which the sea-wearied pilgrims from the Mayflower first impressed their footsteps, has never been a subject of doubtful designation. The fact of its identity has been transmitted from father to son, particularly in the instance of Elder Faunce and his father, as would be the richest inheritance, by unquestionable tradition. About the year 1741, it was represented to Elder Faunce that a wharf was to be erected over the rock, which impressed his mind with deep concern, and excited a strong desire to take a last farewell of the cherished object. He was then ninety-five years old,

and resided three miles from the place. A chair was procured, and the venerable man conveyed to the shore, where a number of the inhabitants were assembled to witness the patriarch's benediction. Having pointed out the rock directly under the bank of Cole's Hill, which his father had assured him was that which had received the footsteps of our fathers on their first arrival, and which should be perpetuated to posterity, he bedewed it with his tears, and bid to it an everlasting adieu. These facts were testified to by the late venerable Deacon Spooner, who was then a boy, and was present on the interesting occasion. Tradition says that Elder Faunce was in the habit, on every anniversary, of placing his children and grandchildren on the rock, and conversing with them respecting their forefathers. Standing on this rock, therefore, we may fancy a magic power ushering us into the presence of our fathers. Where is the New Englander who would be willing to have that rock buried out of sight and forgotten? The hallowed associations which cluster around that precious memorial, inspire us with sentiments of the love of our country, and a sacred reverence for its primitive institutions. In contemplation, we may hold communion with celestial spirits, and receive monitions from those who are at rest in their graves. What honors shall we pay to the fathers of our country, the founders of that nation, which for ages will remain the rich abode of knowledge, religion, freedom, and virtue! Criminal, indeed, would be our case, were we not to cherish a religious sense of the exalted privileges inherited from our pious ancestors, and resolve to transmit them unimpaired to our children.

"In 1774, the inhabitants of Plymouth, animated by the glorious spirit of liberty which pervaded the province, and mindful of the precious relic of our forefathers, resolved to consecrate the rock on which they landed to the shrine of liberty. Col. Theophilus Cotton, and a large number of the inhabitants, assembled, with about twenty yoke of oxen, for the purpose of its removal. The rock was elevated from its bed by means of large screws; and in attempting to mount it on the carriage, it split asunder, without any violence. As no one had observed a flaw,

the circumstance occasioned some surprise. It is not strange that some of the patriots of the day should be disposed to indulge a little in superstition, when in favor of their good cause. The separation of the rock was construed to be ominous of a division of the British empire. The question was now to be decided whether both parts should be removed, and being decided in the negative, the bottom part was dropped again into its original bed, where it still remains, a few inches above the surface of the earth, at the head of the wharf. The upper portion, weighing many tons, was conveyed to the liberty pole square, front of the meeting-house, where, we believe, waved over it a flag with the far-famed motto, 'Liberty or death.' This part of the rock was, on the 4th of July, 1834, removed to Pilgrim Hall, and placed in front of that edifice, under the charge of the Pilgrim Society. A procession was formed on this occasion, and passed over Cole's Hill, where lie the ashes of those who died the first winter.

"A miniature representation of the Mayflower followed in the procession, placed in a car, decorated with flowers, and drawn by six boys. The procession was preceded by the children of both sexes of the several schools in town. On depositing the rock in front of the hall, a volley of small arms was fired over it by the Standish Guards, after which, an appropriate address was delivered by Dr. Charles Cotton, and the services were closed by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Kendall.

"It afforded the highest satisfaction to announce that the long-desired protection of the Forefathers' Rock is at length completed; and it may be pronounced a noble structure, serving the double purpose of security to the rock, and a monument to the pilgrims. The fabric was erected in June, 1835, and consists of a perfect ellipse, forty-one feet in perimeter, formed of wrought-iron bars, five feet high, resting on a base of hammered granite. The heads of the perpendicular bars are harpoons and boat-hooks, alternately. The whole is embellished with emblematic figures of cast iron. The base of the railing is studded with emblems of marine shells, placed alternately reversed, having a striking effect. The upper part

of the railing is encircled with a wreath of iron castings in imitation of heraldry curtains, fringed with festoons; of these are forty-one, bearing the names in bass-relief of the forty-one puritan fathers who signed the memorable compact while in the cabin of the Mayflower at Cape Cod, in 1620. This valuable and interesting acquisition reflects honor on all who have taken an interest in the undertaking. In the original design, by George W. Brimmer, Esq., ingenuity and correct taste are displayed, and in all its parts the work is executed with much judgment and skill. The castings are executed in the most improved style of the art. This appropriate memorial will last for ages, and the names and story of the great founders of our nation will be made familiar to the latest generation.

"It is," adds Mr. Thacher, "with peculiar satisfaction that we record the very valuable donation by Henry Sargent, Esq., of Boston, to the Pilgrim Society, of his magnificent painting, representing our forefathers on their first landing from the Mayflower. It has long been a desideratum that the walls of our Pilgrim Hall should be adorned with this picture, but for the want of funds it could not be procured, the price being three thousand dollars. That gentleman has now, with a noble generosity, presented the picture to the Society, and funds have been raised by subscription for the purpose of procuring a rich and costly frame, and paying some contingent expenses. We shall now enjoy the satisfaction of contemplating this superb representation of the patriarchs, the founders of our nation on their first arriving on our shores. The Pilgrim Hall is the most appropriate receptacle, and is now suitably prepared to receive it, and the author has, by the grandeur of his conceptions and skill, rendered the painting peculiarly appropriate to the place, and acquired to himself honor and applause. The frame is gilt, and measures thirteen by sixteen feet.

"The following persons are represented in the several groups attired in the costume of their day:

1. Gov. Carver and his wife and children.
2. Gov. Bradford.
3. Gov. Winslow.
4. Wife of Gov. Winslow.

5. Mr. William Brewster, the presiding elder.
6. Capt. Miles Standish.
7. Mr. William White, and his child Peregrine.
8. Mr. Isaac Allerton and his wife.
9. Mr. John Alden.
10. Mr. John Turner.
11. Mr. Stephen Hopkins, his wife and children.
12. Mr. Richard Warren.
13. Mr. Edward Tilley.
14. Mr. Samuel Fuller.
15. Wife of Capt. Standish.
16. Samoset, an Indian sagamore or lord.
17. Mr. John Howland, of Gov. Carver's family.

Among the antiquities in the cabinet of the Pilgrim Society, are the following:

An armed chair, apparently made for some public use, and reputed to have belonged to Gov. Carver.

The identical sword blade used by Miles Standish, the hilt being of more modern date, presented by William T. Williams, Esq.

A pewter dish belonging to Miles Standish, presented by Joseph Head, Esq.

An iron pot belonging to Miles Standish, presented by John Watson, Esq.

The identical cap worn by king Philip. It is helmet-shaped, curiously wrought in the manner of net work, and interwoven with red birds' feathers, presented by Mr. Abiathar Wilber.

A piece of Gov. E. Winslow's chest, presented by Mr. John Churchill.

Sundry axes, hatchets, tomahawks, arrow-heads, &c., of stone, wrought by the natives.

A writer in the Old Colony Memorial gives the following account of the *manners and customs of olden time.*

"It may be amusing and entertaining to have some account of the customs and manner of living of the people, sixty-five, seventy, and seventy-five years ago. As to what took place in seaport towns, and places which had a dense population, I can give no account; but in the town where I was brought up, (which I suppose was not materially differ-

ent from the general state of other country towns,) I will attempt to describe. In the winter season the dinners were generally uniform. The first course was a dish of broth, usually called porridge. This generally had a few beans in it, and some dry summer-savory scattered in. The second course was an Indian pudding with sauce; the third was a dish of boiled pork and beef, with round turnips, and a few potatoes for sauce. Potatoes were then a scarce article, three bushels being considered as a very large crop; and I was a considerable large lad before I ever saw a potato as large as a hen's egg. For suppers and breakfasts, they commonly had a dish of the same. Those who had milk, (which was not many in the winter) had that with toasted brown bread, or roasted apples for breakfast, and hasty-pudding for supper. For an exchange, they sometimes had a basin of sweetened cider, with toasted bread in it, and a piece of cheese. On the sabbath morning, they generally had chocolate, coffee, or bohea tea—the chocolate and coffee sweetened with molasses, the tea with brown sugar. With it they had pancakes, dough-nuts, brown toast, some sort of pie—some, or all of them. Dinners they had none; but immediately after the afternoon service, they had a supper, a roast goose, or a turkey, a roast spare-rib, or a stew pie,—and this was the common course through the winter season. In the spring and the summer, they generally had milk for supper and breakfast. For dinner (then potatoes were generally gone, and round turnips were too pithy to eat) they used French turnips till greens came, and then greens were used for sauce till peas and beans were ready for use. As for flour, it was a thing unknown. At that time, I doubt there ever having been a barrel of flour in the town. Every farmer broke up a piece of new ground, and sowed it with wheat and turnips. This wheat, by the help of the sieve, was a substitute for flour.

"In general, men, old or young, who had got their growth, had a decent coat, vest and small clothes, and some kind of fur hat. Old men had a great-coat and a pair of boots. The boots generally lasted for life. For common use they had a long jacket, or what was called a fly-coat, made something like our surtouts, reaching about

half way to the thigh; striped jacket to wear under a pair of small clothes like the coat. These were made of flannel cloth, fulled but not sheared; flannel shirts and stockings, and thick leather shoes; a silk handkerchief for holidays, which would last ten years. In the summer time, a pair of wide trowsers (now out of use) reaching half way from the knee to the ankle. Shoes and stockings were not worn by the young men, and by but few men in the farming business.

"As for boys, as soon as they were taken out of petticoats, they were put into small clothes, summer or winter. This continued until long trowsers were introduced; which they called *tongs*. They were but little different from our pantaloons. These were made of tow cloth, linen, or cotton, and soon were used by old men and young, through the warm season. At last they were made of flannel cloth, and were the general costume of the winter. Young men never thought of great-coats, and surtouts were then unknown. I recollect a neighbor of my father's, who had four sons between nineteen and thirty years of age. The oldest got a pair of boots, the second a surtout, the third a watch, and the fourth a pair of silver buckles. This made a neighborhood talk, and the family were on the high road to insolvency.

"As for the women, old and young, they wore flannel gowns in the winter. The young women wore, in the summer, wrappers or shepherdress; and about their ordinary business, did not wear stockings and shoes. They were usually contented with one calico gown; but they generally had a calimanco gown, another of camlet, and some had them made of poplin. The sleeves were short, and did not come below the elbow. On holidays, they wore one, two, or three ruffles on each arm—the deepest of which were sometimes nine or ten inches. They wore long gloves, coming up to the elbow, secured by what was called glove-tightens, made of black horse-hair. Round gowns had not then come in fashion; so they wore aprons, made of checked linen, cotton, and for holiday use, of white cotton, long lawn, or cambric. They seldom wore caps when about their ordinary business; but they had two kinds, one of which they wore when they meant to

appear in full dress. One was called strap-cap, which came under the chin, and was there tied; the other was called round-cord cap, and did not come over the ears. They wore thick leather, thin leather, and broadcloth shoes, all with heels an inch and a half high, with picked toes turned up in a point at the toes. They generally had small, very small muffs, and some wore masks.

"At the time I allude to, a young woman did not consider it a hardship or a degradation to walk five or six miles to meeting. There was no chaise, or any sort of waggon or sleigh in the town. I recollect the first chaise that passed through, and it made a greater wonderment than the appearance of a mammoth. People were puzzled for a name; at last they called it a calash. A horse that would fetch forty dollars was considered as of the first quality, and one more than nine years old was considered as of little or no value. A half cord of wood was then considered as a monstrous load for an ordinary team. A farmer generally killed from three to five swine, which would weigh from five to eight score each; but it was an extraordinary hog that would weigh nine score.

"Acute fevers then were much more frequent than at this time. The principal fevers then were called the long or slow fever, which would run thirty-five, forty, or fifty days before it formed a crisis. There was also the slow nervous fever, which ran generally longer than the long fever. But consumptions were much less frequent than now, unless it was with very old people. In the year 1764, a young man fell into a consumption. He was between twenty and thirty years of age, and it passed for a wonder that a young man should fall into a consumption."

"Of early New England simplicity, we have an amusing instance in the mode of electing some of the public officers. By an order of the Massachusetts General Court, corn and beans were to be used in voting for counsellors, the corn to manifest elections, the beans the contrary. On putting in more than one kernel of corn, or one bean for the choice or refusal of a candidate, the law imposed a heavy penalty."

"The first church in Beverly, Mass., was organized in 1667, and the Rev. John Hale, the first pastor, was or-

dained at the formation of the church. The duties of the sexton of the church, about this period, as they appear on the town book, were to 'ring the bell at nine o'clock every night a sufficient space of time as is usual in other places,' and 'keep and turn the hour-glass.' An hour-glass was kept near the pulpit, in view of the minister. He was expected to close his sermon in the course of an hour, and if he went over or fell short of the time it was sufficient cause for complaint."

"The first settlers of Lynn, Mass., were principally farmers, and possessed a large stock of horned cattle, sheep, and goats. For several years, before the land was divided and the fields fenced, the cattle were fed in one drove, and guarded by a man, who, from his employment, was called a hayward. The sheep, goats, and swine were kept on Nahant, where they were tended by a shepherd. A fence of rails, put near together, was made across the reach, near Nahant, to keep out the wolves, as it is said those animals do not climb. In autumn, the swine were let loose in the woods, that they might fatten themselves on nuts and acorns. The people of Lynn, for some years, seem to have lived in the most perfect democracy. They had town-meetings every three months, for the regulation of their public affairs. They cut their wood in common, and drew lots for the grass in the meadows and marshes. These proved very serviceable to the farmers in furnishing them with sustenance for their cattle, which was probably the reason why there were more farmers at Lynn than in any other of the early settlements. Mr. Johnson says, 'The chiefest corn they planted, before they had ploughs, was Indian grain. And let no man make a jest at pumpkins, for with this food the Lord was pleased to feed his people, to their good content, till corn and cattle were increased.' Their corn at the first was pounded with a wooden or stone pestle, in a mortar made of a large log, hollowed out at one end. They also cultivated large fields of barley and wheat. Much of the former was made into malt for beer, which they drank instead of ardent spirit. They raised considerable quantities of flax, which was rotted in one of the ponds, thence called the Flax Pond. Their first houses were rude structures, with steep roofs,

covered with thatch, or small bundles of sedge or straw, laid one over another. The fire-places were made of rough stones, and the chimneys of boards, or short sticks, crossing each other, and plastered inside with clay. Beside the haste and necessity which prevented the construction of more elegant habitations, the people who had wealth were advised to abstain from all superfluous expense, and to reserve their money for public use. Even the deputy governor, Mr. Dudley, was censured for wainscoting his house. In a few years, houses of a better order began to appear. They were built with two stories in front, and sloped down to one in the rear. The windows were small, and opened outward on hinges. They consisted of very small diamond panes set in sashes of lead. The fire-places were large enough to admit a four-foot log, and the children might sit in the corners and look up at the stars. On whichever side of the road the houses were placed, they uniformly faced the south, that the sun at noon might 'shine square.' Thus each house formed a domestic sun-dial, by which the good matron, in the absence of the clock, could tell, in fair weather, when to call her husband and sons from the field—for the industrious people of Lynn, then as well as now, always dined exactly at twelve. It was the custom of the first settlers to wear long beards, and it is said that 'some had their overgrown beards so frozen together, that they could not get the vessel, which contained their drink, to their mouths.' In very hot weather, 'servants were privileged to rest from their labors, from ten of the clock till two.' The common address of men and women was Goodman and Goodwife; none but those who sustained some office of dignity, or belonged to some respectable family, were complimented with the title of Master. In writing they seem to have had no capital F, and thus in the early records we find two small ones used instead, and one *m* with a dash over it stood for two."

"'The first settlers of Amherst, N. H., coming from the old towns in Massachusetts, brought with them the customs which prevailed at the time of their emigration. They were plain and simple in their dress. In living, they had few or none of the luxuries of life. Their fare was

plain and substantial. They used considerable liquid food, such as milk, broths, pea and bean porridge. Chocolate was sometimes used, and was probably esteemed as one of their greatest luxuries. Coffee was unknown to them; and though tea had been introduced into the country about sixteen years when the town was settled, the first inhabitants had not tasted of it. The first used in the place was sent by some Boston friends to the family of the minister, who were unacquainted with the method of preparing it, but concluded it must be boiled in a kettle, or pot, in a manner similar to their boiling their liquid food. They therefore put in a quantity of the exotic herb, and having boiled it till they supposed 'it was done,' they dipped it out and sipped of it, but doubtless found it less palatable than their favorite beverage. Wine was a great rarity, and ardent spirits were rather regarded for medicinal purposes than as fit for an article of drink. Sugar, which was known in this country as early as 1631, was used by them, as was also molasses, but only in small quantities.

"The most common conveyance was by horses fitted out with saddles and pillions. Two could ride in this way the same animal, and oftentimes an infant was superadded A few years before the revolutionary war, it began to be the practice to trot horses. Previously, these animals had paced. The first or second chaise brought into town, was owned by Mr. Benjamin Kendrick, and he rode in it until he was eighty-six years old. As late as 1810, he journeyed with it to Boston and its neighborhood. It presented such an antique appearance, that it was often called the 'old ark.'"

ANCIENT HOUSES AND TREES.

Mirick, speaking of the ancient garrisons and refuge-houses in Haverhill, says, "Six garrisons were appointed, and ordered to be kept in a state of defence, and four houses were appointed for refuge, then called 'houses for refuge.' One of the garrisons was commanded by Sergeant John Haseltine. A part of the house is now standing.

"Most of the garrisons, and two of the refuge-houses, were built of brick, and were two stories high; those that

were not built of this material, had a single laying of it between the outer and inner walls. They had but one outside door, which was often so small that but one person could enter at a time; their windows were about two feet and a half in length, eighteen inches in breadth, and were secured on the inside with iron bars. Their glass was very small, cut in the shape of a diamond, was extremely thick, and fastened in with lead instead of putty. There were generally but two rooms in the basement-story, and tradition says that they entered the chambers with the help of a ladder, instead of stairs, so that the inmates could retreat into them, and take it up, if the basement-story should be taken by the enemy. Their fire-places were of such enormous sizes, that they could burn their wood sled-length, very conveniently; and the ovens opened on the outside of the building, generally at one end, behind the fire-place; and were of such dimensions that we should suppose a sufficient quantity of bread might have been baked in them, without much difficulty, to supply a regiment of hungry mouths."

A house occupied by Capt. Barker, in Scituate, Mass., "is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, now standing in New England. The tradition is, that it was built by John Williams, as early as 1634. 'The massive beams, the wooden walls interlined with brick, and the port-holes, witness that it was a garrison-house.' "

The ancient *Leonard House* in Raynham, Mass., "is still occupied by one of the family, of the sixth generation from the builder, and, so far as we are informed, is one of the oldest mansions now standing in this country. The vane at one of the gable-ends is inscribed with the date 1700; but there is little doubt of the house having been erected at least thirty years previous. The workmanship, especially within, is remarkably massive and sound. It is apparently modelled after an English fashion of the eighteenth century, with some modifications proper for defence against the Indians. It was garrisoned during the war. 'In the cellar under this house was deposited, for a considerable time, the head of king Philip.

'There is yet in being an ancient case of drawers, which used to stand in this house, upon which the deep

scars and mangled impressions of Indian hatchets are now seen; but the deeper impressions made on those affrighted women, who fled from the house when the Indians broke in, cannot be known. Under the door-steps of the same building now lie buried the bones of two unfortunate young women, who in their flight here were shot down by the Indians, and their blood was seen to run quite across the road.' "

There is an "old stone house in Guilford, Con., which is believed to be one of the oldest houses now standing in the United States. This building was erected by the company who first settled the town, about the year 1640. The leader or head of the company was Henry Whitfield, a minister of the Church of England, and one of those who were called Non-Conformists. This house was built for him. The stone of which the building is constructed was brought on hand-barrows, from a ledge some considerable distance from the place where the house stands. The cement used in building the walls is said now to be harder than the stone itself. The walls were plastered fifteen or twenty years since. This house was used by the first settlers as a kind of fort, for some time, to defend themselves against the hostile savages. The first marriage which took place in this town was solemnized in this building. The supper which was provided for the occasion consisted of pork and peas."

"The residence of the two daughters of Dr. Byles is one of the oldest houses in Boston, and is much visited. It is a very ancient frame building at the corner of Nassau and Tremont streets, and the outside is nearly black. It stands in a green inclosure; shaded with large trees. In this place was an encampment of the British during the summer of the revolutionary war. In the sitting room is a good portrait of Dr. Byles, by Copley, and a curiously carved arm-chair, surmounted with a crown, sent from England to his father-in-law, Gov. Taylor. Also, an antique writing-table, which, when closed, has a singularly narrow top; and a pair of bellows two hundred years old, with a very large nozle or spout, and some remarkable carving on the sides."

In 1685, the people of New Haven "agreed that a

home lot and house, and other lands, should be provided for Mr. Pierpont, on condition of his settling in office in the church. The means of building the house were to be obtained by voluntary contributions. The magistrates and townsmen were made a committee to obtain the necessary funds, to plan the house according to the funds raised, and to oversee the building. The necessary amount was pledged in money, materials and labor, without difficulty or delay. On the 30th of January, the plan of the house was ready, and was ordered to be submitted to Mr. Pierpont for his approbation. The lot was purchased, and the building was immediately commenced. When it was finished, it was one of the most commodious and stately dwellings in the town. For more than a century it stood a monument of the public spirit of the generation by whose voluntary contributions it was erected. As the people were bringing in their free-will offerings of one kind and another, to complete and furnish the building, one man, desiring to do something for the object, and having nothing else to offer, brought on his shoulder from the farms two little elm saplings, and planted them before the door of the minister's house. Under their shade, some forty years afterwards, Jonathan Edwards, then soon to take rank, in the intellectual world, with Locke and Leibnitz, spoke words of mingled love and piety in the ear of Sarah Pierpont. Under their shade, when sixty summers had passed over them, Whitefield stood on a platform, and lifted up that voice, the tones of which lingered so long in thousands of hearts. One of them is still standing, the tallest and most venerable of all the trees in this city of elms, and ever the first to be tinged with green at the return of spring."

"Boston Common was set apart by the first settlers for a training field, and a public pasture ground. The large and beautiful elm is supposed to be aboriginal, and to have been found there when the settlers arrived. There was another fine elm of equal size, which was cut down by the British soldiers, who had an encampment here in 1776. On the morning of their departure, they proceeded to cut down the trees, many of which were prostrated before Gen. Howe sent orders to stop the work of destruction."

A writer in the American Magazine gives the following description of an ancient elm now standing in Cambridge, Mass.

"The Washington elm stands in the westerly corner of the large common near Harvard University, and is probably one of the trees that belonged to the native forest. Amid the changes which have taken place in the world, and particularly in America and New England, it has stood like a watchman; and if it could speak, it would be an interesting chronicler of events. The early settlers of this country had hardly finished their rude log houses before they proposed to make the village in which it stands the metropolis of the country; and but few years elapsed before they laid the foundation of Harvard University, so near that it may almost be shaded by its branches. Not far from it was the spot where the public town-meetings were held; and also the tree under which the Indian council fires were lighted, more than two hundred years ago. When the drum was used in Cambridge, instead of the bell, to summon the congregation to the place of worship, or to give warning of a savage enemy, the sound floated through its trailing limbs; and when the officers of the college discharged the duty of inflicting corporal punishment on young men with their own hands, who knows but their lugubrious lamentations may have mingled with the breezes that disturbed its foliage? Of how many college sports and tricks might it tell, such deeds, too, as no one who had not been educated in the halls of old Harvard would ever have dreamed of? Among the graver subjects of which it might make report, are the lessons of truth and piety which fell from the lips of Whitefield, when he stood in its shade and moved a vast multitude by his eloquence. And subsequently, it seems, it has been heralding war and liberty; for the revolutionary soldiers who stood shoulder to shoulder,—blessings be on their heads,—tell us that when Washington arrived at Cambridge, he drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the American army, for the first time, beneath its boughs, and resolved within himself that it should never be sheathed till the liberties of his country were established. Glorious old tree, that has stood in sight of the smoke of Lexing-

ton and Bunker's Hill battles, and weathered the storms of many generations,—worthy of veneration! Though, in the spirit of modern improvement, guide-boards may be nailed to thy trunk, thou pointest to the past and the future. All around are scattered memorials of what has been. Generations of men have died and been buried, and soldiers of the revolution sleep near thee. Thou lookest down upon monuments in the church yard, robbed of their leaden armorial bearings that they might be converted into musket balls in the day of our national poverty and struggle; and the old spikes still fastened into the beams of Massachusetts Hall, tell of suspended hammocks where the weary soldier took his rest. Across the river, where one Blackstone lived, and where Gov. Winthrop took up his residence, because he found a good spring of water there, the forest has been cut away, the Indian wigwam has disappeared, and a city has grown up, containing more than eighty thousand inhabitants, whose sails whiten every sea, whose merchants are princes, and whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth. May no unkind hand mar the last tree of the native forest! Though it may have stood century after century, like a sentinel on duty, defying the lightning and the storm, still let it stand, an interesting and sacred memorial of the past and the present, and continue to be associated, for many years to come, with the history of our country; and let the illustrious name which it bears, and which it derives from one of the most important events in the life of the father of his country, preserve it to remind the coming generations of his invaluable services and labors."

"The ancient burying ground in Middletown, Conn., was laid out in 1650. It is situated in the north part of the city, on the banks of Connecticut River. A majestic elm is still standing in the yard, on the spot where it stood at the first settlement of Middletown. It measured in 1832, at two feet from the ground, twenty-six feet in circumference; at the height of ten feet, it measures seventeen feet. It spreads from north to south, one hundred and ten feet; from east to west, ninety-five feet."

"There is a large oak tree now standing in Dedham, Mass., which is sixteen feet in circumference, near the

bottom of the trunk, and is doubtless much older than the town. By it we are forcibly reminded how strong and stately stood his old companions of the forest. This tree is carefully and deservedly cherished by its owner. It is stated that seventy dollars was offered for it for timber, to have been used in the construction of the United States ship Constitution, but the proposals were rejected. It is of noble growth, and long may it stand the monarch tree of Dedham!"

"There is an ancient pear tree in Eastham, Mass., on the land now owned by Mr. Nathan Kenney. It was brought from England by Thomas Prince, for many years governor of Plymouth colony. Gov. Prince removed from Duxbury to Eastham in 1640 or 1645, and leaving Eastham, returned to Plymouth in 1665, so that this tree planted by him, is now probably about two hundred years old. It is still in a vigorous state. The fruit is small, but excellent; and it is stated that it yields annually, upon an average, fifteen bushels."

"There is an apple tree now standing on the farm of Mr. Solomon Marsh, in Litchfield, Conn., supposed to be about one hundred and sixteen years old, and is now in a vigorous state. Its trunk, two feet from the ground, measures eleven feet five inches in circumference. The circumference of its branches is nearly eleven rods in extent. It bore in 1835, one hundred bushels of apples of a fine quality."

"An English clergyman named Blackstone, planted the first apple trees in Massachusetts, and afterwards the first in Rhode Island, to which province he removed, and died there in 1675. He lived near the Pawtucket, and frequently preached at Providence, bringing with him apples to present to the children of the congregation; many of whom had never seen that fruit."

Belknap, speaking of the first settlers of Londonderry, N. H., says: "These people brought with them the necessary materials for the manufacture of linen; and their spinning wheels, turned by the foot, were a novelty in the country. They also introduced the culture of potatoes, which were first planted in the garden of Nathaniel Walker, of Andover."

"The first planters in Londonderry lived on an average to eighty years, some to ninety, and others to one hundred. Among the last was William Scoby, who died at the age of one hundred and four. The two last heads of the sixteen families who began the planting of the town, died there in 1782, aged ninety-three years each. They were women."

AURORA BOREALIS.

The first appearance of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, in New England, is thus related by Hoyt. "A phenomenon singular at the time, and still unsatisfactorily explained, alarmed the people of New England in 1719. This was the Aurora Borealis, first noticed in this country on the night of the 17th of December.* It is thus described by a writer of the time. 'At eleven o'clock in the evening, there arose a bright light in the north-east, like that which arises from a house when on fire; which soon spread itself through the heavens from east to west, and was unusually broad. It streamed with white flames, or streams of light, down to the horizon, very bright and strong. When I first saw it, which was when it extended itself over the horizon from east to west, it was brightest in the middle, which was from me north-west; and I could resemble it to nothing but the light of some fire. I could plainly see streams of light redder than ordinary, and there seemed to be an undulating motion of the whole light; so thin that I could plainly see the stars through it. Below this stream or glade of light, there lay in the horizon some thick clouds, bright on the tops or edges. It lasted somewhat more than an hour, though the light of its red color continued but a few minutes. About eleven at night, the same appearance was visible again; but the clouds hindered its being accurately observed as I could wish. Its appearance was now somewhat dreadful—sometimes it looked of a flame, sometimes of a blood-red color, and the whole north-eastern horizon was very bright, and

* "It began about eight o'clock in the evening, and filled the country with terrible alarm. It was viewed as a sign of the last judgment."—*Holmes' Annals.*

looked as though the moon had been near her rising. About an hour or two before break of day, the next morning, it was seen again, and those who saw it say it was then most terrible.'

"That so novel and singular appearance should have produced great consternation, is not extraordinary. At this day, by many, it is not beheld without foreboding apprehensions. When first seen in England, the consternation was equally great. One who saw it gives the following description. 'The brightness, bloodiness, and firiness of the colors, together with the swiftness of the motions, increased insomuch as we could hardly trace them with our eyes, till at length almost all the whole heavens appeared as if they were set on flame; which wrought, and glimmered, with flashes in a most dreadful and indescribable manner. It seemed to threaten us with an immediate descent and deluge of fire, filled the streets with loud and doleful outcries and lamentations, and frighted a great many people into their houses. And we began to think whether the Son of God was next to make his glorious and terrible appearance, or the conflagration of the world was now begun; for the elements seemed just as if they were melting with fervent heat, and the ethereal vault to be burning over us, like the fierce agitations of the blaze of a furnace, or at the top of a fiery oven. And the glimmering light looked as if it proceeded from a more glorious body behind, that was approaching nearer, and about to make its sudden appearance to our eyes.'

"The Aurora Borealis was first noticed in Europe about 1560; from that time it was occasionally seen, though unattended with any extraordinary brilliancy, until 1623; from that time, for more than eighty years, we have no account of a similar phenomenon being observed. In 1707 and 1708, it was noticed several times; and in 1716, Dr. Halley observed and described a very brilliant one, which spread over the most of the north of Europe. Since that time, until twenty or thirty years past, it has been common in all latitudes, often extending southerly of the zenith, and of great brilliancy; and from its frequency has in a manner ceased to alarm.

"It is certain that the Aurora Borealis was of rare oc-

currence in our latitudes, until about a century ago, and indeed it was scarcely known previous to that time. Is it periodical? That it is, appears at least probable. It is now much less frequent than twenty or thirty years ago."

PERSECUTION OF THE QUAKERS.

"In the year 1656," says Hutchinson, "began what has been generally and not improperly called the persecution of the Quakers. No person appeared openly professing their opinions, until July of this year, when Mary Fisher and Anne Austin arrived from Barbadoes. A few weeks after, a ship arrived from London bringing nine more of these itinerants, four of whom were females.

"On the eighth of September, they were brought before the court of assistants, and there examined, and each of them questioned how they could make it appear that God sent them. After a pause they answered, that they had the same call which Abraham had to go out of his country. To other questions they gave rude and contemptuous answers; which is the reason assigned for committing them to prison. A great number of their books, which they had brought over with the design of scattering them about the country, were seized and reserved for the fire. Soon after this, as the governor was returning from public worship on the Lord's day, several gentlemen accompanying him, Mary Prince called to him from a window of the prison, railing at and reviling him, saying, Woe unto thee, thou art an oppressor; and denouncing the judgments of God upon him.

"Not content with this, she wrote a letter to the governor and magistrates, fillled with opprobrious language. The governor sent for her twice from the prison to his house, and took much pains to persuade her to desist from such extravagances. Two of the ministers were present, and with much moderation and tenderness endeavored to convince her of her errors; to which she returned the grossest railings, reproaching them as hirelings, deceivers of the people, Baal's priests, the seed of the serpent, of the brood of Ishmael, and the like.

"The court passed sentence of banishment against them

all, and required the master of the ship, in which they came, to become bound with sureties to the value of five hundred pounds to carry them all away, and caused them to be committed to prison until the ship should be ready to sail. At this time, there was no special provision by law for the punishment of Quakers; they came within a colony law against heretics in general. At the next sessions of the general court, the 14th of October following, an act passed, laying a penalty of one hundred pounds upon the master of any vessel who should bring a known Quaker into any part of the colony, and requiring him to give security to carry them back again; that the Quaker should be immediately sent to the house of correction and whipped twenty stripes, and afterwards kept to hard labor until transportation. They also laid a penalty of five pounds for importing, and the same for dispersing Quakers' books, and severe penalties for defending their heretical opinions. And the next year an additional law was made, by which all persons were subjected to the penalty of forty shillings for every hours' entertainment given to any known Quaker; and any Quaker, after the first conviction, if a man, was to lose one ear, and the second time the other; a woman, each time to be severely whipped; and the third time, man or woman, to have their tongues bored through with a red-hot iron; and every Quaker, who should become such in the colony, was subjected to the same punishments. In May, 1658, a penalty of ten shillings was laid on every person present at a Quaker meeting, and five pounds upon every one speaking at such a meeting. Notwithstanding all this severity, the number of Quakers, as might well have been expected, increasing rather than diminishing; in October following, a further law was made for punishing with death all Quakers who should return into the jurisdiction after banishment. That some provision was necessary against these people, so far as they were disturbers of civil peace and order, every one will allow; but such sanguinary laws against particular doctrines or tenets in religion are not to be defended. The most that can be said for our ancestors is, that they tried gentle means at first, which they found utterly ineffectual, and that they followed the example of the authori-

ties in most other states, and in most ages of the world, who, with the like absurdity, have supposed every person could and ought to think as they did, and with the like cruelty have punished such as appeared to differ from them. We may add that it was with reluctance that these unnatural laws were carried into execution, as we shall see by a further account of proceedings.

"Nicholas Upshall was apprehended in October, 1656, fined twenty pounds, and banished, for reproaching the magistrates, and speaking against the law made against Quakers, and, returning in 1659, was imprisoned. At the same court, William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, Mary Dyer, and Nicholas Davis were brought to trial. The first gave no particular account of himself. Stephenson had made a public disturbance in the congregation at Boston the 15th of June before. He acknowledged himself to be one of those the world called Quakers, and declared that in the year 1656, at Shipton, in Yorkshire, as he was ploughing, he saw nothing, but heard an audible voice saying, 'I have ordained thee to be a prophet to the nations,' &c.

"Mary Dyer declared, that she came from Rhode Island to visit the Quakers; that she was of their religion, which she affirmed was the truth; and that the light within her was the rule, &c.

"Davis came from Barnstable; he came into court with his hat on, confessed he had forsaken the ordinances and resorted to the Quakers. The jury found, 'that they were all Quakers.' Robinson was whipped twenty stripes for abusing the court, and they were all banished on pain of death.

"Patience Scott, a girl of about eleven years of age, came, I suppose, from Providence—her friends lived there, and professing herself to be a Quaker, was committed to prison, and afterwards brought to court. The record stands thus; 'The court, duly considering the malice of Satan and his instruments by all means and ways to propagate error and disturb the truth, and bring in confusion among us—that Satan is put to his shifts to make use of such a child, not being of the years of discretion, nor understanding the principles of religion—judge meet, so

far to slight her as a Quaker, as only to admonish and instruct her according to her capacity, and so discharge her, Capt. Hutchinson undertaking to send her home. Strange, such a child should be imprisoned! It would have been horrible if there had been any further severity.

"Robinson, Stephenson, and Mary Dyer, at the next general court, were brought upon trial, and, for their rebellion, sedition, and presumptuous obtruding themselves after banishment upon pain of death, were sentenced to die; the two first were executed the 27th of October.* Mary Dyer, upon the petition of William Dyer, her son, was reprieved, on condition that she departed the jurisdiction in forty-eight hours, and if she returned, to suffer the sentence. She was carried to the gallows, and stood with a rope about her neck until the others were executed. She was so infatuated as afterwards to return, and was executed, June 1, 1660. The court thought it advisable to publish a vindication of their proceedings; they urge the example of England in the provision made against Jesuits, which might have some weight against a charge brought from thence; but in every other part of their vindication, as may well be supposed from the nature of the thing, there is but the bare shadow of reason. Christopher Holder, who had found the way into the jurisdiction again, was at this court banished upon pain of death. At the same court, seven or eight persons were fined, some as high as ten pounds, for entertaining Quakers; and Edward Wharton, for piloting them from one place to another, was ordered to be whipped twenty stripes, and bound to his good behavior. Several others were then brought upon trial 'for adhering to the cursed sect of Quakers, not disowning themselves to be such, refusing to give civil respect, leaving their families and relations, and running

* "Mr. Winthrop, the governor of Connecticut, labored to prevent their execution, and Col. Temple went to the court and told them, 'that if according to their declaration they desired their lives absent rather than their deaths present, he would carry them away, and provide for them at his own charge, and if any of them should return he would fetch them away again.' This motion was well liked by all the magistrates except two or three, and they proposed it to the deputies the next day; but those two or three magistrates with the deputies prevailed to have execution done."

from place to place, vagabonds like ;' and Daniel Gold was sentenced to be whipped thirty stripes, Robert Harper fifteen, and they, with Alice Courland, Mary Scott, and Hope Clifton, banished upon pain of death; William Kingsmill whipped fifteen stripes; Margaret Smith, Mary Trask, and Provided Southwick, ten stripes each, and Hannah Phelps admonished.

"The compassion of the people was moved, and many resorted to the prison by day and night; and upon a representation of the keeper, a constant watch was kept round the prison to keep people off.

"Joseph Nicholson and Jane his wife were also tried and found Quakers, as also Wendlock Christopherson, who declared in court that the scripture is not the word of God, and Mary Standley, and all sentenced to banishment, &c. as was soon after Benjamin Bellflower; but John Chamberlain, though he came with his hat on, yet refusing directly to answer, the jury found him 'much inclining to the cursed opinions of the Quakers,' and he escaped with an admonition.

"Nicholson and his wife returned and were apprehended; but upon their petition had liberty, with several others then in prison, to leave for England. Christopherson returned also, and was sentenced to die. It is said he desired the court to consider what they had gained by their cruel proceedings. 'For the last man (says he) that was put to death, here are five come in his room; and if you have power to take my life from me, God can raise up the same principle of life in ten of his servants, and send them among you in my room, that you may have torment upon torment.' He was ordered to be executed the 19th of March, 1660, afterwards reprieved till the 13th of June; but he was set at liberty upon his request to the court, and went out of the jurisdiction.

"Bellflower afterwards in court renounced his opinions, as also William King, (Kingsmill, I suppose,) the only instances upon record. Camberlain was afterwards apprehended again, found a Quaker, and committed to close prison; but no further sentence appears.

"In September, 1660, William Leadea was tried, and convicted of being a Quaker, and sentenced to banish-

ment, &c.; but returning, and being apprehended, the general court gave him liberty, notwithstanding, to go to England with Nicholson and others; but he refused to leave the country, and was brought upon trial for returning into the jurisdiction after sentence of banishment, acknowledged himself to be the person, but denied their authority, and told the court, that 'with the spirit they called the devil, he worshipped God; that their ministers were deluders, and they themselves murderers.' He was told that he might have his life and liberty if he would. He answered, 'I am willing to die—I speak the truth.' The court took great pains to persuade him to leave the country, but to no purpose. The jury brought him in guilty, and he was sentenced to die, and suffered accordingly, March 14, 1660.

"Mary Wright, of Oyster Bay, was tried at the court in September, 1660. She said she came to do the will of the Lord, and to warn them to lay by their carnal weapons and laws against the people of God; and told the court they thirsted for blood. The court asked her what she would have them do; she said, 'Repent of your bloodshed and cruelty, and shedding the blood of the innocent William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson and Mary Dyer.' She said, her tears were her meat many days and nights before she gave up herself to this work of the Lord, but added, that if she had her liberty, she would be gone quickly. Being found a Quaker, she was banished.

"Edward Wharton, who had been whipped before, was now indicted for being a Quaker, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, and afterwards to banishment. Judah Brown and Peter Pierson stood mute. They were sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail in Boston, Roxbury, and Dedham.

"John Smith, of Salem, for making disturbance at the ordination of Mr. Higginson, crying out, 'What you are going about to set up, our God is pulling down,' was committed to prison by order of court.

"Philip Verin was also tried and imprisoned; Josias Southwick, first banished and returning, whipped at the cart's tail, and John Burstowe bound to his good behavior. These are all who were tried by the court of assistants,

or by the general court. Some at Salem, Hampton, Newbury, and other places, for disorderly behavior, putting people in terror, coming into the congregations, and calling to the minister in time of public worship, declaring their preaching, &c. to be an abomination to the Lord, and other breaches of the peace, were ordered to be whipped by the authority of the county courts or particular magistrates. At Boston one George Wilson, and at Cambridge Elizabeth Horton, went crying through the streets that the Lord was coming with fire and sword to plead with them. Thomas Newhouse went into the meeting-house at Boston with a couple of glass bottles, and broke them before the congregation, and threatened, 'Thus will the Lord break you in pieces.' Another time, M. Brewster came in with her face smeared and as black as a coal. Deborah Wilson went through the streets of Salem naked as she came into the world,* for which she was well whipped. For these and such like disturbances they might be deemed proper subjects either of a mad-house or house of correction, and it is to be lamented that any greater severities were made use of. After all that may be said against these measures, it evidently appears that they proceeded not from personal hatred and malice against such disordered persons, nor from any private sinister views, as is generally the case with unjust punishments inflicted in times of party rage and discord, whether civil or religious, but merely from a false zeal and an erroneous judgment. In support of their proceedings, they brought several texts of the Old Testament; 'Come out of her, my people,' &c. 'If thy brother entice thee to serve other gods, thou shalt put him to death;' and 'for speaking lies in the name of the Lord, his father shall thrust him through when he prophesieth;' and the example of Solomon, who first laid Shimei under

* One of the sect, apologizing for this behavior, said, "If the Lord did stir up any of his daughters to be a sign of the nakedness of others, he believed it to be a great cross to a modest woman's spirit, but the Lord must be obeyed." Another quoted the command in Isaiah, chap. 20. One Faubord, of Grindleton, carried his enthusiasm still higher, and was sacrificing his son in imitation of Abraham; but the neighbors, hearing the lad cry, broke open the house, and happily prevented it.

restraint, and then for his breach put him to death; as also many passages of the New Testament, requiring subjection to magistrates, &c.; and thus from a zeal to defend the holy religion they professed, they went into measures directly opposite to its true spirit and the great design of publishing it to the world.

"That I may finish what relates to the Quakers, it must be further observed that their friends in England solicited, and at length obtained, an order from the king, September 9, 1661, requiring that a stop should be put to all capital or corporeal punishment of those of his subjects called Quakers, and that such as were obnoxious should be sent to England. Whatever opinion they might have of the force of orders from the crown controlling the laws of the colony, they prudently complied with this instruction, and suspended the execution of the laws against the Quakers, so far as respected corporeal punishment, until further order. Indeed, before the receipt of this letter, but probably when they were in expectation of it, all that were in prison were discharged and sent out of the colony. The laws were afterwards revived so far as respected vagabond Quakers, whose punishment was limited to whipping, and as a further favor, through three towns only. But there was little or no room for carrying the laws into execution, for after these first excursions they became in general an orderly people, submitting to the laws, except such as relate to the militia and the support of the ministry; and in their scruples as to those, they have from time to time been indulged. At present, they are esteemed as being of good morals, friendly and benevolent in their disposition, and I hope will never meet with any further persecution on account of their peculiar tenets or customs. May the time never come again, when the government shall think that by killing men for their religion they do God good service."

Bacon, speaking of the Quakers who were punished by our fathers, says, "The Quakers whom our fathers punished were not a sect rising upon the soil of New England, and claiming simply the right of separate worship and of free discussion. They were invaders who came from Old England to New, for the sole and declared purpose of

disturbance and revolution. They came propagating principles which were understood to strike at the foundation not only of the particular religious and civil polity here established, but of all order and of society itself."

Again he says, "The real successors of the Quakers of that day—the men who come nearest to those enthusiasts in their actual relations to the public—are not to be found in those orderly and thrifty citizens of Philadelphia, who are distinguished from their fellow-citizens in Chesnut street by a little more circumference of the hat, and a little peculiarity of grammar, and perhaps a little more quietness and staidness of manner. What we call Quakers in this generation, are no more like George Fox in his suit of leather, than the pomp and riches of an English archbishop are like the poverty of an apostle. Do you find these men going about like mad men, reviling magistrates and all in authority, cursing ministers, and publishing doctrines that strike at the existence of all government? No; if you would find the true successors of the Quakers of 1650, you must look elsewhere."

WITCHCRAFT.

Among the various things which agitated and distressed the public mind in the days of our fathers, one was the supposed prevalence of *witchcraft*. The term *witch*, as understood in the early days of New England, has been thus explained: "There are several words and expressions that are sometimes used synonymously with *witch*, although they are not strictly synoynmous. The following for instance: diviner, enchanter, charmer, conjurer, necromancer, fortune-teller, augur, soothsayer, and sorcerer. None of these words convey the same idea our ancestors attached to the word *witch*. *Witch* was sometimes especially used to signify a female, while *wizard* was exclusively applied to a male. The distinction was not often, however, attempted to be made—the former title was prevailingly applied to either sex. A witch was regarded by our fathers as a person who had made an actual, deliberate, and formal compact with Satan, by which compact it was agreed that she should become his faithful subject, and do what she

could in promoting his cause, and in consideration of this allegiance and service, he on his part agreed to exercise his supernatural powers in her favor, and communicate to her a portion of those powers. Thus a witch was considered in the light of a person who had transferred allegiance and worship from God to the devil.

"A witch was believed to have the power, through her compact with the devil, of afflicting, distressing, and rending whomsoever she would. She could cause them to pine away, and to suffer almost every description of pain and distress. She was also believed to possess the faculty of being present in her shape or apparition at a different place from that which her actual body occupied. Indeed, an almost indefinite amount of supernatural ability, and a great freedom and variety of methods for its exercise, were supposed to result from the diabolical compact. Those upon whom she thus exercised her malignant and mysterious energies, were said to be bewitched."

It seems, at the enlightened period in which we live, almost incredible that our ancestors should have imbibed a belief so deeply fraught with delusion, and which led them into such criminal measures against their innocent fellow-citizens.

A belief in witchcraft appears to have had an early existence in New England, as a law was enacted in Massachusetts, while the colony was in its infancy, making it a capital crime.

"The first trial that occurred was at Springfield, about 1645, where several persons were accused of the crime, among whom were two children of the minister of the place, and great efforts were made to prove them guilty; but they were at last acquitted."

A person was executed for witchcraft "at Hartford in 1647, and, within a few years afterwards, another at Stratford, and a third at Fairfield."

"The first instance of capital punishment for witchcraft, in Massachusetts, was in the year 1648. Margaret Jones, of Charlestown, was indicted for a witch, found guilty, and executed."

"In 1652, Hugh Parsons, of Springfield, being indicted for the same crime, was found guilty by the jury; but the

magistrates refused to consent to the verdict. The case came before the general court, and he was finally declared not guilty. About this time a woman at Dorchester, and another at Cambridge, were put to death for the crime; and not long after, Ann Hibbins was condemned and executed at Boston."

"In 1653, a woman in New Haven, finding herself talked of as suspected, sued all her neighbors, including several of the first people in town, for defamation; and the result was, that while she was herself constrained to acknowledge that some things in her conduct were sufficient to justify suspicion—among which causes of suspicion was that discontented and froward temper which Mr. Davenport in his preaching had described as preparing a person to be wrought upon by the devil in this way;—and though she was seriously warned by the court not to go about with railing speeches, but to meddle with her own business,—the crime of witchcraft could not be made out against her. Twice afterwards the same person was called in question for this crime; but in each case, though the evidence was sufficient, according to the notions then current, to justify suspicion, she escaped condemnation."

In 1658, several individuals were accused of the crime of witchcraft in Portsmouth. "Stories were circulated of witches appearing in the shape of cats, and scorching persons by sudden flashes of fire; and one of the accused was bound over for trial. The intended prosecution was however dropped."

"In 1692, a great excitement was again revived in New England on account of the supposed prevalence of witchcraft. It commenced at this time in Danvers, then a part of Salem. Near the close of February, several children in this place began to act in a peculiar and unaccountable manner. Their strange conduct continuing for several days, their friends betook themselves to fasting and prayer. During religious exercises, the children were generally decent and still; but after service was ended, they renewed their former unaccountable conduct. This was deemed sufficient evidence that they were laboring under the 'influence of an evil hand, or witchcraft.' After a few days, these children began to accuse several persons in the vicin-

ity of bewitching them. Unfortunately they were credited, and these suspected persons were seized and imprisoned. From this time, this contagion spread rapidly over the neighboring country, and soon appeared in various parts of Essex, Middlesex, and Suffolk. For a time, those who were accused were persons of the lower classes. But, at length, some of the first people in rank and character were accused of the crime of witchcraft. The evil had now become awfully alarming."

"March 2, there was a public examination at the village, and several were committed to prison. March 21, the magistrates met in Salem, and Mr. Noyes opened with prayer. On the 24th of March they met at the village, and Mr. Hale prayed. On the 26th, they met again in Salem, and kept the day in fasting and prayer. There was another examination at Salem, April 22, and a number more imprisoned. June 2, an old woman was tried and condemned at Salem, and executed on the 10th, making no confession. Five more were tried, June 30th, and executed, July 19th; six more were tried, August 6, and all executed the 19th, except one woman. One of these was Mr. George Burroughs, sometime minister at Wells; he had also preached at the village, but met with great opposition. A great number of witnesses appeared at his trial; a specimen of their testimonies may be seen by the following deposition.

"'Elizur Keysar, aged about forty years, saith, that on Thursday last past, being the 5th of this instant month of May, I was at the house of Thomas Beadle, in Salem, and Capt. Daniel King being there also at the same time, and in the same room, said Capt. Daniel King asked me whether I would not go up and see Mr. Burroughs, and discourse with him, he being then in one of the chambers of the said house. I told him it did not belong to me, and I was unwilling to make or meddle with it. Then said King said, 'Are you not a christian? If you are a christian, go and see him, and discourse with him.' But I told him I did believe it did not belong to such as I was to discourse with him, he being a learned man. The said King said, I believe he is a child of God, a choice child of God, and that God would clear up his innocency. So I told

him my opinion or fear was, that he was the chief of all the persons accused for witchcraft, or the ringleader of them all; and told him also, that I believed if he was such a one, his master (meaning the devil) had told him before now what I said of him. And said King seeming to be in a passion, I did afterward forbear. The same afternoon, I having occasion to be at said Beadle's house, in the chamber where Mr. George Burroughs kept, I observed that the said Burroughs did steadfastly fix his eyes upon me. The same evening, being in my own house, in a room without any light, I did see very strange things appear in the chimney, I suppose a dozen of them, which seemed to me to be something like jelly that used to be in the water, and quivered with a strange motion, and then quickly disappeared. Soon after which, I did see a light up in the chimney, about the bigness of my hand, something above the bar, which quivered and shaked, and seemed to have a motion upward, upon which I called the maid, and she, looking up the chimney, saw the same; and my wife looking up could not see any thing. So I did and do conclude it was some diabolical operation!' "

Nineteen in all were executed at Salem.

"During the excitement, the people of Andover suffered their share of the alarm and distress which it occasioned. More than fifty in this town were complained of, for afflicting their neighbors and others. Dudley Bradstreet, Esq., having granted thirty or forty warrants for commitments, at length refused to grant any more. He and his wife were immediately accused; he was said to have killed nine persons by witchcraft. He found it necessary for his safety to make his escape. Three persons who belonged to Andover were hung for witchcraft, viz., Martha Carryer, Samuel Wardell, and Mary Parker."

Mather gives the following account of the trial of Martha Carryer. "Martha Carryer was indicted for the bewitching of certain persons, according to the form usual in such cases. Pleading not guilty to her indictment, there were first brought in a considerable number of the bewitched persons, who not only made the court sensible of an horrible witchcraft committed upon them, but also deposed, that it was Martha Carryer, or her shape, that

grievously tormented them by biting, pricking, pinching, and choking them. It was further deposed that while this Carryer was on her examination before the magistrates, the poor people were so tortured that every one expected their death on the very spot; but that upon the binding of Carryer they were eased. Moreover, the looks of Carryer then laid the afflicted people for dead, and her touch, if her eyes were off them, raised them again. Which things were also now seen upon her trial. And it was testified, that upon the mention of some having their necks twisted almost round, by the shape of this Carryer, she replied, 'It's no matter, though their necks had been twisted quite off.'

"Before the trial of this prisoner, several of her own children had frankly and fully confessed, not only that they were witches themselves, but that their mother had made them so. This confession they made with great shows of repentance, and with demonstration of truth. They related place, time, occasion; they gave an account of journeys, meetings, and mischiefs by them performed; and were very credible in what they said. Nevertheless, this evidence was not produced against the prisoner at the bar, inasmuch as there was other evidence enough to proceed upon.

"Benjamin Abbot gave in his testimony, that last March was a twelvemonth, this Carryer was very angry with him, upon laying out some land near her husband's. Her expressions in this anger were, that she would stick as close to Abbot as the bark stuck to the tree; and that he should repent of it before seven years came to an end, so as Dr. Prescot should never cure him. These words were heard by others besides Abbot himself, who also heard her say she would hold his nose as close to the grindstone as ever it was held since his name was Abbot. Presently after this, he was taken with a swelling in his foot, and then with a pain in his side, and exceedingly tormented. It bred a sore, which was lanced by Dr. Prescot, and several gallons of corruption ran out of it. For six weeks it continued very bad; and then another sore bred in his groin, which was also lanced by Dr. Prescot. Another sore bred in his groin, which was likewise cut, and put him to very

great misery. He was brought to death's door, and so remained until Carryer was taken and carried away by the constable. From which very day he began to mend, and so grew better every day, and is well ever since.

"Sarah Abbot, his wife, also testified that her husband was not only all this while afflicted in his body; but also that strange, extraordinary and unaccountable calamities befel his cattle, their death being such as they could guess no natural reason for.

"Allin Toothaker testified that Richard, the son of Martha Carryer, having some difference with him, pulled him down by the hair of the head; when he rose again, he was going to strike at Richard Carryer, but fell down flat on his back to the ground, and had not power to stir hand or foot, until he told Carryer he yielded, and then he saw the shape of Martha Carryer go off his breast.

"This Toothaker had received a wound in the wars, and he now testified, that Martha Carryer told him he should never be cured. Just before the apprehending of Carryer, he could thrust a knitting needle into his wound four inches deep; but presently after her being seized, he was thoroughly healed.

"He further testified that when Carryer and he sometimes were at variance, she would clap her hands at him, and say, 'he would get nothing by it.' Whereupon he several times lost his cattle by strange deaths, whereof no natural causes could be given.

"John Roger also testified that upon the threatening words of this malicious Carryer, his cattle would be strangely bewitched, as was more particularly then described.

"Samuel Preston testified that about two years ago, having some difference with Martha Carryer, he lost a cow in a strange, preternatural, unusual manner; and about a month after this, the said Carryer having again some difference with him, she told him he had lately lost a cow, and it should not be long before he lost another! which accordingly came to pass, for he had a thriving and well-kept cow, which, without any known cause, quickly fell down and died.

"Phebe Chandler testified that about a fortnight before the apprehension of Martha Carryer, on a Lord's day,

while the psalm was singing in the church, this Carryer then took her by the shoulder, and, shaking her, asked her where she lived. She made her no answer, although as Carryer, who lived next door to her father's house, could not in reason but know who she was. Quickly after this, as she was at several times crossing the fields, she heard a voice that she took to be Martha Carryer's, and it seemed as if it were over her head. The voice told her 'she should within two or three days be poisoned.' Accordingly, within such a little time, one half of her right hand became greatly swollen and very painful, as also part of her face, whereof she can give no account how it came. It continued very bad for some days; and several times since she has had a great pain in her breast, and been so seized on her limbs that she has hardly been able to go. She added, that lately going well to the house of God, Richard, the son of Martha Carryer, looked very earnestly upon her, and immediately her hand which had formerly been poisoned, as is above said, began to pain her greatly, and she had a strange burning in her stomach; but was then struck deaf, so that she could not hear any of the prayer, or singing, till the two or three last words of the psalm.

"One Foster, who confessed her own share in the witchcraft for which the prisoner stood indicted, affirmed, that she had seen the prisoner at some of their witch meetings, and that it was this Carryer who persuaded her to be a witch. She confessed that the devil carried them on a pole to a witch meeting; but the pole broke, and she hanging about Carryer's neck, they both fell down, and she then received a hurt by the fall, whereof she was not at this very time recovered.

"One Lacy, who likewise confessed her share in this witchcraft, now testified that she and the prisoner were once bodily present at a witch meeting in Salem village, and that she knew the prisoner to be a witch, and to have been at a diabolical sacrament, and that the prisoner was the undoing of her and her children, by enticing them into the snare of the devil.

"Another Lacy, who also confessed her share in this witchcraft, now testified that the prisoner was at the witch

meeting in Salem village, where they had bread and wine administered to them.

"In the time of this prisoner's trial, one Susanna Sheldon, in open court, had her hands unaccountably tied together with a wheel-band, so fast, that without cutting, it could not be loosened. It was done by a spectre, and the sufferer affirmed it was the prisoner's."

These depositions show what strange and monstrous notions were entertained upon this subject. There were, however, several things existing in those times which in some measure account for these wild sallies of the imagination.

Dr. Holmes, speaking of the opinions of our fathers in relation to witchcraft, says, "This part of the history of our country furnishes an affecting proof of the imbecility of the human mind, and of the potent influence of the passions. The culture of sound philosophy, and the dissemination of useful knowledge, have a happy tendency to repress chimerical theories, with their delusive and miserable effects. The era of English learning had scarcely commenced. Laws then existed in England against witches; and the authority of Sir Mathew Hale, who was revered in New England, not only for his knowledge in the law, but for his gravity and piety, had doubtless great influence. The trial of the witches in Suffolk, in England, was published in 1684; and there was so exact a resemblance between the Old England demons and the New, that it can hardly be doubted the arts of the designing were borrowed, and the credulity of the populace augmented, from the parent country. The gloomy state of New England probably facilitated the delusion, for 'superstition flourishes in times of danger and dismay.' The distress of the colonists at this time was great. The sea-coast was infested with privateers. The inland frontiers, east and west, were continually harassed by the French and Indians. The abortive expedition to Canada had exposed the country to the resentment of France, the effects of which were perpetually dreaded, and, at the same time, had incurred a heavy debt. The old charter was gone, and what evils would be introduced by the new,

which was very reluctantly received by many, time only could determine, but fear might forebode.

"How far these causes, operating in a wilderness that was scarcely cleared up, might have contributed toward the infatuation, it is difficult to determine. It were injurious, however, to consider New England as peculiar in this culpable credulity, with its sanguinary effects; for more persons have been put to death for witchcraft in a single county in England, in a short space of time, than have suffered, for the same cause, in all New England since its first settlement."

That the people were under a delusion is evident. Morse and Parish, in their History of New England, after a relation of facts respecting the subject of witchcraft, make the following remarks:—

"If we can be convinced by the uniform protestations of those executed, or the confessions of numbers who had been accusers, or the deliberate recantations of others who had confessed themselves witches, or the universal conviction of error in the minds of those who had been leading actors in these awful scenes, or the entire change of public opinion, we shall be satisfied that the whole originated in folly and delusion. All these are facts. All those executed, the first excepted, protested their innocence with their dying breath, when a confession would have saved their lives. Several years after, persons who had been accusers, when admitted to the church, confessed their delusion in such conduct, and asked 'pardon for having brought the guilt of innocent blood on the land.' The following is an extract from the confession of six persons belonging to Andover, who had owned themselves witches:—'We were all seized as prisoners; knowing ourselves altogether innocent, we were all exceedingly astonished and amazed, and affrighted out of our reason, and our dearest relations, seeing us in this dreadful condition, and knowing our great danger, apprehending there was no other way to save our lives, persuaded us to confess; we said any thing and every thing which they desired.'

"On the day of a public fast, in the south meeting-house of Boston, one of the judges, who had been con-

cerned in the condemnation of these unhappy victims at Salem, delivered in a paper, and while it was reading stood up; it was to desire prayers, &c. 'being apprehensive he might have fallen into some errors at Salem.'

"The following is from the declaration of twelve men, who had been jurymen at some of these trials. 'We do therefore signify our deep sense of, and sorrow for, our errors in acting on such evidence; we pray that we may be considered candidly and aright, by the living sufferers, as being then under the power of a strong and general delusion.' Mr. Parris, who was active in the prosecution, and evidently a serious and conscientious man, in his public confession, November 26, 1694, says, 'I do acknowledge, upon after consideration, that were the same troubles again to happen, which the Lord of his mercy forever prevent, I should not agree with my former apprehensions in all points; as for instance,' &c.

"Martha Cory, a member of the church in Salem village, admitted April 27, 1690, was, after examination upon suspicion of witchcraft, March 21, 1692, committed to prison, and condemned to the gallows yesterday. This day in public, by general consent, she was voted to be excommunicated out of the church. The following will show, in a most affecting manner, the light in which the church viewed this vote ten years after. In December, 1702, the pastor spoke to the church on the sabbath as followeth. 'Brethren, I find in your church book a record of Martha Cory's being excommunicated for witchcraft; and the generality of the land being sensible of the errors that prevailed in that day, some of her friends have moved me several times to propose to this church, whether it be not our duty to recal that sentence, that so it may not stand against her to all generations. And I myself being a stranger to her, and being ignorant of what was alleged against her, I shall now only leave it to your consideration, and shall determine the matter by a vote the next convenient opportunity.' February 14th, the pastor moved the church to revoke Martha Cory's excommunication: a majority voted for revoking it.' So deep was the people's sense of the errors of those transactions, that a great part of Mr. Parris' congregation could not persuade themselves

to sit under his ministry. Accordingly, after great difficulty, after a respectable council had labored in vain for their reconciliation, after an arbitration respecting the business, Mr. Parris was dismissed, July 24, 1697, as the aggrieved state to the arbitrators, 'for being an instrument o their miseries.'"

TESTIMONY OF MINISTERS RESPECTING THE GREAT REVIVAL.

The year 1735 is commonly regarded as the commencement of "the great revival," as it is termed, with which the churches in New England were visited about the mid dle of the last century. With the exception of one sea son of declension, it continued for several years. The most remarkable display of divine grace was in 1740 and 1741.

Believing that it would be interesting and profitable to many, to learn the sentiments of those ministers who were laborers together with God in this revival, we copy the following from a pamphlet, entitled, "THE TESTIMONY AND ADVICE OF AN ASSEMBLY OF PASTORS OF CHURCHES IN NEW ENGLAND, *at a meeting in Boston, July 7th*, 1743. *Occasioned by the late happy revival of religion in many parts of the Land. To which are added attestations, contained in letters from a number of their Brethren, who were providentially hindered from giving their presence.*"

"The present work seems to be remarkable on account of *the numbers wrought upon*. We never before saw so many brought under soul concern, and with distress making the inquiry, 'What must we do to be saved?' And these persons of all characters and ages. With regard to the suddenness and quick progress of it.—Many persons and places were surprised with the gracious visit together, or near about the same time; and the heavenly influence diffused itself far and wide, like the light of the morning. Also, in respect to the degree of operation, both in a way of terror, and in a way of consolation; attended, in many, with unusual bodily effects.

"Not that all, who are accounted the subjects of the present work, have had these extraordinary degrees of

previous distress and subsequent joy. But many, and we suppose the greater number, have been wrought on in a more gentle and silent way.

"As to those whose inward concern has occasioned extraordinary outward distresses, the most of them were able to give, what appeared to us, a rational account of what so affected their minds; viz., a quick sense of their guilt, misery, and danger: and they would often mention the passages in the sermons they heard, or particular texts of scripture, which were set home upon them with such a powerful impression. And as to such whose joys have carried them into transports and ecstasies, they, in like manner, have accounted for them, from a lively sense of the danger they hoped they were freed from, and the happiness they were now possessed of; such clear views of divine and heavenly things, and particularly of the excellencies and loveliness of Jesus Christ, and such sweet tastes of redeeming love, as they never had before. The instances were very few in which we had reason to think these affections were produced by visionary or sensible representations, or by any other images than such as the scripture itself presents unto us.

"And here we think it not amiss to declare, that in deal ing with these persons, we have been careful to inform them that the nature of conversion does not consist in these passionate feelings, and to warn them not to look upon their state safe, because they have passed out of deep distress into high joys, unless they experience a renovation of nature, followed with a change of life and a course of vital holiness.

"Many who appeared to be under convictions, and were much altered in their external behavior, when this work began, and while it was most flourishing, have lost their impressions, and are relapsed into their former manner of life. Yet, of those who were judged hopefully converted, and made a public profession of religion, there have been fewer instances of scandal and apostasy than might be expected.—So that, as far as we are able to form a judgment, the face of religion is lately changed much for the better, in many of our towns and congregations; and together with a reformation observable in divers instances, there

appears to be more experimental godliness and lively christianity, than the most of us can remember we have ever seen before.

"Thus we have freely declared our thoughts as to the work of God so remarkably revived in many parts of this land. And now we desire to *bow the knee in thanksgiving to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ*, that our *eyes have seen*, and our *ears heard*, such things."

To this testimony, the names of *sixty-eight* pastors of churches are annexed.

The following communications were made by pastors who were providentially hindered from being present.

From the Rev. John Rogers, senior Pastor of the first Church in Ipswich.

"Rev. and dear Brethren,

"I shall, on the very day of your proposed meeting, viz., July 7th, (God continuing my life till that day,) enter on the seventy-eighth year of my age, and in the fifty-fourth of my ministry. And now I desire, as I have the utmost reason, to bless God, who has given me to see a day of such marvellous power and grace, particularly in this place, and since the Rev. Messrs. Whitfield and Tennent came among us; wherein great numbers of our young people, and others of more advanced age, give clear evidence of a saving change wrought in them, and by the fruits of the Spirit show that they are born of the Spirit; and many persons of christian experience before, have been greatly revived, enriched with grace, established, and comforted by a new influence, in and through the word read and preached. This I have found by my best observation in general and more intimate conversation with many of those scores, yea, I think I may say hundreds, living here and in the neighborhood, and with several from distant places, who universally speak the same language, all giving testimony by their experience to the truth of the gospel and doctrines of grace. Such things, my brethren, and many others which might be mentioned, call for our most public, grateful acknowledgments, and high praises to the sovereign Lord and gracious Head of his church."

From the Rev. Jeremiah Wise, Pastor of the Church in Berwick.

"*Berwick, July* 1, 1743.

"Rev. and dear Brethren,

"It was my design to have attended the Convention. But I am prevented by my infirmities. However, it shall be my daily prayer to the glorious Head of the church, that you all may be under the guidance and influence of the divine Spirit in all your proceedings. I shall also be ready to join with the friends of the present glorious work of the grace of God in the land in bearing testimony to it, *as such a work;* and to concur with them in the most proper methods to remove disorders, and prevent the spreading and increase of errors; especially Arminian and Antinomian; the latter of which begin to appear barefaced as well as the former, in some places."

From the Rev. Peter Thacher, Pastor of the first Church in Middleborough.

"*June* 30, 1743.

"Rev. and dear Brethren,

"Being prevented the opportunity of giving an oral testimony of the truth and reality of the extraordinary work the Lord has lately appeared in among us, in convincing and converting sinners, building up, comforting and sealing the converted, I embrace this way to do it, in which I shall confine myself to what I have seen and been acquainted with, among the people of my charge, though I might speak of the same in other places.

"There have been above two hundred in a judgment of charity, savingly wrought on, since November, 1741. Divers before that had been met with under the ministry of the Rev. Daniel Rogers, and the Rev. Mr. Wheelock not included in this number. But on one day in November aforesaid, above eighty were pricked in the heart by a sermon from Rom. viii. 1, had here from Rev. Josiah Crocker. Scarce a sermon delivered after that wonderful day, but the hearts of some seem to be reached by conviction, conversion, or consolation. This revival of the power of godliness appears to be the genuine work of the Holy Spirit accompanying his word, and in answer to a

spirit of prayer, poured out from God to plead with faith in Christ for this good. Spiritual things are now treated and felt as realities.

"The Arminians were by the converts universally detected and detested. The doctrines of grace shining into the understanding, are defended and earnestly contended for, from inward experience. The Holy Scriptures are made the standard to try and examine truth; which are now carefully searched and esteemed above gold; and those principles that will not bear the trial by this rule, are rejected. A general and humble willingness to ministerial instructions, eagerly sought and attended on; yet without giving up their understandings. God's worship, public, private, and secret, attended, and otherwise attended than ever. The prayerless are prayerful; the loose, strict; the ordinances humbly sought, devoutly attended on. I believe I have seen at one administration two hundred tasting the sweetness of redeeming love at one instant. Indeed, Christ is now precious, breathed after, esteemed, and pathetically recommended in life and conversation, relied on, rejoiced in. Their lives are reformed, as well as principles scripturally renewed. The drunkard is sober—the churl peaceful; personal feuds, that had been subsisting more than eleven years, are buried; and love takes place and power, where envy and malice and hatred formerly ruled. Restitution in many places made; in more, the wrongs acknowledged. In a word, all the fruits of the Spirit are visible in the converts. This is evidently the *Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.*"

From the Rev. William Shurtleff, Pastor of the second Church in Portsmouth, N. H.

"Rev. and dear Brethren,

"There has, for some time past, plainly appeared to be a remarkable revival of religion and a marvellous work of grace going on in Portsmouth, the place in which I am called to labor in the gospel ministry. Among the very many that have been awakened and deeply convinced, there is a goodly number who are giving all the evidence that can be expected of a real and saving change."

From six of the Rev. Pastors of the Association in the County of York, Me.

"Rev. and beloved Brethren,

"We, the subscribers, pastors of the Eastern Association, taking into serious consideration the state of religion in our several charges, and throughout the land at this day, look on ourselves as bound in the most express manner to declare ourselves in respect thereto.

"And inasmuch as it incontestibly appears to us from what we have seen among ourselves, and in other places, that by an extraordinary divine influence, there hath been a happy revival of religion in our land; we dare not but publicly speak out our grateful sense thereof, to the honor of the free and sovereign grace of God."

From seven Rev. Pastors in the County of Hampshire; one of whom was Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Northampton.

"Rev. and beloved Brethren,

"We, whose names are subscribed to this, would hereby signify that according to what understanding we have of the nature of christianity, and the observation we have had opportunity to make, we judge that there has been, within the last two years and a half, a blessed outpouring of the Spirit of God in this county, in awakening and converting sinners, and in enlightening, quickening and building up saints in faith, holiness and comfort; which has been attended in great numbers with an abiding alteration and reformation of disposition and behavior. And particularly would we hereby declare, to the glory of God's grace, that we judge that there has been a happy revival of religion in the congregations that have been committed to our pastoral care, and that there are many in them that by abiding manifestations of a serious, religious and humble spirit, and a consistent care and watchfulness in their behavior toward God and man, give all grounds of charity towards them as having been sincere in the professions they have made."

From the Rev. Daniel Putnam, Pastor of the second Church in Reading.

"*June* 30, 1743.

"Rev. and dear Brethren,

"Sometime in the beginning of March, 1742, under a sense of the great decay of religion among us, we kept a day of fasting and prayer, to seek to God for the pouring out of his Spirit upon us; and God was pleased out of his abundant grace to give us speedy answers of prayer. For the space of five or six weeks, more or less of my people, younger and elder, came to my house every day in the week except sabbaths, and manifestly under a work of conviction, deeply concerned for the state of their souls, and many of them expressing themselves in these words: O sir, what shall I do, what shall I do, to get rid of my sins? Complaining of the load of guilt on their consciences, and of the power of sin in their souls, of the hardness of their hearts, and of the sense of God's wrath due to them; and some signifying to me that they even now felt what they only before knew as by hearsay; that the heart is so desperately wicked, and by nature so unfit for heaven. Some, when they heard mention made of Christ and of the mercy of God, I cannot relate the greatness of the distress that it put them into, to consider that their sins were against such mercy and such love! Most of these, we have grounds to hope, have since been as fully convinced of righteousness as of judgment; of the all-sufficiency of Christ as Priest and King, as they were convinced of their sins and misery before; and we charitably hope, have experienced in him through the merits of his righteousness, and the power of his grace, the rest that he gives to such weary souls as receive him with their whole heart; and there has been a large addition to the church, considering the number of the people. And not only has this been the happy case of some that were without the visible church, but even several of the members of the church have been deeply concerned about the state of their souls, and I hope it has been for their everlasting good. The Spirit of God has, in mercy to our souls, been as a refining fire in this respect, I trust I can say; and has

searched this Jerusalem as with candles; and I hope that both foolish and wise have been awakened now while oil and increase thereof may be had. One instance in particular; a sister of our church, aged *ninety-one* years, who hath been under desertion even to a very great degree for above twenty years, (who was esteemed converted in youth,) she, in this time, hath been favored with the light of God's countenance, to her abundant joy, and remains so.—As to my people generally, there has been, and I hope remains a reformation in many respects which might be mentioned. And my thoughts of the work of God among us, are still the same; that it calls for a public acknowledgment to the praise of God."

From Rev. Oliver Peabody, Pastor of the Church at Natick.

"*July* 4, 1743.

"Rev. and dear Brethren,

"I freely profess that I believe there has been a very remarkable and glorious work of God in many parts of this land of late years, and it is still in some measure going on. There have been very observable strivings of the ever blessed Spirit on the hearts of many, especially young people, in convincing and enlightening, and I hope converting them; in neighboring towns; as in Medfield, Dedham, Needham, Medway and Sherburne, &c. where the ministers have been lively and faithful. And among my little people, (I would mention it to the glory of the rich grace, and of the blessed Spirit of God) there have been very apparent strivings and operations of the Holy Ghost, among Indians and English, young and old, male and female. There have been added to our church (of such as I hope shall be saved) about fifty persons of different nations, during the two years previous to last March, whose lives in general witness to the sincerity of their professions. Here, we have never had any crying out in extraordinary manner, but the Holy Spirit has been pleased to work in a more calm way; but I hope effectually."

From Rev. Mr. M'Gregore, Pastor of the second Church in Londonderry, N. H.

"*July* 19, 1743.

"Rev. and dear Brethren,

"As to the remarkable religious appearances that have been in various parts of our land; these two or three years last by gone; as far as my personal knowledge has reached, I look upon these religious appearances in the general, to be the happy effects of Divine influence: I have had an opportunity of being personally and particularly acquainted with a great number of those who have been the subjects of religious concern, in this acceptable year of the Lord; and when I hear them declare what they have experienced on their own souls with respect to conviction, humiliation, illumination of the mind in the knowledge of Christ, together with a happy consequent change they experience in the will and affections, and withal observe the correspondency of their lives, with their professed experience; I am unavoidably led to conclude, in a judgment of charity, of many of them, that they have really undergone a saving change. I have noticed with peculiar pleasure, a great thirst after doctrinal knowledge, a greater insight into their own hearts, and a love growing more and more in knowledge and in all judgment."

From twelve Rev. Pastors of Churches in Connecticut.

"*June* 19, 1743.

"Rev. and beloved Brethren,

"We take this opportunity to signify to you that, for our own parts, we are abundantly satisfied that there has of late, for about three years past, been a great and wonderful revival of religion in the several places to which we minister, and in divers others which we are acquainted with; wherein, through the mighty power and grace of God, great numbers of persons of all sorts, but especially young people, have been greatly awakened, deeply convinced of sin; and many, so far as we can judge upon careful examination and observation, truly humbled at the foot of a sovereign and righteous God, and savingly brought to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for everlasting life;

and have since lived so as to give credit and confirmation to their pretensions; and do now adorn their profession in an humble, holy life and christian conversation, walking in the fear and love of God, and bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, and in the exercise of the graces and virtues of the christian life."

Several other pastors gave in their written attestation to the reality, power, and glory of this wonderful work of divine grace.

STAMP ACT.

January 10th, 1765, the British government passed "the notorious stamp act, imposing a stamp duty on the colonies, and requiring all the legal written instruments in use among a commercial people, and even licenses for marriage, to be executed on stamped paper, charged with duty."

"This act," says Dr. Holmes, "which was to take effect on the first of November, excited throughout the colonies a most serious alarm. It was viewed as a violation of the British constitution, and as destructive to the first principles of liberty; and combinations against its execution were every where formed. The house of burgesses in Virginia, which was in session when intelligence of the act was received, passed several spirited resolutions, asserting the colonial rights, and denying the claim of parliamentary taxation. The legislatures of several other colonies passed similar resolutions. The assembly of Massachusetts, besides passing resolutions opposed to the claims of the British parliament, proposed a congress of deputies from each colony, to consult on the common interest. On the first Tuesday in October, the time proposed by the Massachusetts assembly, a congress, consisting of twenty-eight delegates from the assemblies of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Delaware counties, Maryland, and South Carolina, was formed at New York. The first measure of the congress was a declaration of the rights and liberties of natural-born subjects within the kingdom of Great Britain; among the

most essential of which are, the exclusive power to tax themselves, and the privilege of a trial by jury. The grievance chiefly complained of, was the act granting certain stamp duties and other duties in the British colonies, which, by taxing the colonists without their consent, and by extending the jurisdiction of courts of admiralty, was declared to have a direct tendency to subvert their rights and liberties A petition to the king, and a memorial to each house of parliament, were also agreed on; and it was recommended to the several colonies to appoint special agents, who should unite their utmost endeavors in soliciting redress of grievances. The colonies that were prevented from sending representatives to the congress, forwarded to England petitions, similar to those adopted by that body.

"In the mean time the people, in various parts of the colonies, assumed the controversy without waiting the result of legitimate measures. In August, the effigy of Andrew Oliver, Esq., the proposed distributor of stamps in Massachusetts, was found hanging on a tree, afterward well known by the name of Liberty Tree, accompanied with emblems designating Lord Bute, and the wicked motives of the obnoxious acts of parliament. At night the images were taken down, and carried on a bier, amidst the acclamations of an immense collection of people, through the court-house, down King street, to a small brick building, supposed to have been erected by Mr. Oliver for the reception of the stamps. This building was soon levelled with the ground, and the rioters, proceeding to Fort Hill to burn the pageantry, next assaulted Mr. Oliver's house, which stood near that hill, and having broken the windows, entered it, and destroyed part of the furniture. The next day, Mr. Oliver authorized several gentlemen to announce on the exchange that he had declined having any concern with the office of stamp-master; but in the evening a bonfire was made, and a repetition of this declaration exacted of him.

"On the 26th of the same month, the tumults were renewed. The rioters assembled in King street, and proceeded to the house of William Story, Esq., deputy register of the court of admiralty, whose private papers, as

well as the records and files of the court, were destroyed. The house of Benjamin Hallowell, Jun. Esq., comptroller of the customs, was next entered and purloined. Intoxicated by liquors found in the cellar, the rioters, with inflamed rage, directed their course to the house of Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson, whose family was instantly dispersed, and who, after attempting in vain to secure himself within doors, was also constrained to depart, by secret passages, to save his life. By four in the morning, one of the best houses in the province was completely in ruins, nothing remaining but the bare walls and floors. The plate, family pictures, most of the furniture, the wearing apparel, about nine hundred pounds sterling in money, and the manuscripts and books which Mr. Hutchinson had been thirty years collecting, beside many public papers in custody, were either carried off or destroyed.

"The town of Boston, the next day, voted unanimously, that the selectmen and magistrates be desired to use their utmost endeavors, agreeably to law, to repress the like disorders for the future, and that the freeholders and other inhabitants would do every thing in their power to assist them.

"The first day of November, on which the stamp act was to begin its operation, was ushered in at Boston by the tolling of bells. Many shops and stores were shut. Effigies of the authors and friends of the act were carried about the streets, and afterward torn in pieces by the populace.

"Massachusetts was not alone. The obnoxious act received similar, though less flagrant, treatment in the other colonies. On the 24th of August a gazette extraordinary was published at Providence, with Vox Populi, Vox Dei, for a frontispiece. Effigies were exhibited, and, in the evening, cut down and burnt. Three days after, the people of Newport conducted three effigies of obnoxious persons in a car, with halters about their necks, to a gallows near the town-house, where they were hung, and after a while cut down, and burnt amidst the acclamations of thousands.

"On the last day of October, a body of people from the country approached the town of Portsmouth, N. H.,

in the apprehension that the stamps would be distributed; but, on receiving assurance that there was no such intention, they quietly returned. The next morning, all the bells in Portsmouth, Newcastle, and Greenland, were tolled, to denote the decease of Liberty; and in the course of the day notice was given to her friends to attend her funeral. A coffin, neatly ornamented, and inscribed with 'LIBERTY, aged CXLV years,' * was prepared for the funeral procession, which began from the state-house, attended with two unbraced drums. Minute guns were fired until the corpse arrived at the grave, when an oration was pronounced in honor of the deceased. Scarcely was the oration concluded, when, some remains of life having been discovered, the corpse was taken up. The inscription on the lid of the coffin was immediately altered to LIBERTY REVIVED; the bells suddenly struck a cheerful sound, and joy appeared again in every countenance."

"In Connecticut, Mr. Ingersoll, the constituted distributor of stamps, was exhibited in effigy in the month of August; and the resentment at length became so general and alarming, that he resigned his office."

"Although, by the resignation of the stamp officers, the colonists were laid under legal inabilities for doing business under parliamentary laws, yet they adventured to do it, and risked the consequences. Vessels sailed from ports as before, and the courts of justice, though suspended awhile in most of the colonies, at length proceeded to business without stamps.

"The stamp act led the colonists to discuss the subject of their rights; and, this year, there was printed an essay written by James Otis, Esq., of Boston, entitled, 'Rights of the British colonies asserted and proved.'

"The decided opposition of the American colonists to the stamp act, rendered it necessary for Great Britain either to enforce or repeal it. Each of these measures had advocates. Among the foremost to vindicate the colonies were Lord Camden, in the house of peers, and Mr. Pitt, in the house of commons. 'My position is this,' said Lord Camden, 'I repeat it, I will maintain it to my

* Computed from the first landing at Plymouth, in 1620.

last hour; taxation and representation are inseparable. This position is founded on the laws of nature. It is more—it is itself an eternal law of nature. For whatever is a man's own, it is absolutely his own. No man has a right to take it from him, without his consent. Whoever attempts to do it, attempts an injury; whoever does it, commits a robbery.' Pitt, in his bold, original manner, said in parliament, 'You have no right to tax America. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of our fellow-subjects, so lost to every sense of virtue as tamely to give up their liberties, would be fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.' He concluded his speech by advising that the stamp act be repealed, *absolutely*, *totally*, and *immediately;* that the reason of the repeal be assigned, that *it was founded on an erroneous principle.* 'At the same time,' subjoined he, 'let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatever, that we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power except that of taking their money out of their pockets, without their consent.'

"On the eighteenth of March, the stamp act was repealed by the British government. News of this repeal excited great joy in America, where it was celebrated by the ringing of bells, fireworks, and festivals."

INDEX.

Page.

Allen, Miss, preservation of, 210
Ancient customs, Amherst, N. H. 363
Ancient customs, Beverly, .. 361
Ancient customs, Lynn, ... 362
Ancient houses and trees, .. 364
Ancient Indian burying-grounds, ... 322, 323
Anecdote by Dr. Dwight, .. 295
Anecdote of Gen. Winslow, 354
Annawon, Indian chief, capture of, ... 234
Antiquities at Pilgrim Hall, 357
Arabella, Lady, death of, ... 24
Arms borne on the sabbath, .337
Atherton, Rev. Mr., preservation of, ... 188
Aurora Borealis, ... 371

Barnstable, first church at, .260
Bears, stories of, ... 347—350
Benevolence, nature of, ... 10
Berwick, Me., attacked by Indians, ... 77
Bible first printed in New England, ... 301
Bickford, Thomas, stratagem of, ... 75
Blackstone, Rev. Mr., apple-trees planted by, ... 370
Blake, Nathan, taken by Indians, ... 106
Blake, Sergeant, stories of, .229
Boston, settlement of, ... 24
Brackett, Mr. and Mrs., escape of, ... 191
Bradford, Mrs., drowned, ... 18
Bradley's garrison, Indian attack on, ... 91
Bradley, Isaac, a lad taken by Indians, ... 172

Page.

Bradley, Mrs., heroism of, .. 91
Bradstreet, Col., taken by Indians, ... 318
Brewster, Elder, patience of, 35
Brock, Rev. John, story of, .328
Brookfield, Indian attack on, 68
Brooks, Mrs., killed by Indians, ... 117
Bulkley, Rev. Mr., anecdote of, ... 346
Burroughs, John, adventures of, ... 353
Burroughs, Rev. Mr., executed for witchcraft, ... 384
Butterfield, Samuel, preservation of, ... 198

Cambridge College founded, 300
Canada, origin of the name, 303
Canine attachment and fidelity, ... 328
Captives, Indian, treatment of, ... 317
Cattle first brought to New England, ... 22
Carr, James, killed by Indians, ... 328
Carryer, Mrs., trial of, ... 385
Carver, John, chosen governor, ... 14
Charter obtained by Plymouth colony, ... 34
Charter, Connecticut, secretion of, ... 345
Charter Oak, ... 345
Child of Mrs. Parsons, preservation of a, ... 198
Church, Capt., gallant conduct of, ... 67, 87, 231, 239
Church organized at Concord, N. H. 269

Church organized at New Haven,.....262
Church organized at Woburn,.....265
Churches among the Indians, number of,.....257
Cobbet, Thomas, preservation of,.....191
Colonies favored with good rulers,..... 37
Colonies, confederacy of the,.....302
Concord, N.H., massacre at, 103
Concord, Mass., settlement of,.....285
Contribution at New Haven, 340
Connecticut, derivation of the name,.....303
Connecticut, settlement of,. 27
Converse, Capt., bravery of, 85
Corbitant, Indian sachem, hostile spirit of, ... 34
Cotton, Rev. Mr., preaches to the Indians,.....257
Covenant of the first Indian church,.....251
Cranfield, Governor of New Hampshire,.....334

Davenport, Rev. Mr., first minister of New Haven,..261
Davis, stratagem of,..... 96
Davis, escape of,.....211
Day of humiliation observed by Indians,.....256
Dean, Mrs., escape of,..... 75
Deerfield attacked by Indians, ... 89
Diamond, John, tortured to death by Indians,..... 85
Discoveries of a party from the Mayflower,.....281
Distemper among Indians,.. 31
Downs, Quaker, taken by Indians,.....100
Drew, Mr. and Mrs., taken by Indians,.....196
Drought at Plymouth,..... 22
Dunstable, escape of a woman at,.....199
Dustan, Mr. and Mrs., escape of,.....194

Earthquakes,.....48, 51
Eaton, Theophilus, governof New Haven colony,...274
Eliot, Rev. John, benevolent labors of,.....249
Endicott, John, arrives at Salem, ... 23
Epidemic disease, prevalence of,..... 53
Escape of a girl, ...214
Evans, John, preservation of,.....203
Evil overcome with good,..299
Ewell, Mrs., escape of,.....196
Exeter saved from destruction, ...197
Exploring expeditions from the Mayflower,.....14—16

Fabric around Forefathers' Rock,.....356
Falmouth destroyed by Indians, ... 78
Famine at Plymouth, ... 21
Famine in Connecticut,.... 28
Faunce, Elder, takes leave of Forefathers' Rock,....354
Fire at Plymouth, ... 19
Foot spinning-wheel, introduction of the,.....370
Forefathers' Rock, removal of, ...355
Fort on Arrowsick Island, men killed at,..... 71
Frost, Mr., stratagem of,... 71

Gardiner, Rev. Mr., killed by mistake,.....327
Garner, Richard, sufferings of,..... 26
Gerrish, Sarah, a child, captivity of, ...177
Gibbon, Major, preservation of,.....181
Goffe, Mrs., letter of,.....341
Goodwin, Mrs., preservation of,.....198

Governor Carver, death of,. 20
Governor Winthrop settles at Boston,..... 24
Griswold, Jacob, escape of,.201

Hadley defended by Goffe,.. 66
Haines, Jonathan and son, escape of, ...193
Hagar, negro slave, saves two children, ... 93
Hanson, Mrs., taken by Indians,.....100
Hartshorne, Mrs., preservation of,..... 94
Haverhill Village, Indian attack on, ... 92
Hiacoomes, Indian preacher, 255
Hilton, Col., preservation of, 197
Hooker, Rev. Mr., adventure of,..... 30
House built at Plymouth,... 18
House of Gov. Winthrop,...300
Howland, John, death of,...284
Howe, Mrs., captivity of,...167
Howe, Ephraim, preservation of, ...179
Hunt, Thomas, infamous conduct of,.....280
Hurd, Mrs., preservation of, 192

Indian, origin of the name,.307
Indians, first encounter with, 16
Indians, manners and customs of,.....307
Indians, maternal affection of, ...217
Indians, filial affection of, ..218
Indians, aged, treatment of,.219
Indians, hospitality of,.....220
Indians, sympathy of,.....225
Indians, gratitude of,.....226
Indians, honesty of,.....230
Indians, fidelity of,.....231
Indians, shrewdness of, ...236
Indians, magnanimity of,...239
Indians, efforts to christianize the,.....247, 248, 253, 254, 256, 257
Indian, letters written by an, ...325, 326
Indian impressed with the power of God,.....246
Indian deed, ...295
Indian converts, death of,..251, 252
Indian tribes, names of,.....307
Infant, remarkable preservation of an,..... 94
Instrument signed by the Pilgrims, ...280
Ipswich, preservation of,....182

Johnson, Lieut. and wife, killed by Indians,..... 94
John, Indian sagamore, death of,.....248
Jordan, Dominicus, killed by Indians,.....318
Journey through the wilderness, ... 27

Keene annoyed by Indians, 104
Kies, Solomon, escape of, ..202
Kilburn, bravery of,.....107
Killingly, Indian expedition against, ...200

Landing of the Pilgrims,....18
Lands purchased of Indians, ...291—295
Lathrop, Capt., surprised and slain by Indians,..... 63
Laws and punishments, 304—306
Leyden church formed, ... 7
Leyden, company arrive from,..... 37
Londonderry, settlement of, 264
Longmeadow, attack on people of,..... 65
Longevity of the people of Londonderry,.....371
Lost child,.....214
Lovewell's fight,.....100

Maid servant, heroism of,... 58
Maine, derivation of the name, ...303
Marks, Mrs., heroism of, ...201
Marriage, first in New England,.....285

Massasoit, Indian king,..33, 37
Massachusetts, derivation of the name,.....303
Mayflower, the 11, 12, 18
Mayhew, Gov. preaches to the Indians,.....254
Mayhew, Rev. Thomas, preaches to the Indians,..253
Mayhew, Rev. John, preaches to the Indians,.....254
Means of subsistence provided, ... 37
Meeting-house, first in Boston, ...300
Meeting-house, first in New Haven,.....336
Meeting-house, first in Billerica, ...300
Men lost at Plymouth, ... 19
Milford, Conn., purchase of, 293
Ministers emigrate to New England, ...340
Ministers retained long,....269
Mission, first home,.....301
Moody, Rev. Joshua, imprisonment of,.....335
Moody, Rev. Samuel, anecdote of, ...330
Mortality, bill of, ... 20
M'Gregore, Rev. Mr., settles at Londonderry,.....264

Names of the Pilgrims,.....281
Naughaut, Indian, preservation of, ...184
New England, derivation of the name,.....280
Newspaper, first printed in New England,.....329
New Haven, settlement of,.261
New Haven, purchase of,...292
New Hampshire, derivation of the name,.....303
Norton, Capt., killed by Indians,..... 59
Northampton, purchase of,..293
Northampton, minister settled at,.....266
Northey, John, infant, preservation of,.....196
North Yarmouth attacked by Indians,.....110

Olden time, manners and customs of,.....358
Oldham, John, killed by Indians, ... 60
Ordination at New Haven, .262
Ordination at Concord, N.H.,267
Ordination at Salem,.....259
Ordination at Woburn,.....265
Owen, Dr. John, forbidden to leave England,.....340

Page, Mr., privations of,....329
Painting in Pilgrim Hall,...357
Patent, Plymouth,..... 34
Peabody's River, origin of the name,.....327
Penacook, people saved from starvation at,.....319
Pequots, cruelties of the,... 62
Pierce, John, treachery of,.. 36
Pilgrims, civil compact of the, ... 14
Pilgrims, contentment of the, ... 35
Plots, Indian, defeated, 179, 182, 183
Porterfield, Mrs., narrative of, 203
Potatoes, culture of, introduced,.....370
Popery, proselyting zeal for, 123, 125, 126, 131, 132, 166
Pox, small, among the Indians, ...243
Prayer, answers to, 41, 42, 43, 45, 46, 126, 331, 333, 335
Printing press, first in New England,.....300
Puritan, origin of the name, 7
Puritans, persecution of the, 8, 9
Putnam and the wolf,.....351

Quakers, persecution of, ...373

Regicides, Goffe and Whaley,.....184, 344
Rehoboth, Indian depredations in, ... 86

Religion and morals of the Indians, ... 312
Religion, family, ... 274, 275
Revival, great, ministers' testimony respecting the, .392
Rhode Island, derivation of the name, ... 303
Robinson, Rev. John, elected pastor, ... 7
Robinson, Rev. Mr., death of, ... 23
Rock, Forefathers', removal of, ... 355
Rogers, Robert, tortured to death by Indians, ... 77
Rolfe, Rev. Mr. and Mrs., killed by Indians, ... 93
Rowlandson, Mrs., narrative of, ... 135

Sabbath, sanctification of the, 272
Sabbath at New Haven, ... 272
Salem, colony settle at, ... 23
Samoset, Indian, visits Plymouth, ... 32
Sanctuary, services of the, how conducted, ... 338
Sanctuary, attendance upon the, ... 273
Saybrook assaulted by Indians, ... 61
Scarcity, season of, ... 25
Servant girl, heroism of, ... 58
Settlements on Cocheco River attacked by Indians, .. 71
Settlements on Oyster River attacked by Indians, .. 74
Sewall, Rev. Jotham, incidents related by, ... 331, 333
Ship Arabella arrives with Gov. Winthrop, ... 23
Sheldon, Mrs., killed by Indians, ... 90
Simsbury, escape from, ... 213
Simsbury burnt by Indians, 213
Skeleton found at Fall River, 323
Smith, Rev. Ralph, first minister of Plymouth, ... 285
Snow, great fall of, ... 329
Speedwell, the, ... 11
Springfield, Indian attack on, 64
Squanto, Indian, ... 33, 246
Stamford, murderous assault at, ... 62
Stamp act, ... 401
Standish, Capt., tradition of, 183
Stealing, remedy used to prevent, ... 299
St. James' River, engagement at, ... 86
Stoddard, Rev. Mr., preservation of, ... 318
Stone, Capt., killed by Indians, ... 59
Stone, Simon, preservation of, ... 190
Storm, great, ... 47
Submission of sagamores to king James, ... 34
Sudbury, Indian attack on, .. 69
Sufferings of the first settlers of Connecticut, ... 28
Swan, Mrs., heroism of, ... 95
Swarton, Mrs., narrative of, 162

Taylor, Rebekah, preservation of, ... 197
Taunton attacked by Indians, 87
Thacher, Rev. Mr., and wife, preservation of, ... 182
Tilly, Joseph, tortured to death by Indians, ... 61
Treaty with Massasoit, ... 33
Treaty renewed, ... 37
Treat, Rev. Mr., preaches to the Indians, ... 257
Turner's Falls, fight at, ... 187

Uncas and Miantonomoh, .. 319

Vermont, derivation of the name, ... 303
Visit of Mr. Winslow to Massasoit, ... 242
Visit of Gov. Winthrop to Plymouth, ... 298

Wainwright, Capt., killed by Indians, ... 94
Wainwright, Mrs., escape of, 95

Waldron, Major, massacre of, ... 73
Walpole attacked by Indians, 107
Wampum, manufacture of, .314
Wampum made lawful tender, ...307
Waquash, Indian, conversion of, ...246
War threatened by the Indians, ... 20
Wars, Indian, number of, ... 54
War, Indian, consequences of, ...54, 55, 56, 57, 315
Warrant issued by an Indian, ...319
Washington Elm, the, ...368
Wells, Me., attacked by Indians, ... 82
Wells, Indians assault a wedding party at, ...200
Westmoreland, escape of a party at, ...211
Wheeler, Capt., escape of, .. 68
Whitaker, Joseph, a boy, taken by Indians, ...172
Whitaker, Anna, escape of, . 93
White, Peregrine, birth of, ..284
Williams, Rev. Roger, sufferings of, ... 27
Williams, Rev. John, narrative of, ...112
Williams, Mrs., killed by Indians, ...115
Winslow, Gen., anecdote of, 354
Winslow, Capt., slain by Indians, ... 86
Winthrop, Gov., particulars related of, ...296
Woburn, settlement of, ...289
Woolcot, Mrs., killed by Indians, ... 88
Witchcraft, ...381
Witchcraft, causes of belief in, ...389
Witchcraft, delusion of the belief in, ...390

Yankee, origin of the name, 302
York destroyed by Indians, 80

146 630

F
7
W586
1851

White, Henry.
The early history of New England.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
F7.W586 1851
The early history of New England :
0 00 01 0021394 1